

SONGS OF

THE NEW LIFE

WITH SONGS OF

REDEEMING LOVE

COMBINED.

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS, ETC.

EDITED BY

W. WARREN BENTLEY,

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PHILADELPHIA:

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SONGS

OF THE

NEW LIFE:

A COLLECTION OF

Gospel Hymns and Choicest Music

FOR USE IN

GOSPEL MEETINGS, DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS, AND
THE SABBATH-SCHOOL,

BY

W. Warren Bentley.



Philadelphia: JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

—❖ GREETING. ❖—

Go, precious work, and sweetly sing
The pure, unchanging love
Of Him, our best and dearest Friend
In earth or heaven above ;
Go, precious work, a message bear
To manhood, youth, and age ;
Thy songs of joy, like crystal streams,
Gush forth from every page.

Go, precious work, divinely blest,
Oh, may thy mission be ;
God grant that many, many souls
May come to Him through thee ;
Go, precious work, faith bids thee on,
Her wings will speed thy flight ;
Where sorrow dwells and darkness reigns,
Go, scatter joy and light.

May they, whose Christian zeal combined
Thy songs with greatest care,
And for the glory of their Lord
Now send them forth with prayer,
May they behold their precious work
Fast spreading far and wide,
And millions coming home to Him
Who once for sinners died.

—FANNY J. CROSBY.

New York, Jan. 1, 1883.

SONGS OF THE NEW LIFE.

Rejoice with me.

REV. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

DR. H. L. GILMOUR.

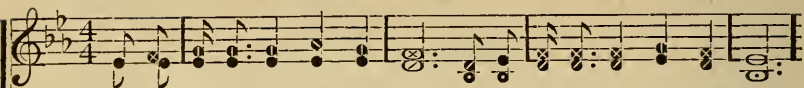
1. Re-joice with me, the lost is found! The wand'ring one a-stray,
 2. Re-joice with me, the lost is found! The dead's a-live a-gain;
 3. Re-joice with me, the lost is found! With-in his fond em-brace
 4. Re-joice with me, the lost is found! With robe and sig-net ring,

Re-pent-ant, seeks his fa-ther's face, With homeward steps to-day.
 In ev-'ry heart let joy a-bound, And song and glad-ness reign.
 The fa-ther clasps his wand'ring son—The child of wondrous grace.
 With o-pen arms and welcome kiss, And song and ban-quet-ing;

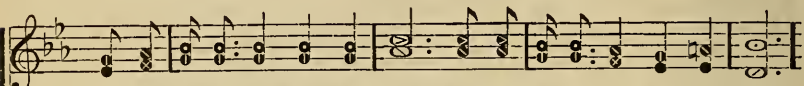
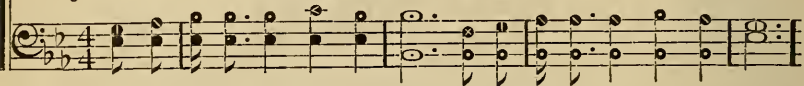
CHORUS.

Rejoice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound; Re-

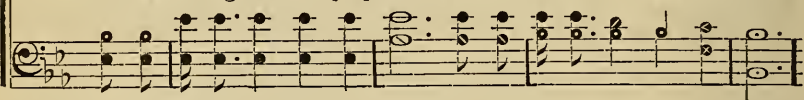
joice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound.



1. Are you ready to meet the Lord Should he suddenly come this way?
2. If the summons should greet thee now, Would your spirit be wash'd and white?
3. Follow, brother, your ris-en Lord; Pray, my brother, oh, watch and pray,



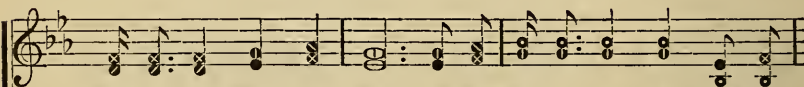
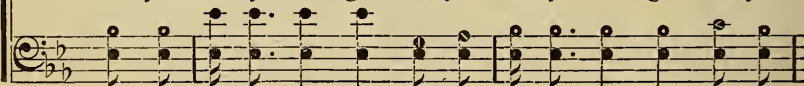
Could you welcome the blessed Christ, And be ready to go to-day?
 And be fit-tered to dwell in heaven, In the palace of love and light?
 At his coming be then prepared, And be ready to go each day.



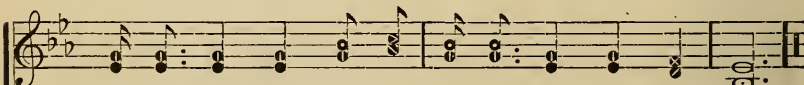
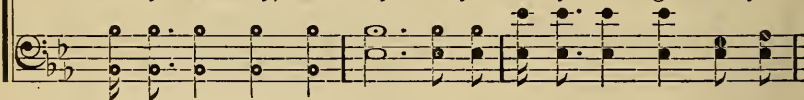
CHORUS.



Are you read-y to go? Are you read-y to go? Are you



read-y al-way, al-way? Are you read-y to go? Are you



read-y to go? Are you read-y to go to-day?



The Master has Come.

WM. H. CLARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The Master has come and he calleth for thee; He waits at the threshold,—is
 2. The Master has come and he calleth for thee; From sin's dreary bondage to
 3. The Master has come and he calleth for thee; Look out o'er the fields the white
 4. The Master has come and he calleth for thee; To hasten the year of the

wait-ing to see If his won-der-ful call thou wilt gladly o-bey, Or
 turn and be free; He invites you to come,—no farther to stray, He
 harvests to see; There is work to be done in the vineyard to-day, There's
 world's jubilee; When the nations shall gather from far and from near, The

CHORUS.

if thou art turning all heedless a-way. O, the Master has come, O, the
 calleth, he calleth; no longer de-lay.
 work to be done, O, then, turn not away.
 voice of the Master, that's calling, to hear.

Master has come, He call-eth, he call-eth for thee; . . . Look
 he call-eth for thee;

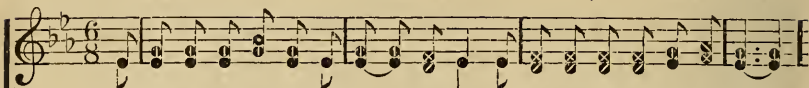
up and rejoice, O, hear his sweet voice, He calleth, he calleth for thee.

Why not Come to Him Now?

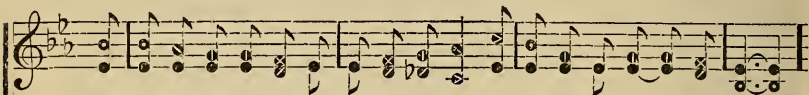
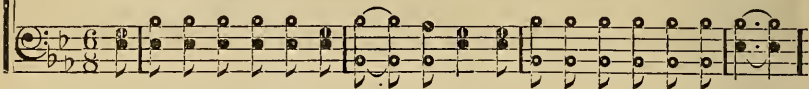
Rev. A. S. DOBBS, D. D.

Heb. ii. 2.

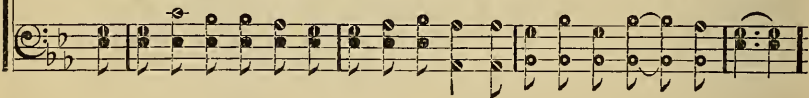
W. WARREN BENTLEY.



1. I now am so happy in Je - sus' love, No sorrow my song can control:
2. I know I'm a sinner, a sinner redeem'd, A brand taken out of the flame!



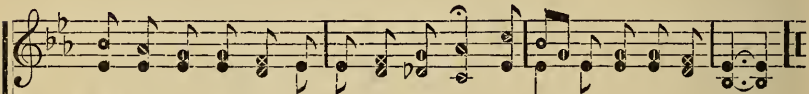
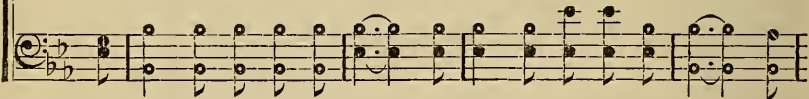
I'm wash'd in the fountain which flows from his side, And Jesus speaks peace to my soul.
I'll let my light shine so that others may see, And glorify Je - sus' name.



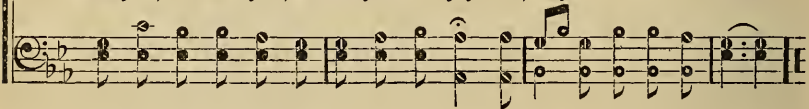
CHORUS.



Oh, why not come to him now? Oh, why not come to him now? He'll



cleanse you, and save you, and fill you with joy: Oh, why not come to him now?



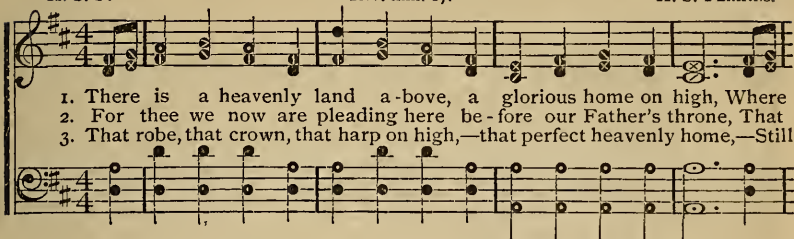
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Oh, poor, wand'ring sinner, cast off by
the way,
And ready to perish and die,
Believe, and accept him while mercy is
near,
For Jesus is now passing by.</p> | <p>4 The way is so simple the foolish may
view,
The lame and the blind may come, too;
Though-your sins are as crimson, he'll
welcome you home,
His blood can make whiter than snow.</p> |
|--|---|

5 The Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

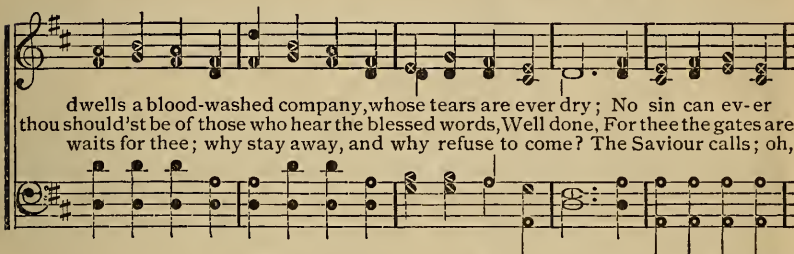
H. S. P.

Rev. xxii. 17.

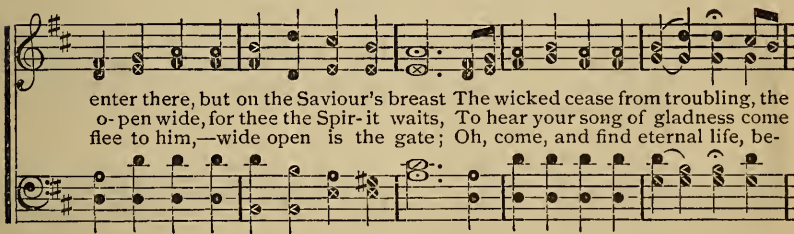
H. S. PERKINS.



1. There is a heavenly land a-bove, a glorious home on high, Where
 2. For thee we now are pleading here be-fore our Father's throne, That
 3. That robe, that crown, that harp on high,—that perfect heavenly home,—Still



dwells a blood-washed company, whose tears are ever dry; No sin can ever
 thou should'st be of those who hear the blessed words, Well done, For thee the gates are
 waits for thee; why stay away, and why refuse to come? The Saviour calls; oh,

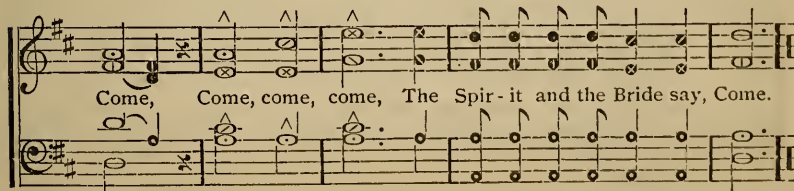


enter there, but on the Saviour's breast The wicked cease from troubling, the
 o-pen wide, for thee the Spir-it waits, To hear your song of gladness come
 flee to him,—wide open is the gate; Oh, come, and find eternal life, be-

CHORUS.



wea-ry are at rest. Come, come, come, The Spir-it and the Bride say,
 ere it be too late.
 fore it is too late.



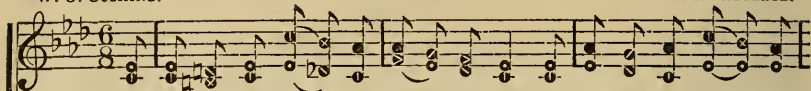
Come, Come, come, come, The Spir-it and the Bride say, Come.

No Room in Heaven.

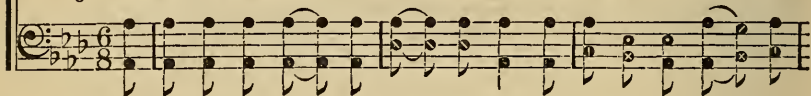
W. O. CUSHING.

Matt. xxv. 10.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.



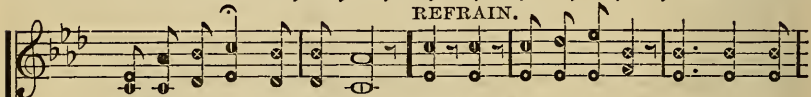
1. How sad it would be, if when thou dost call, All hopeless and un - for-
2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all
3. Oh! haste thee and fly, while mercy is near; Remember the love that he



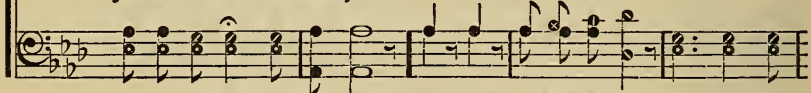
giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate, Should
o - ver, To know that the reapers had gathered the grain, And
gave you; The love that hath sought thee is seeking thee still, And



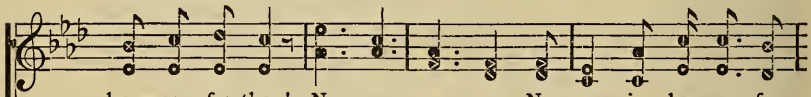
REFRAIN.



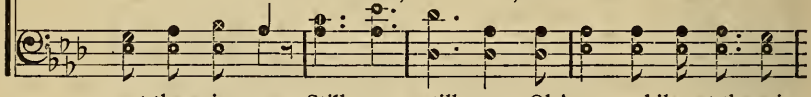
answer: No room in heaven! Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in
left thee alone for - ev - er!
Jesus now waits to save you.



Cho. for last verse—Room, room, still there is room, Oh! come while

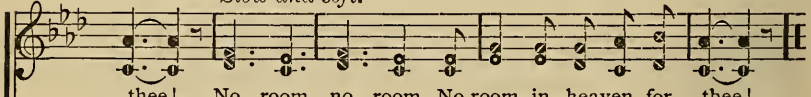


heav - en for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for

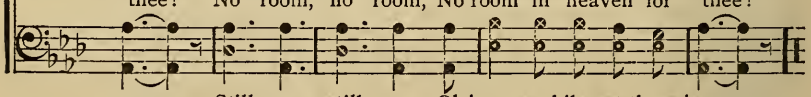


yet there is room; Still room, still room, Oh! come while yet there is

Slow and soft.



thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee!



room; Still room, still room, Oh! come while yet there is room.

The Wondrous Story.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever beliveth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John. iii. 16.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. Do you know the wondrous sto - ry? Have you ev - er heard it told?
 2. Have you heard how much he suffered, Hanging on the cru - el tree?
 3. Is it true that you have heard it? Have the tidings reached your ear?

How that Je - sus came from heaven, Seek - ing lost ones from the fold?
 That we all might have sal - va - tion, And should live e - ter - nal - ly.
 Then why not just now believe it, And find comfort, hope and cheer?

CHORUS.

Do you know the wondrous sto - ry? Have you ev - er heard it told?

Do you know the wondrous sto - ry, That with tell - ing ne'er grows old?

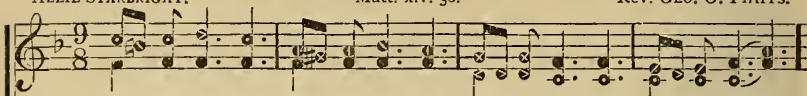
Keep Me Ever.

"And beginning to sink he cried, saying, Lord, save me."

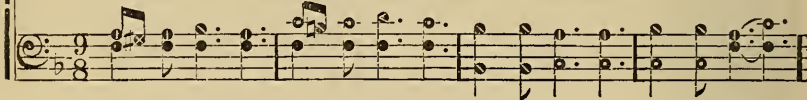
ALLIE STARBRIGHT.

Matt. xiv. 30.

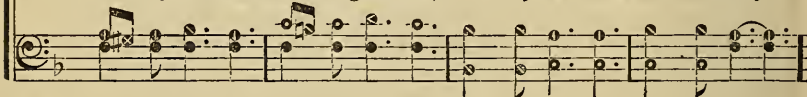
REV. GEO. G. PHIPPS.



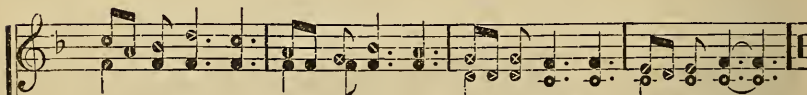
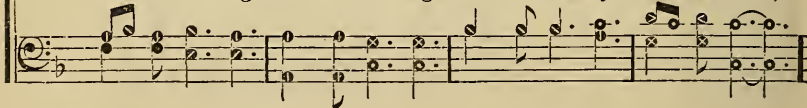
1. Sad and wea-ry, lone and dreary, Lord, I would thy call o - bey:
2. Here a-bid-ing, in thee hid-ing, Seeks my weary soul her rest,
3. Be thou near me, keep and cheer me Thro' life's dark and stormy way:



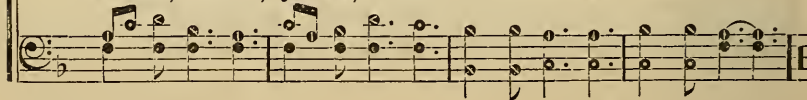
Then believ-ing, Christ receiv-ing, I would come to thee to - day.
Till the dawning of the morning, When I wake a - mong the blest.
Turn my sadness in - to gladness, Turn my darkness in - to day.



Thou the Ho - ly One, the low - ly Je - sus, un - to thee I come;
Tho' each morrow bring new sorrow, Or the night of death draw near,
Tired I'm coming—tired of roaming Thro' this wea-ry world a - lone;



Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From thy blessed keeping roam.
Thro' the fall-ing shadows calling, Lo, my Shepherd's voice I hear.
Fa - ther, take me; Je - sus, make me Now and ev - er - more thine own.



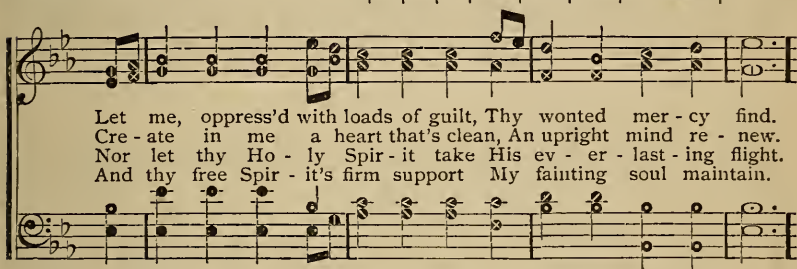
Kneeling, Pleading, Waiting.

TATE & BRADY. "Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. i. 26.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

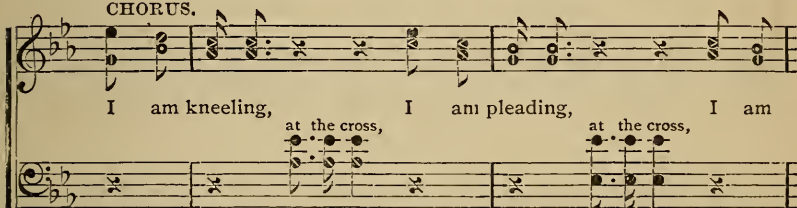


1. Have mer-cy, Lord, on me, As thou wert ev-er kind;
 2. Blot out, O Lord, my sins, Nor me in an-ger view;
 3. Withdraw not then thy help, Nor cast me from thy sight;
 4. The joy thy fa-vor gives Let me a-gain ob-tain,

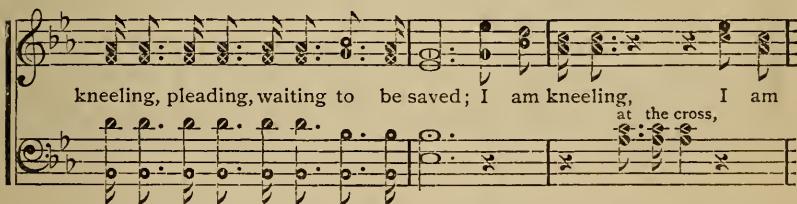


Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt, Thy wonted mer-cy find.
 Cre-ate in me a heart that's clean, An upright mind re-new.
 Nor let thy Ho-ly Spir-it take His ev-er-last-ing flight.
 And thy free Spir-it's firm support My fainting soul maintain.

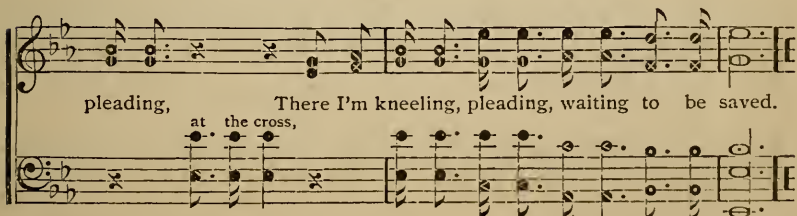
CHORUS.



I am kneeling, I am pleading, I am



at the cross, at the cross,
 kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved; I am kneeling, I am



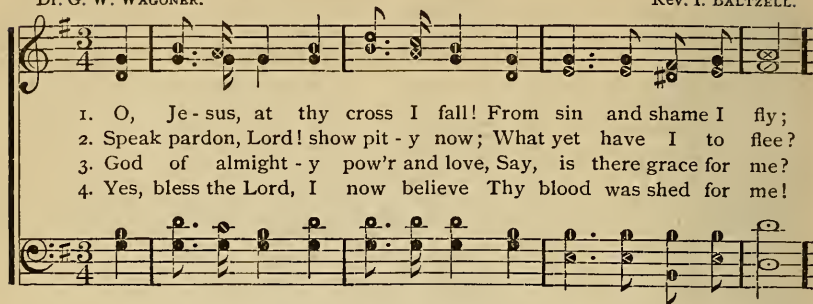
at the cross,
 pleading, There I'm kneeling, pleading, waiting to be saved.

Save Me, Gracious God.

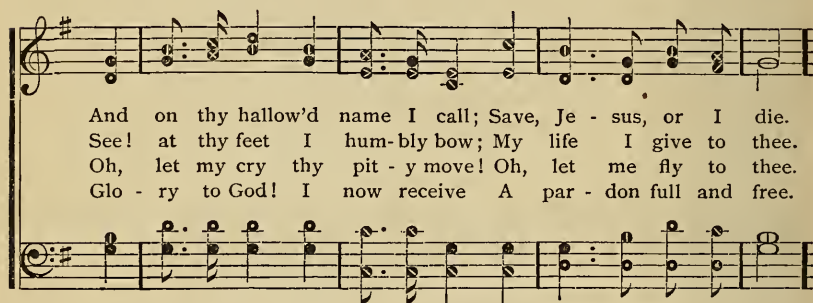
"Hear my cry, O God: attend unto my prayer."—Ps. lvi. 1.

Dr. G. W. WAGONER.

Rev. I. BALTZELL.

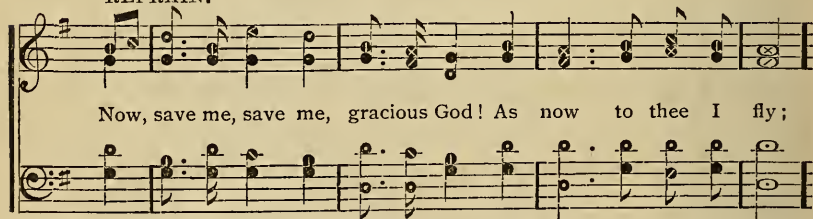


1. O, Je - sus, at thy cross I fall! From sin and shame I fly;
 2. Speak pardon, Lord! show pit - y now; What yet have I to flee?
 3. God of almight - y pow'r and love, Say, is there grace for me?
 4. Yes, bless the Lord, I now believe Thy blood was shed for me!

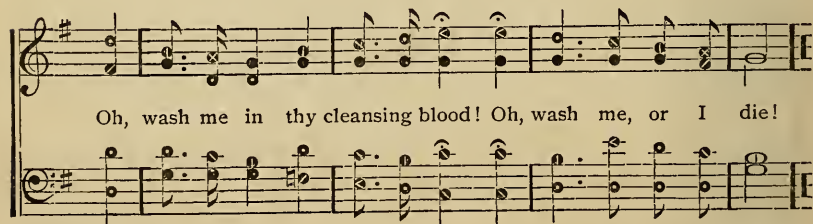


And on thy hallow'd name I call; Save, Je - sus, or I die.
 See! at thy feet I hum-bly bow; My life I give to thee.
 Oh, let my cry thy pit - y move! Oh, let me fly to thee.
 Glo - ry to God! I now receive A par - don full and free.

REFRAIN.



Now, save me, save me, gracious God! As now to thee I fly;



Oh, wash me in thy cleansing blood! Oh, wash me, or I die!

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
 died for men; Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
 gar - ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

1. The Sav-iour called so lov-ing-ly,— I am saved by his blood; I
 2. His lov-ing words came to my ear,— I am saved by his blood; "Come
 3. "He that be-lieveth," hear the word,— I am saved by his blood; "Hath

heard his voice from Cal - va - ry,— I am saved by his blood. I
 un - to Me," and do not fear,— I am saved by his blood. And
 life," in Je - sus Christ our Lord,— I am saved by his blood. The

wondered if it was for me, A wretch so full of mis - er - y,
 I had naught to bring to him, On - ly my vile-ness, guilt, and sin,
 sto - ry nev - er can be told; Oh, cast on him thy sin-sick soul,

To be from sin and sor-row free,— I am saved by his blood.
 But as I came he let me in,— I am saved by his blood.
 And he will quick-ly make thee whole, And saved by his blood.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu - jah! hal-le-lu - jah! I am saved by his blood;
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah!

I am Saved by His Blood.—CONCLUDED.

Hal-le - lu - jah! hal-le - lu - jah! I am saved by his blood.
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!

13

More Love to Thee.

“Continue ye in my love.”—John xv. 9.

Mrs. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee! Hear thou the
2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a -
3. Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per thy praise; This be the

prayer I make, On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
part - ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its prayer shall be,

More love, O Christ, to thee, More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee!

"And without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. ix, 22.

Rev. D. LEE AULTMAN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. The blood that flowed on Cal - va - ry Has reached my sin-stained soul;
 2. O Lamb of God, I'm whol - ly thine, The con - se - cration's made;
 3. Loud hal - le - lu - jahs to the Lamb That bought us with his blood;

I now re-joyce as they re-joyce Who are ev - 'ry whit made whole.
 My soul and bod - y, mind and strength, On Je - sus now is stayed.
 Our souls are to the ut - most filled With the fulness of our God.

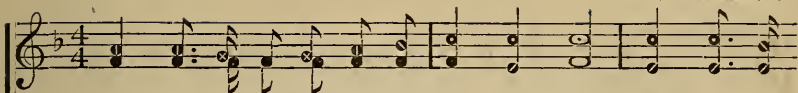
CHORUS.

That pre - - cious blood, It cleans - eth me from
 That precious blood, that precious blood, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me from

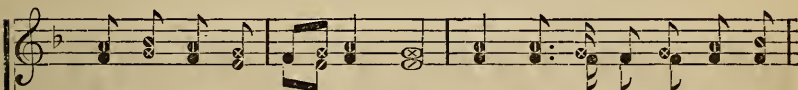
sin; That pre - - cious blood, It makes me pure with-in.
 sin; That precious blood, that precious blood,

SERINA.


S. B. ELLENBERGER.



1. Ye who are burdened with a load of care, Whose wea - ry
 2. Ye who have tried mid earthly joys to live, And turned a -
 3. Ye too, whose path in life seems dark and drear, Learn that the
 4. "Rest for the wea - ry," precious words of cheer, Which tell of

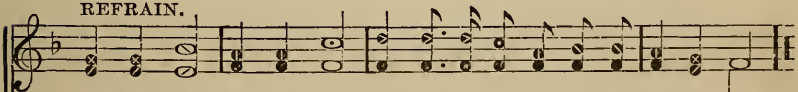


souls are oft by sin distressed, The Saviour's gracious in - vi -
 way un - hap - py and unblessed; Now take the bliss which Je - sus
 Saviour's choice for you is best; He would not have you fix your
 Je - sus' ten - der - ness and love, Who would not seek to taste their

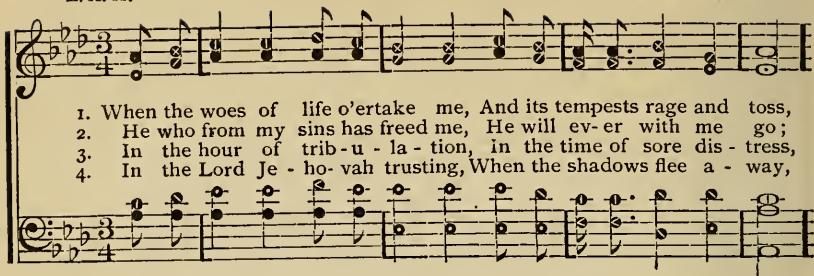


ta - tion hear: "Come un - to me and I will give you rest.
 wants to give, Come at his kind en - treat - y, — come and rest.
 dwelling here, Why will ye fond - ly lin - ger? "Come and rest."
 sweetness here, Then in his glorious presence rest a - bove.

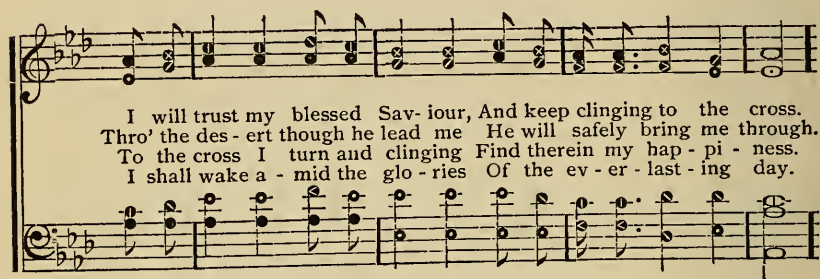
REFRAIN.



Come and rest, Come and rest, "Come unto me and I will give you rest."

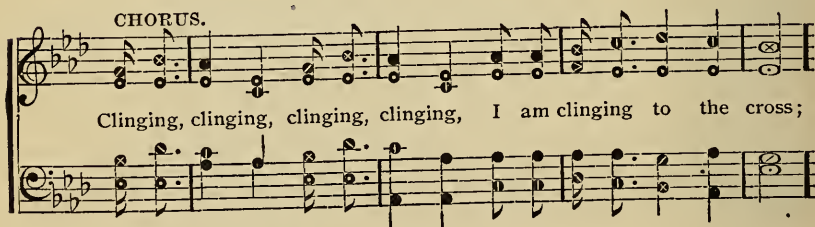


1. When the woes of life o'ertake me, And its tempests rage and toss,
 2. He who from my sins has freed me, He will ev-er with me go;
 3. In the hour of trib-u-la-tion, in the time of sore dis-tress,
 4. In the Lord Je-ho-vah trusting, When the shadows flee a-way,

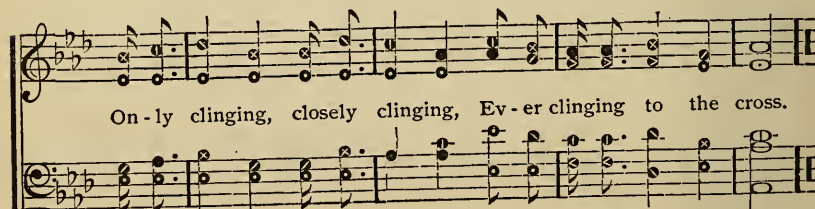


I will trust my blessed Sav-iour, And keep clinging to the cross.
 Thro' the des-ert though he lead me He will safely bring me through.
 To the cross I turn and clinging Find therein my hap-pi-ness.
 I shall wake a-mid the glo-ries Of the ev-er-last-ing day.

CHORUS.



Clinging, clinging, clinging, clinging, I am clinging to the cross;



On-ly clinging, closely clinging, Ev-er clinging to the cross.

Close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. Close to thee, O Lamb of God, May thy Spir - it hold me;
 2. Close to thee when weak and faint, Du - ty's path pur - su - ing,
 3. Close to thee, O Sav - iour mine, Near thy cross a - bid - ing;
 4. Close to thee when earth - ly ties One by one are break - ing,

'Neath thy all - pro - tect - ing wings Let thy mer - cy fold me.
 Let me feel thy circ - ling arm All my strength renew - ing.
 I can brave the tempest's power, In thy love con - fid - ing.
 When my soul to life a - new Glad and pure a - wak - ing.

REFRAIN.

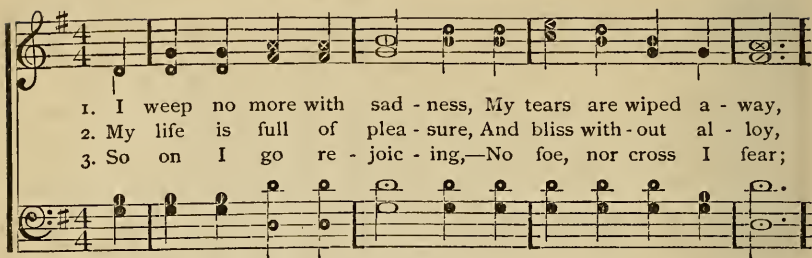
Close to thee, close to thee, Keep thy child for - ev - er;

Anchored firm - ly on the Rock, Sin can harm me nev - er.

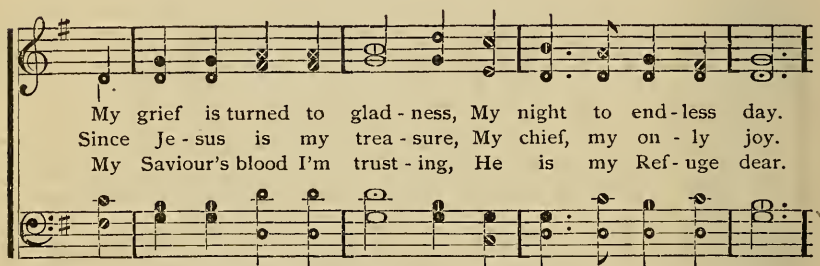
D. B. T.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. i. 20.

D. B. TOWNER.

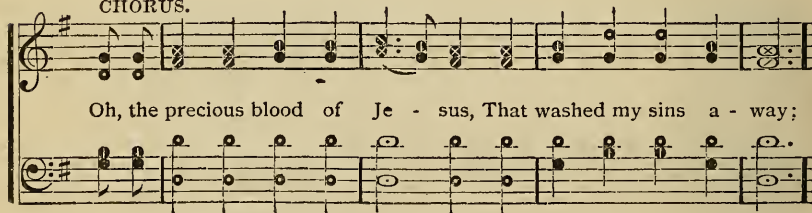


1. I weep no more with sad - ness, My tears are wiped a - way,
 2. My life is full of plea - sure, And bliss with - out al - loy,
 3. So on I go re - joic - ing,—No foe, nor cross I fear;

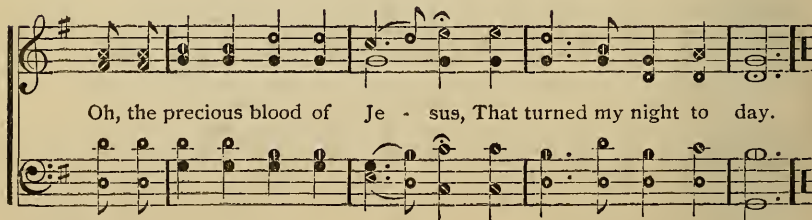


My grief is turned to glad - ness, My night to end - less day.
 Since Je - sus is my trea - sure, My chief, my on - ly joy.
 My Saviour's blood I'm trust - ing, He is my Ref - uge dear.

CHORUS.



Oh, the precious blood of Je - sus, That washed my sins a - way;



Oh, the precious blood of Je - sus, That turned my night to day.

1. Lord, I know I am not wor - thy E'en to take the crumbs that fall
 2. Lord, I feel how vile and sin - ful Day by day my life has been;
 3. Thine the glo - ry, thine the pow - er, All the vile - ness is in me;
 4. Bless - ed Je - sus, full of mer - cy, Thou a - lone canst save my soul;

From the ta - ble of thy mer - cy; Yet thou art my all in all.
 Now I seek thy great compas - sion, And thy blood to make me clean.
 Cast me not a - way, oh, Saviour, Hear me while I call on thee.
 I'm not worthy; yet up - hold me When death's waves around me roll.

CHORUS.

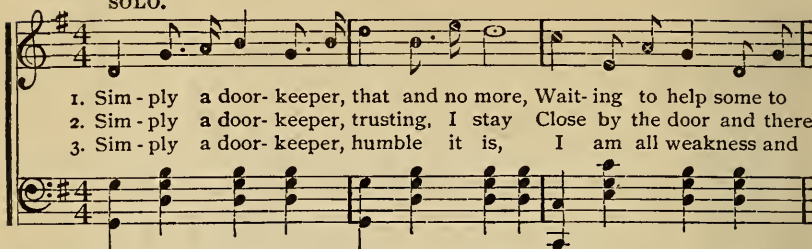
Not in me, oh, blessed Je - sus, Is there goodness, not in me;

I'm not wor - thy of thy mer - cy, All the mer - it is in thee.

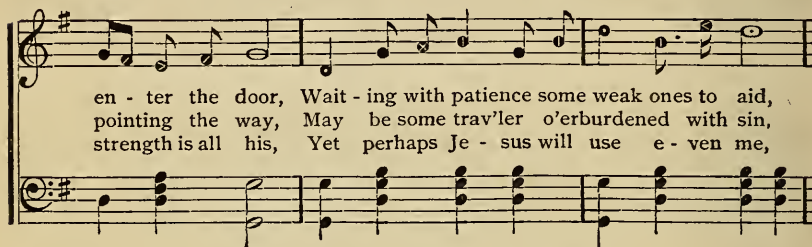
Simply a Doorkeeper.

J. E. H. "I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my Lord."—Ps. lxxxiv. J. E. HALL.

SOLO.

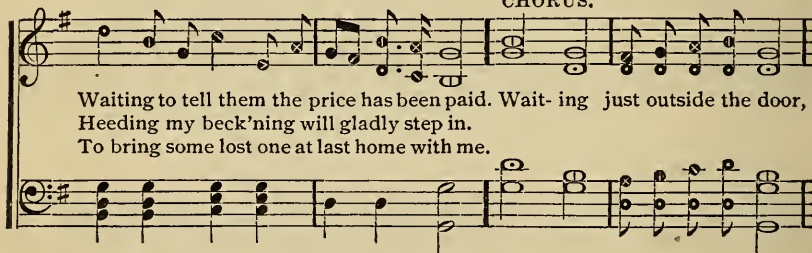


1. Sim - ply a door - keeper, that and no more, Wait - ing to help some to
 2. Sim - ply a door - keeper, trusting, I stay Close by the door and there
 3. Sim - ply a door - keeper, humble it is, I am all weakness and

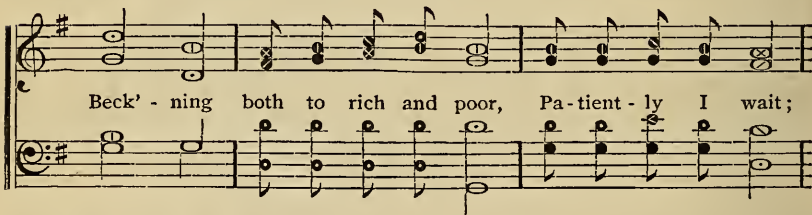


en - ter the door, Wait - ing with patience some weak ones to aid,
 pointing the way, May be some trav'ler o'erburdened with sin,
 strength is all his, Yet perhaps Je - sus will use e - ven me,

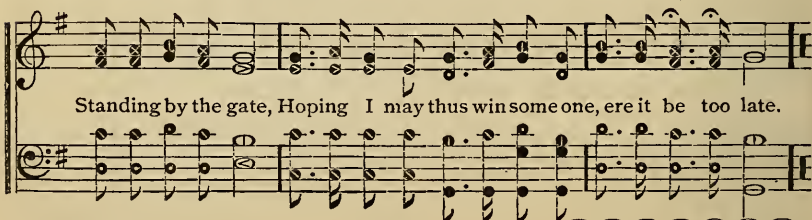
CHORUS.



Waiting to tell them the price has been paid. Wait - ing just outside the door,
 Heeding my beck'ning will gladly step in.
 To bring some lost one at last home with me.



Beck' - ning both to rich and poor, Pa - tient - ly I wait;



Standing by the gate, Hoping I may thus win some one, ere it be too late.

Each Day a Little Nearer.

FAITH WILLIAMS.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."
James iv. 8

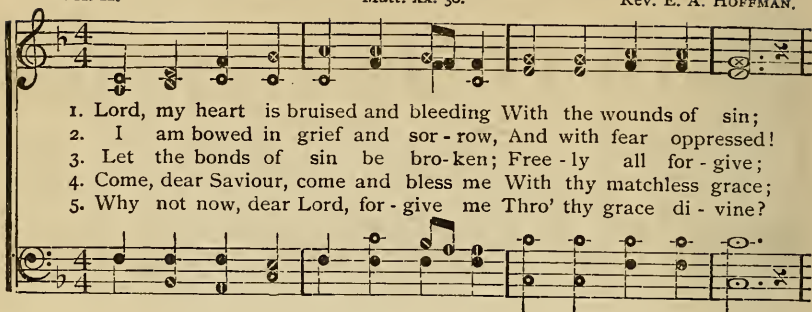
J. H. TENNEY.

1. Each day a lit - tle near - er To Je - sus would I rise,
2. And day by day I'm learning That though my earth - ly way
3. So, trust - ing in his mer - cy And love so measure - less,

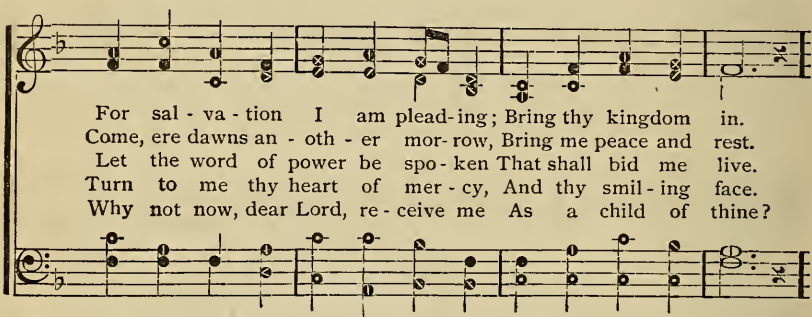
And find his ser - vice ev - er A glad and sweet sur - prise;
Is oft through shadows winding, 'Twill lead to per - fect day;
Each day my soul is ful - ler Of peace and joy - ful - ness;

Though what each day is bring - ing My soul may nev - er guess,
Each day I know I'm near - ing His shelt - 'ring, rest - ful arms,
Each day, while life is giv - en, Still near - er would I come,

But to his cross I'm clinging, And on my way I press.
My heart, this thought enfold - ing, Is safe from earth's a - larms.
Till from on high my Saviour Shall call me, Child, come home.

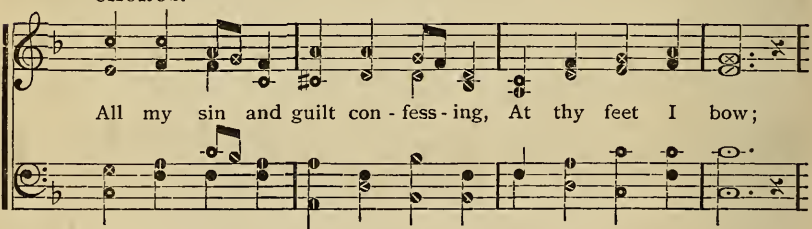


1. Lord, my heart is bruised and bleeding With the wounds of sin;
 2. I am bowed in grief and sor-row, And with fear oppressed!
 3. Let the bonds of sin be bro-ken; Free-ly all for-give;
 4. Come, dear Saviour, come and bless me With thy matchless grace;
 5. Why not now, dear Lord, for-give me Thro' thy grace di-vine?

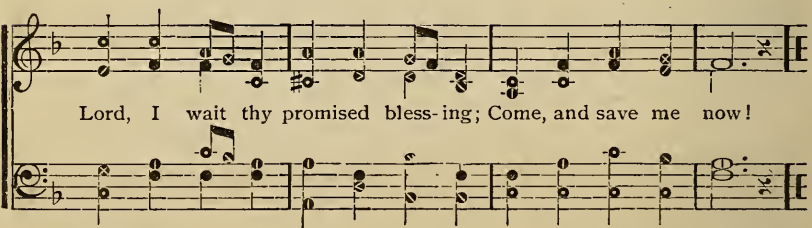


For sal-va-tion I am plead-ing; Bring thy kingdom in.
 Come, ere dawns an-oth-er mor-row, Bring me peace and rest.
 Let the word of power be spo-ken That shall bid me live.
 Turn to me thy heart of mer-cy, And thy smil-ing face.
 Why not now, dear Lord, re-ceive me As a child of thine?

CHORUS.



All my sin and guilt con-fess-ing, At thy feet I bow;



Lord, I wait thy promised bless-ing; Come, and save me now!

I am the Door.

"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved."—John x. 9.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Oh, soul oppress'd with sin and guilt, A Saviour's love and mercy see;
 2. Oh, hear his words, accept the gift So freely offered now to thee;
 3. His peace shall calm thy troubled mind, His love inspire thee when downcast,
 4. The gracious in - vi - tation heed; Let wisdom's choice be thine to-day;

To - day he calls in sweetest tones, And full salva - tion of - fers thee.
 Throw off thy load so hard to bear; Let Christ your burden-bearer be.
 His presence cheer in ev - 'ry ill, His pow'r shall bring thee home at last.
 The Saviour calls you to his fold; Oh, sin - ner, en - ter while you may.

CHORUS.

I am the door: by me if an - y man en - ter in, He shall be

saved, be saved; By me if an - y man enter in, He shall be saved.

Pray Thou for Me.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."—Ps. lv. 22.

MARY CLEMMER.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Pray thou for me! The way is dark, The star of faith I
 2. Pray thou for me! Close is thy grasp Up - on the things that
 3. Pray thou for me! His name - less grace, His life of life mine
 4. Pray thou for me! The com - mon air Will stronger, pur - er

scarce - ly see; It lights for thee heaven's loft - iest arc;
 are un - seen; The cross of Christ I see thee clasp,
 eyes would see; The love that lights my Sav - iour's face,
 seem to be, And all the world will grow more fair;

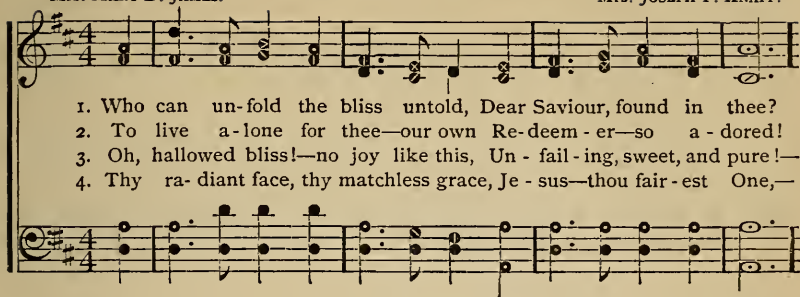
CHORUS.

Pray thou for me, pray thou for me. Pray, Pray,
 And on it lean; pray thou for me.
 O pray that it may fall on me.
 Pray thou for me. pray thou for me. for me, for me,

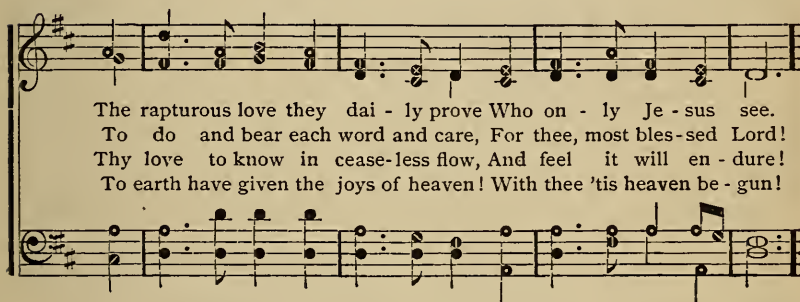
Pray thou for me, Pray, pray, Pray thou for me.
 for me, for me,

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

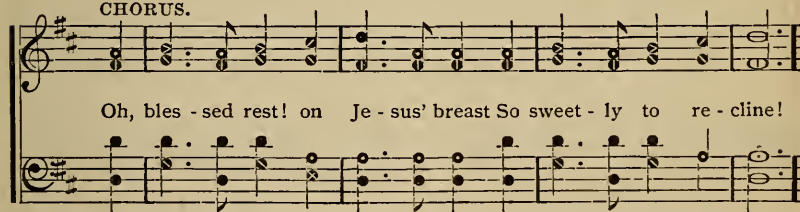


1. Who can un-fold the bliss untold, Dear Saviour, found in thee?
 2. To live a-lone for thee—our own Re-deem-er—so a-dored!
 3. Oh, hallowed bliss!—no joy like this, Un-fail-ing, sweet, and pure!—
 4. Thy ra-diant face, thy matchless grace, Je-sus—thou fair-est One,—

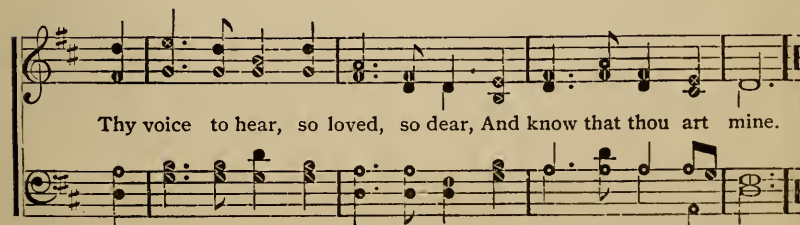


The rapturous love they dai-ly prove Who on-ly Je-sus see.
 To do and bear each word and care, For thee, most bles-sed Lord!
 Thy love to know in cease-less flow, And feel it will en-dure!
 To earth have given the joys of heaven! With thee 'tis heaven be-gun!

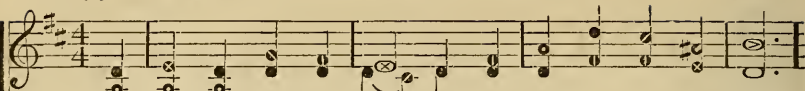
CHORUS.



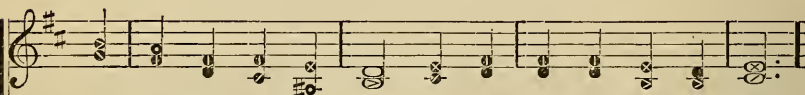
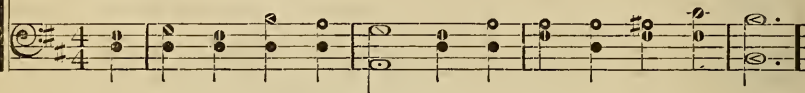
Oh, bles-sed rest! on Je-sus' breast So sweet-ly to re-cline!



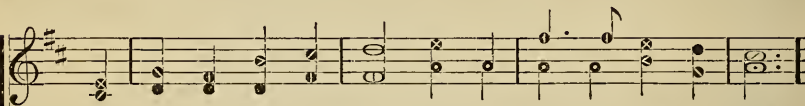
Thy voice to hear, so loved, so dear, And know that thou art mine.



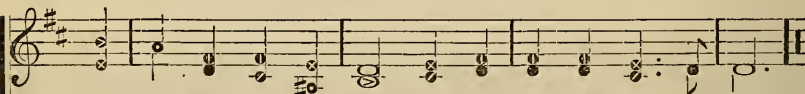
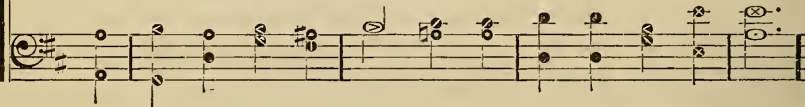
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest!
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju - bi - lant with song,
3. There is the throne of Dav - id; And there, from care re - leased,



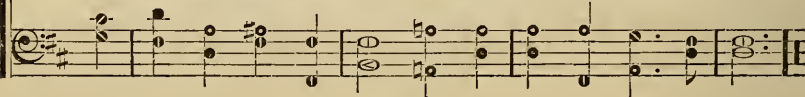
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed:
 And bright with many an an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast:



I know not, oh, I know not, What so - cial joys are there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who, with their Lead - er, Have conquered in the fight,



What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What light be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bles - sed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.



1. Up and a-way, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
 2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
 3. On-ly the truth that in life I have spoken, On-ly the seed that on
 4. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the earth and its toiling, Only re-
 springtime have sown? No, for the sower may pass from his labors, On-ly re-
 earth I have sown; These shall pass onward when I am forgotten, Fruits of the
 joic-ing are won, Then will his faithful and weary dis-ci-ples, All be re-

CHORUS.

remembered by what I have done. On-ly remembered, on-ly remembered,
 membered by what he has done.
 har-vest and what I have done.
 membered for what they have done.

On-ly remembered by what I have done, On-ly remembered,

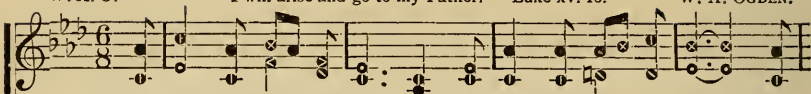
rit.
 On-ly remembered, On-ly remembered by what I have done.

Come, Prodigal, Come.

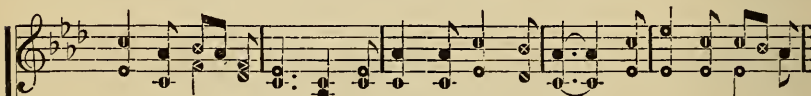
W. A. O.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—Luke xv. 18.

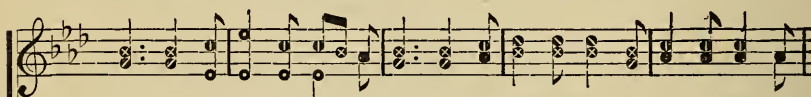
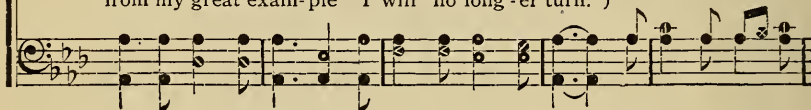
W. A. OGDEN.



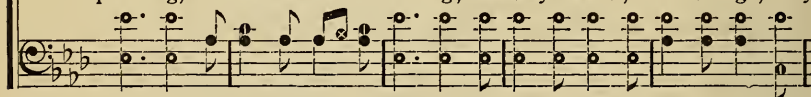
1. The fountain of sal - va - tion Is flow - ing full and free, And
 2. I hear his cry, "Tis fin - ished," His bleeding bo - dy see; His
 3. His bles - sed in - vi - ta - tion I will no long - er spurn, And



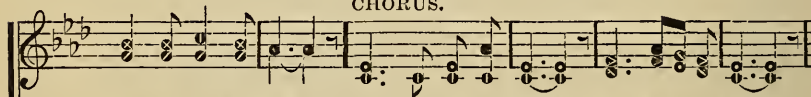
Je - sus stands invit - ing: O sin - ner, come to me.
 loving accents thrill me, His blessed "Come to me." } I hear his sweet voice
 from my great exam - ple I will no long - er turn. }



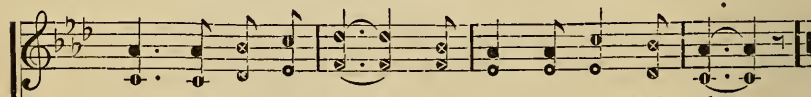
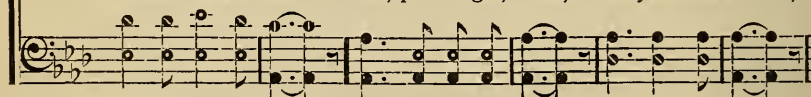
pleading, For me 'tis in - terced - ing; The way I know, And I will go,—My



CHORUS.

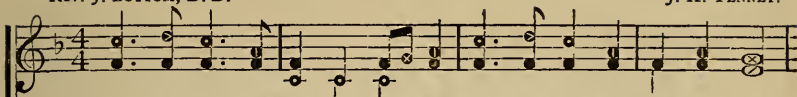


Saviour calls for me. Come, pro - di - gal, come, While yet there's room;

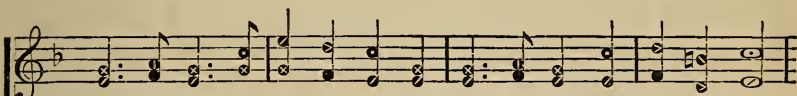


Come, pro - di - gal, come! Thy Sav - iour call - eth thee.

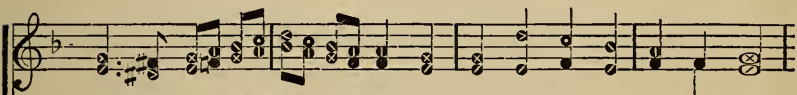




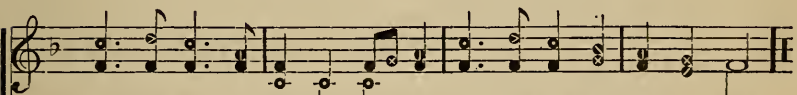
1. Oh, the wondrous love of Je - sus! Oh, the power of love di - vine!
 2. Like a fount - ain, o - ver - flow - ing, Brims my heart with joy and peace;
 3. Thus by faith and hope a - bid - ing, By the knowledge of his power,
 4. Bold I tell the sim - ple sto - ry, While in nothing - ness I fall,



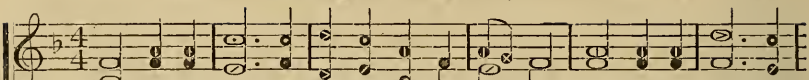
Lo! he man - i - fests his fa - vor, Brings his presence near to mine;
 Oh, the bles - sedness of knowing, Je - sus whispers, I am his!
 In his faith - fulness con - fid - ing, I am kept from hour to hour;
 On - ly in the cross I glo - ry, Je - sus Christ is all in all:



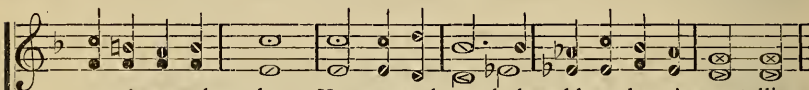
Oh, the bliss, the sweet commun - ion, Day by day his grace re - veals;
 Now my feet with will - ing swift - ness, Run to do the will of God,
 This my con - fi - dence and boasting: He is a - ble whom I know;
 Him my loosened tongue confess - eth, Him my tune - ful lips shall praise,



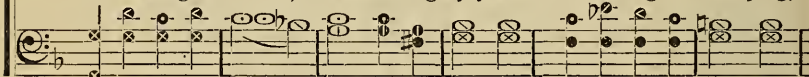
Oh, the ev - er - last - ing un - ion Which his bles - sed Spir - it seals.
 Find - ing ev - 'ry day's completeness In the path my Sav - iour trod.
 Nor can all the powers of darkness My Redeem - er o - ver - throw.
 Long as life or reas - on last - eth, Long as ev - er - last - ing days.



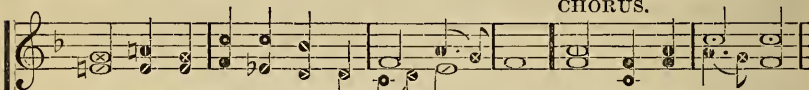
1. Hark, hark, my soul! angel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary; The day must dawn and
5. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keep - ing; Sing us sweet fragments



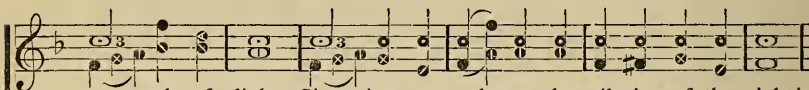
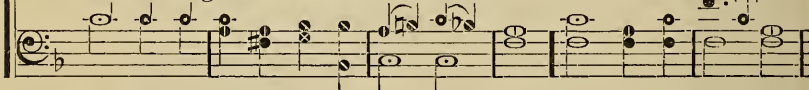
ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Jesus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring - ing,
 sounds o'er land and sea, And laden souls by thousands meekly steal - ing,
 darkness might be past; All journeys end in welcome to the wea - ry,
 of the songs a - bove; Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,



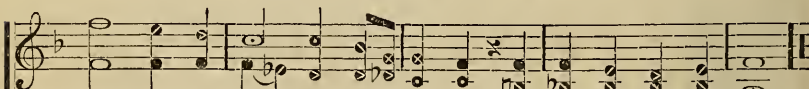
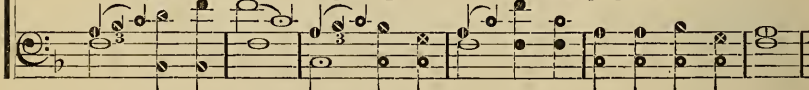
CHORUS.



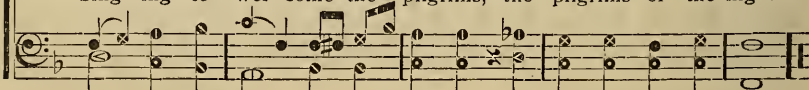
Of that new life when sin shall be no more. An - gels of Je - sus,
 The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.



an - gels of light, Sing - ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!



Sing - ing to wel - come the pilgrims, the pilgrims of the night!

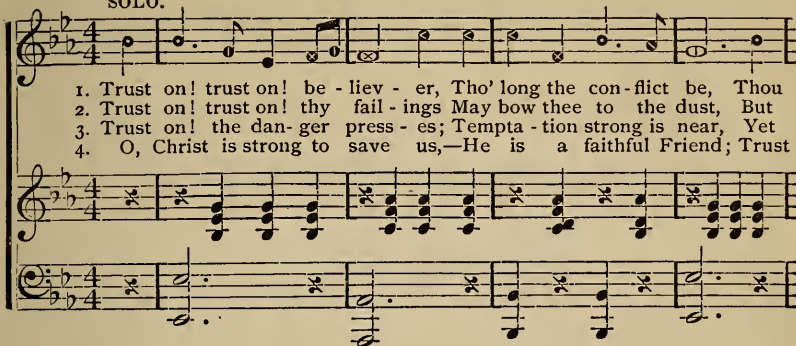


Anon.

"Trust in the Lord with all thy heart."—Prov. iii. 5.

W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO.



1. Trust on! trust on! be - liev - er, Tho' long the con - flict be, Thou
 2. Trust on! trust on! thy fail - ings May bow thee to the dust, But
 3. Trust on! the dan - ger press - es; Tempta - tion strong is near, Yet
 4. O, Christ is strong to save us,—He is a faithful Friend; Trust

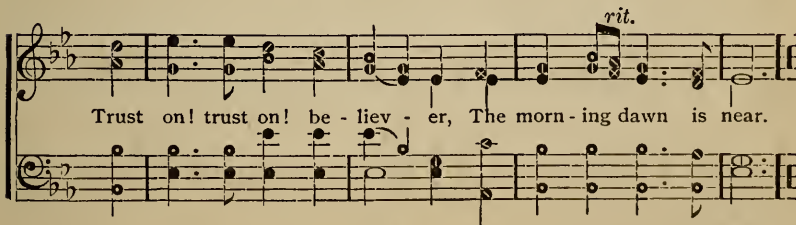


yet shalt prove vic - to - ri - ous,—Thy God shall fight for thee.
 in thy deep - est sor - row, Oh, give not up thy trust.
 o'er life's dang'rous rap - ids He shall thy pas - sage steer.
 on! trust on! be - liev - er,—Oh, trust him to the end.

CHORUS.



Trust on! Trust on! trust on! Though the night be drear;
 Trust on! Trust on! trust on!



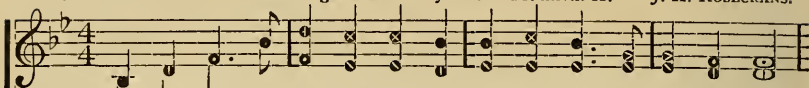
Trust on! trust on! be - liev - er, The morn - ing dawn is near.

32 When the Sheaves are Gathered in.

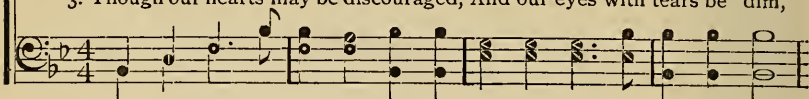
E. R. LATTA.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one."—Ps. xxvii. 12.

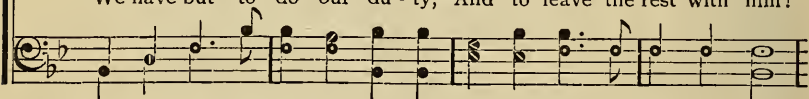
J. H. ROSECRANS.



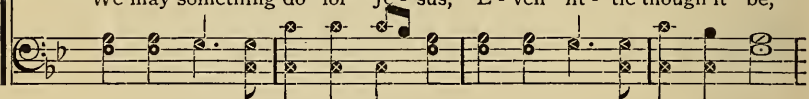
1. When the la - bor - ers have finished In the vine - yard of the Lord,
2. Shall the seeds that now we scat - ter, In our fee - bleness be - low,
3. Though our hearts may be discouraged, And our eyes with tears be dim,



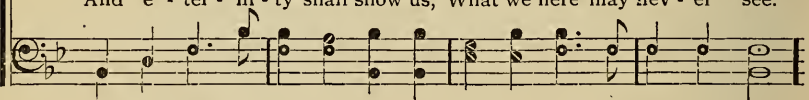
Ev - 'ry task that he assigned them, And have tak - en their re - ward;
In - to bar - ren pla - ces fall - ing, Nev - er to a har - vest grow?
We have but to do our du - ty, And to leave the rest with him!



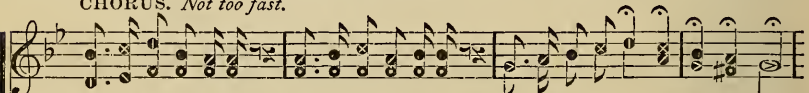
We shall stand be - fore the Mas - ter, And shall give an ans - wer there,
Nay, they shall not whol - ly per - ish, Tho' they yield not man - y - fold,
We may something do for Je - sus, E - ven lit - tle though it be,



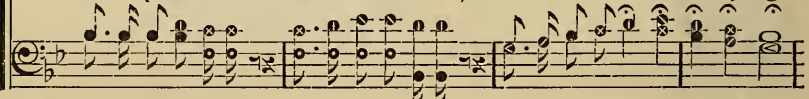
For the tal - ents, few or man - y, He has trust - ed to our care!
If we strive with ear - nest spir - its, We shall bring some sheaves of gold!
And e - ter - ni - ty shall show us, What we here may nev - er see.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



What shall we present him? What for all our labor, When to store the harvest they begin?



When the Sheaves, etc.—CONCLUDED.

How shall we make answer For the talents given, When the sheaves are gathered in.

33

"Jesus Wept."

Anon.

John xi. 35.

HARRY SANDERS.

1. "Jesus wept!"—those tears are over, But his heart is still the same;
2. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor - row roll,
3. "Jesus wept!"—and still in glo - ry He can mark each mourner's tear,
4. "Jesus wept!"—that tear of sorrow Is a leg - a - cy of love;

Kinsman, Friend, and Elder Brother Is his ev - er - last - ing name.
 Let us lay our heads on Je - sus, Pil - low of the trou - bled soul.
 Lov - ing to retrace the sto - ry Of the hearts he sol - aced here.
 Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - morrow, He the same doth ev - er prove.

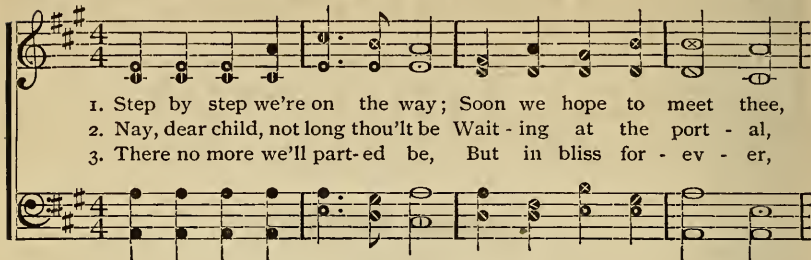
Sav - iour, who can love like thee, Gracious One of Beth - a - ny?
 Sure - ly none can feel like thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - a - ny!
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny!
 Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny!

34 One by one we're coming Home.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isaiah xxxv. 10.

EDWARD BUFFINGTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

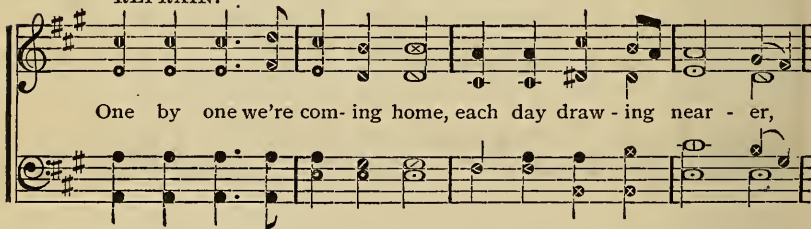


1. Step by step we're on the way; Soon we hope to meet thee,
 2. Nay, dear child, not long thou'lt be Wait - ing at the port - al,
 3. There no more we'll part - ed be, But in bliss for - ev - er,

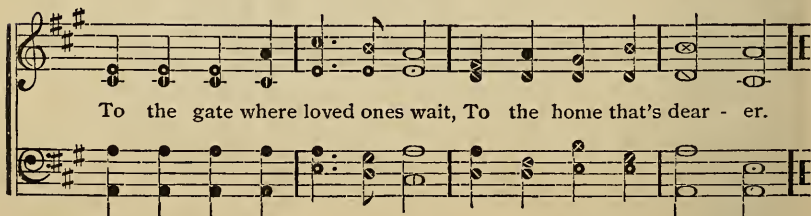


In the heav'nly mansions fair; Soon we then shall greet thee.
 Waiting there so pa - tient - ly For loved ones im - mor - tal.
 Live throughout e - ter - ni - ty, Naught our souls shall sev - er.

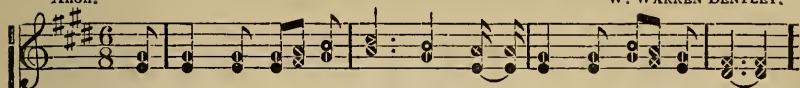
REFRAIN.



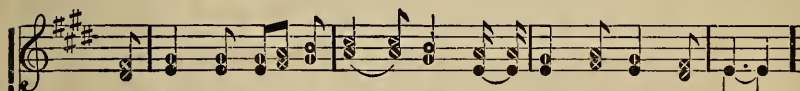
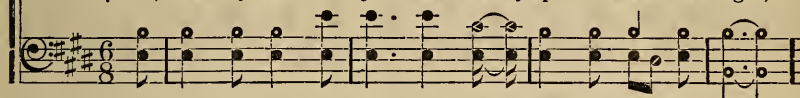
One by one we're com - ing home, each day draw - ing near - er,



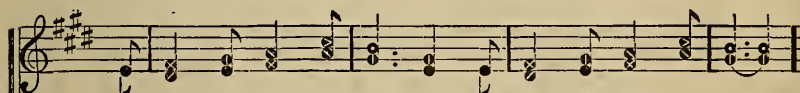
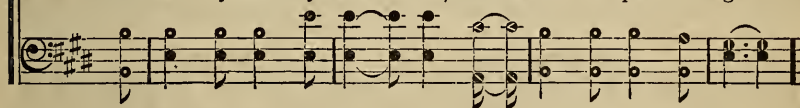
To the gate where loved ones wait, To the home that's dear - er.



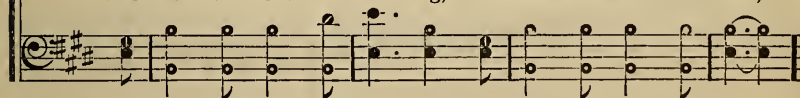
1. Oh, trust thy-self to Je - sus When conscious of thy sin,—
 2. Oh, trust thy-self to Je - sus When tempted to trans-gress,
 3. Oh, trust thy-self to Je - sus When dai - ly cares per - plex,
 4. Oh, trust thy-self to Je - sus As thy spir - it takes its flight,



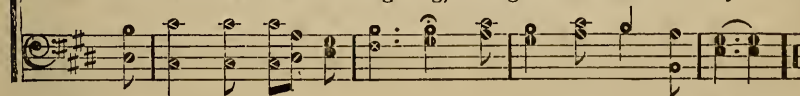
Its hea - vy weight up - on thee, Its might - y power with - in:
 By hast - y word, or an - gry look, Or thought of bit - ter - ness:
 And tri - fles seem to gain a power, Thy in - most soul to vex:
 From ev - 'ry earth - ly sha - dow, To the land of per - fect light:



This is the hour for plead - ing, His fin - ished work for thee,—
 This is the hour for claim - ing, Thy Lord to fight for thee;
 Then is the hour for grasp - ing, His hand, who walked the sea;
 Then is the hour for feel - ing, "Christ has done all for me;"



This is the time for sing - ing, "His blood was shed for me."
 Then is the time for sing - ing, "He doth de - liv - er me."
 Then is the hour for sing - ing, "He makes it calm for me."
 Then is the time for sing - ing, "He gives the vic - to - ry."



F. A. B.

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii. 19.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. The love of Christ is boundless, It reacheth e - ven me;
 2. The love of Christ is con - stant, Whate'er doth me be - tide,
 3. The love of Christ, how pre - cious! What can I want be - side,

The mys - tic tie is stronger Than hu - man love can be;
 His bless - ed presence cheers me, He walk - eth by my side;
 Since all things they in - her - it Who in that love a - bide?

Be - yond a friend or broth - er, He lov - eth as no oth - er.
 Af - fec - tion nev - er ceas - ing, My soul's de - sire ap - peas - ing.
 On earth how sweet the sto - ry, 'Twill sweet - er be in glo - ry.

CHORUS.

Won - der - ful love, won - der - ful love, Car - ol it mortals, and angels a - bove;

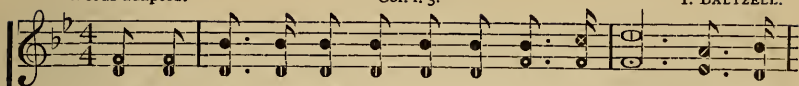
Won - der - ful love, won - der - ful love, Won - der - ful love of Je - sus.

37 We will pray for one another.

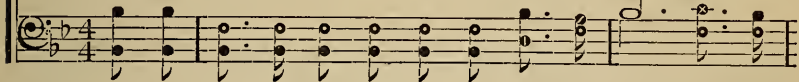
Words adapted.

Col. i. 3.

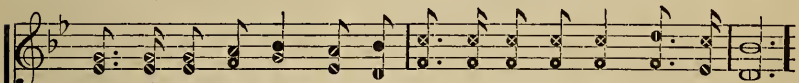
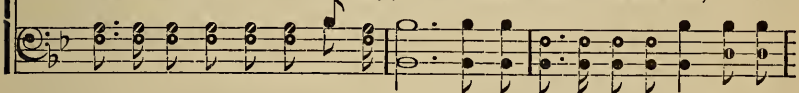
I. BALTZELL.



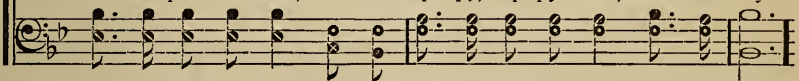
1. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray; You are
2. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray, Though we
3. We will pray for one an - oth - er, we will pray, And by
4. Then we'll pray for one an - oth - er, then we'll pray, And we'll



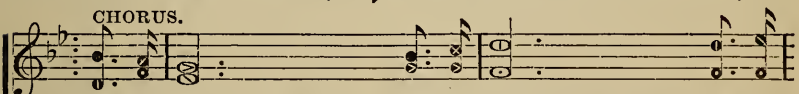
not alone, my brother, in the way; For the Saviour's by your side, And the
meet with many tri- als on our way; If we sit at Jesus' feet, When he
faith and pray'r we'll surely gain the day; Then we'll lay our armor down, And re-
live and work for Jesus ev'ry day; When the storms of life are o'er, We will



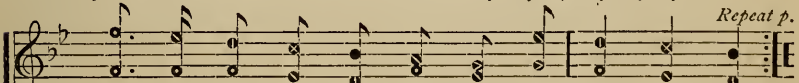
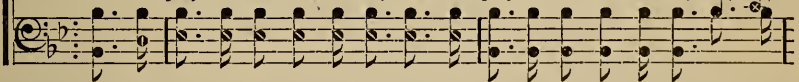
Bi - ble is your guide, If you live by faith and prayer ev - 'ry day.
comes our souls to greet, We will find his promise sure ev - 'ry day.
ceive a fadeless crown, We'll receive a crown that fades not a - way.
meet to part no more, In that hap - py, hap - py home, far a - way.



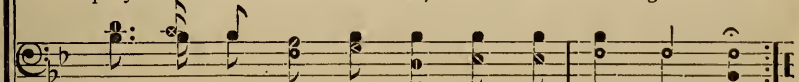
CHORUS.



We will pray, We will pray, We will
We will pray for one an - oth - er, We will pray for one an - oth - er,



pray for one an - oth - er, Till we all get home.



F. A. B.

Psalm cxxvi. 6.

F. A. BLACKMER

1. Oh, while the moments lin - ger, There's work for us to do;
 2. Oh, plead not vain ex - cus - es, There's work for ev - 'ry one;
 3. Oh, let us do each du - ty, As God shall make it plain;
 4. Our work will soon be end - ed, Our tri - als soon be o'er;

The Mas - ter bids us la - bor, And in his cause be true.
 There are kind words to be spo - ken, And kind deeds to be done.
 If he shall bless our la - bor, It can - not be in vain.
 And then we'll rest in glo - ry With Je - sus ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Oh, while the moments lin - ger, Oh, while the moments lin - ger,

There's work to do, There's work to do, There's work for us to do.

1. Hum - bly the Pen - i - tent Of - fers his earn - est prayer; Now doth his
 2. Hark! 'tis the Saviour-Lord Call - eth thee from above, Gent - ly he
 3. Henceforth the Pen - i - tent Liv - eth a - lone to God; Walks he with

yield - ing soul Heavenward re - pair, Say - ing, "From all my heart,
 speaketh words Flow - ing with love, Say - ing, "For thee have I
 gladsome feet Where Je - sus trod; Say - ing, "From all my heart,

Sin I dethrone; Saviour-Lord, Saviour-Lord, Be thou my own."
 Died to a - tone; Mourning One, Pen-i - tent, Thou art my own."
 Sin I dethrone; Saviour-Lord, Saviour-Lord, Thou art my own."

CHORUS. *Slow.*

Be thou my own, Be thou my own, Saviour-Lord, Saviour Lord, Be thou my own.

"Let not your heart be troubled."

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Rev. S. MORRISON.

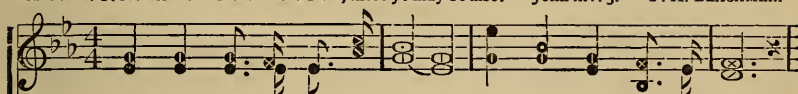
1. In life's twilight hours, I oft - en hear; In the watches of the night;
2. I once tried, my - self, the thorn - y way; And I drank the bit - ter cup;

Words of comfort and of cheer, Waking in my soul de - light: "O my
Let my presence be thy stay; My strong arm shall hold thee up. Still those

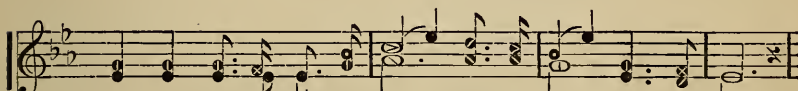
child, be thou not a - fraid! I am leading thee, gently leading thee, I will
accents so sweet I hear: I am leading thee, gently leading thee, Do not

give thee constant aid; Nor my work will I forsake, Till in glory thou shalt wake."
fal - ter, do not fear: For my work I'll not forsake, Till in glory thou shalt wake.


ANNA H. C. HOWARD. "That where I am, there ye may be also."—John xiv. 3. F. A. BLACKMER.




1. There will be no sin nor pain By and by, by and by,
 2. When life's les-sons we shall learn By and by, by and by,
 3. We shall see him eye to eye By and by, by and by,



All that's dark will be made plain By and by, by and by;
 Je - sus' voice we shall dis - cern By and by, by and by;
 We shall meet him in the sky By and by, by and by;



For the Lord will come a-gain— Oh, how glo - ri - ous his reign—
 He will ban-ish ev-'ry sigh; Let us lift our heads on high,
 We shall hear his tender tone, We shall be no more a - lone,



Like the sunshine aft - er rain . . By and by, by and by.
 Our redemption draweth nigh . . By and by, by and by.
 He is coming to his own . . By and by, by and by.

Who is on the Lord's side?

"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse."

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

1 Chron. xii. 18.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his helpers,
 2. Not for weight of glo-ry, Not for crown and palm, Enter we the ar-my,
 3. Jesus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gain, But with thine own life-blood,

Oth-er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom he died,
 For thy di-a-dem; With thy blessing fill-ing All who come to thee,
D.S.—By thy grand redemption, By thy grace di-vine;

Fine. CHORUS.
 Who is on the Lord's side? Who will for him go? Who is on the Lord's side?
 He whom Jesus nameth Must be on his side!
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
 We are on the Lord's side,—Saviour, we are thine.

D. C.
 Who will serve the King? Who will be his help-ers, Oth-er lives to bring?

Why do You Wait?

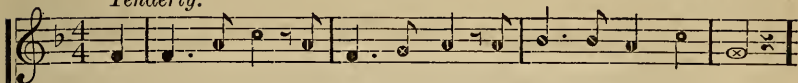
"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—

R. P. O.

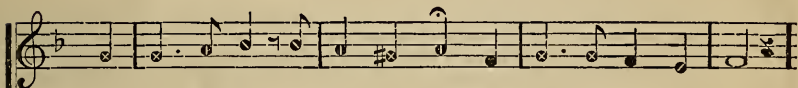
2 Cor. vi. 2.

R. PORTER ORR.

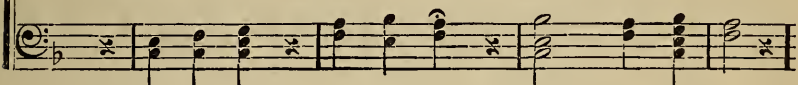
Tenderly.



1. Why do you wait Out side the gate, There's danger in de - lay;
2. Why stay a-way, Why lon - ger say, At some con - venient time;
3. Oh, come to-night, Oh, do not slight The Spir - it's gracious voice;
4. Be - ware, beware! Oh, do not dare While now he says there's room

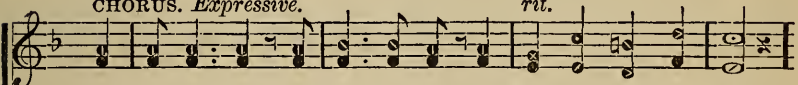


The gracious call, So free for all, Is on - ly for to - day.
 I can - not now To Je - sus bow, While life is in its prime.
 Oh, come just now, To Je - sus bow, And make his ways your choice.
 His grace refuse, His love a - buse, And seal, a - las! thy doom.

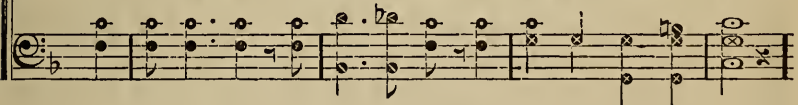


CHORUS. *Expressive.*

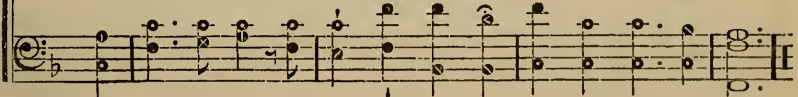
rit.



The Spirit's power, This ve - ry hour Will cleanse you from all sin;



Oh, heed his knock, The door un - lock, And bid him en - ter in.



"Let the Meeting go on."

"Let me die at my post!" "Let the meeting go on!" "All is well!"

WM. HUNTER, D.D. Lines suggested by the last utterances of Rev. G. D. Kinnear. T. C. O'KANE.

1. An old sol-dier I stand, With my sword in my hand, Till I catch the glad
 2. "Let the meeting go on!" I will short-ly be gone! Let anoth-er the
 3. "Let the meeting go on!" When the conquest is won, And the Lord from the
 4. When he com-eth to reign, We shall come in his train; To his saints shall the

summons divine! Lo, the sig-nal I see! He is waiting for me! "All is
 message repeat, "In the blood that was shed, There is life from the dead; O, ye
 opening skies, Shall in glory come down With the long-promised crown, All the
 kingdom be-given, With our last labor done, And our last battle won, We shall

REFRAIN.

well!"—I am his!—He is mine! "Let the meet-ing go on!" "Let me
 ransomed, come, bow at his feet!"
 sleep-ers in Christ shall a-rise.
 shine as the stars in the heaven.

die at my post!" Let me fall in the van of the conquering host! "Let the

meeting go on!" "Let me die at my post!" "All is well! All is well!"

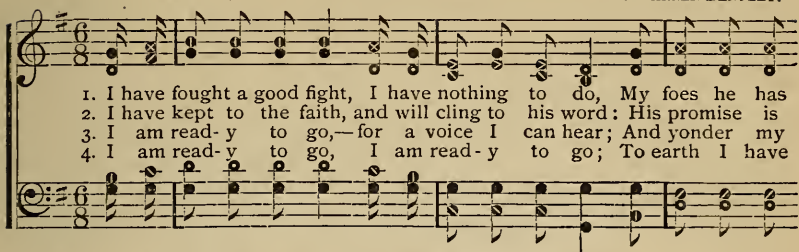
"I have Nothing to do."

"I have fought a good fight."—2 Tim. iv. 7.

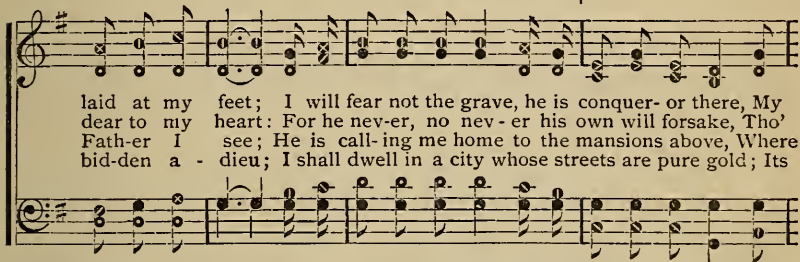
Last words of the lamented Rev. Dr. THOS. GUARD, of Baltimore.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

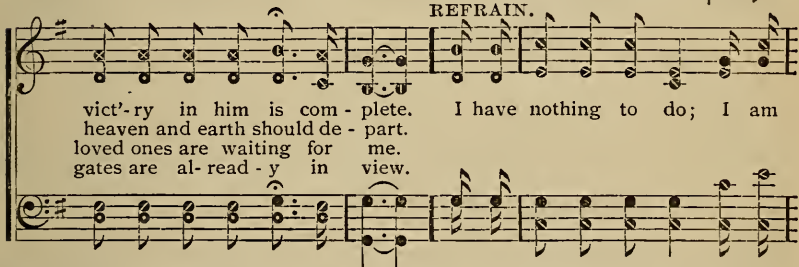


1. I have fought a good fight, I have nothing to do, My foes he has
2. I have kept to the faith, and will cling to his word: His promise is
3. I am read-y to go,—for a voice I can hear; And yonder my
4. I am read-y to go, I am read-y to go; To earth I have

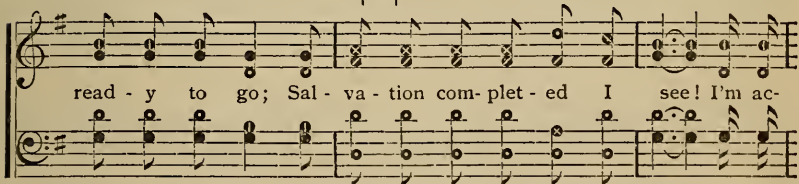


laid at my feet; I will fear not the grave, he is conquer-or there, My
dear to my heart: For he nev-er, no nev-er his own will forsake, Tho'
Fath-er I see; He is call-ing me home to the mansions above, Where
bid-den a - dieu; I shall dwell in a city whose streets are pure gold; Its

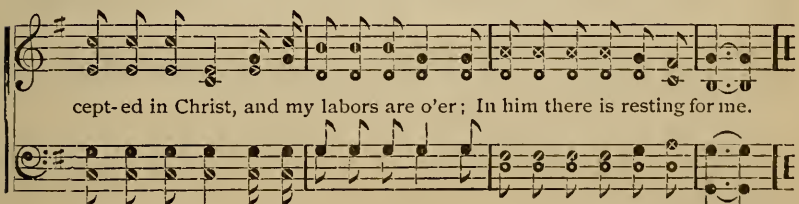
REFRAIN.



vict'-ry in him is com-plete. I have nothing to do; I am
heaven and earth should de-part.
loved ones are waiting for me.
gates are al-read-y in view.



read-y to go; Sal-va-tion com-plet-ed I see! I'm ac-



cept-ed in Christ, and my labors are o'er; In him there is resting for me.

Open Thou Mine Eyes.

"O God, hear the prayer of thy servant."—

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

Dan. ix. 17.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. O - pen thou mine eyes, O Lord, To the won - ders of thy word;
 2. O - pen thou my lips to praise Thee, who or - ders all my ways;
 3. O - pen thou mine ears, to hear Je - sus whisp'ring, "I am near;"

May I in thy law be - hold Life, and peace, and joys un - told.
 Loos - en thou my tongue, to sing Of thy good - ness, Saviour, King.
 Make me hear the still, small voice, "Child, fear not, in me re - joice."

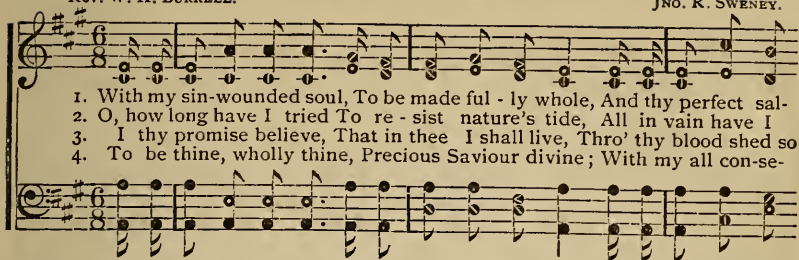
CHORUS.

Un - to thee, O Lord, I cry, Un - to thee for help I fly;

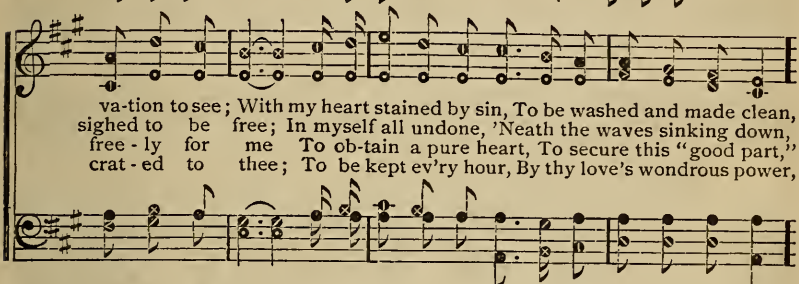
Hear, oh, hear the prayer I make, For thy name and mer - cy's sake.

4 Open thou my heart; oh, come,
 Make it now thine earthly home;
 Sup with me, thou welcome guest,
 Give my weary spirit rest.

5 Open thou the door to heaven
 When the last earth-tie is riven;
 When I rise to dwell with thee,
 Open, Lord, the door to me.

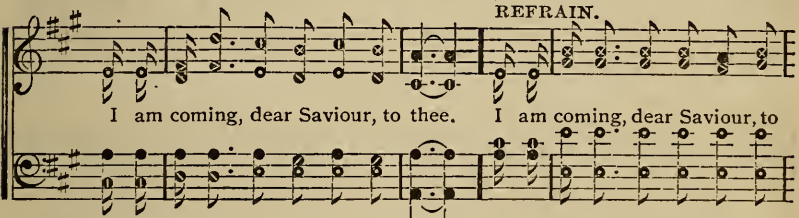


1. With my sin-wounded soul, To be made ful - ly whole, And thy perfect sal-
 2. O, how long have I tried To re - sist nature's tide, All in vain have I
 3. I thy promise believe, That in thee I shall live, Thro' thy blood shed so
 4. To be thine, wholly thine, Precious Saviour divine; With my all con-se-

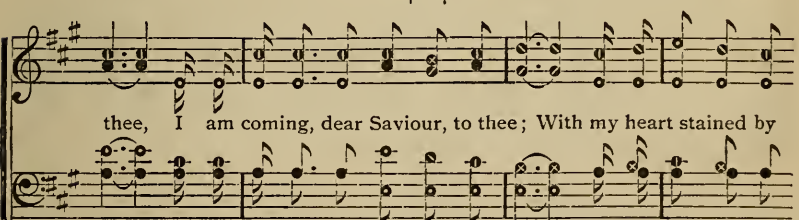


va-tion to see; With my heart stained by sin, To be washed and made clean,
 sighed to be free; In myself all undone, 'Neath the waves sinking down,
 free - ly for me To ob-tain a pure heart, To secure this "good part,"
 crat - ed to thee; To be kept ev'ry hour, By thy love's wondrous power,

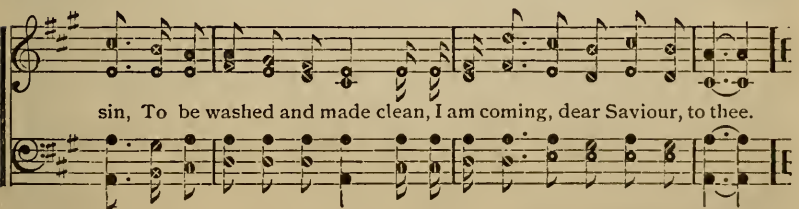
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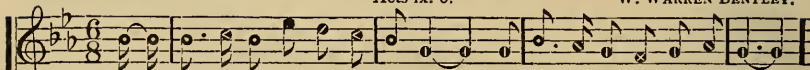
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee. I am coming, dear Saviour, to



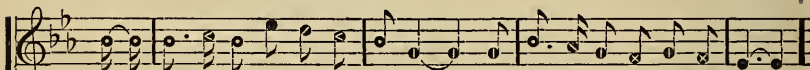
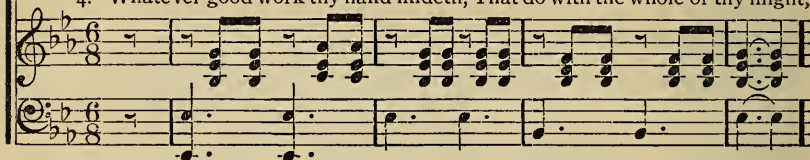
thee, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee; With my heart stained by



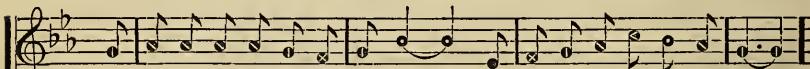
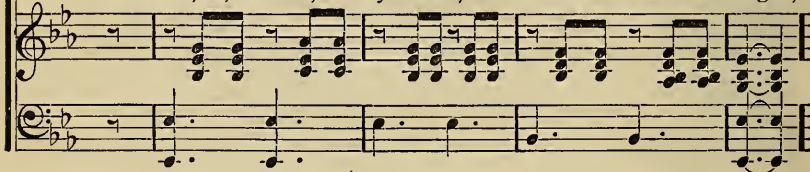
sin, To be washed and made clean, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.



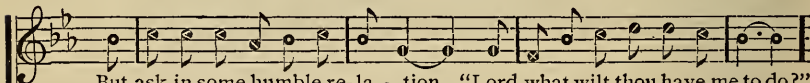
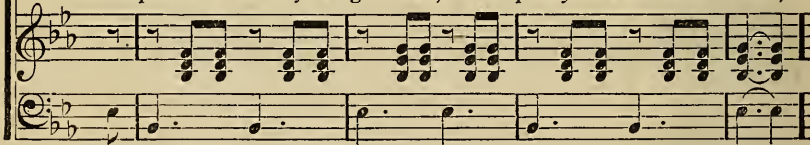
1. Are you willing, my sister, my brother, To work in the field of the Lord?
2. In whatev - er path du - ty lead - eth, There go, tho' the way may be dim;
3. Say not, I am humble and lowly, And little could do if I would;
4. Whatever good work thy hand findeth, That do with the whole of thy might,



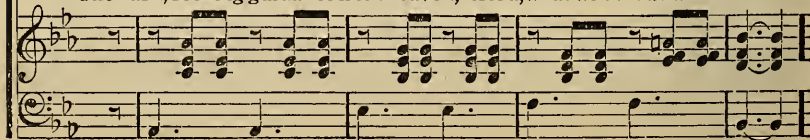
Would you gladly choose, more than another, His service to gain his re - ward?
 Some brother perhaps thy help needeth, A blessing shalt thou prove to him;
 Remember that Jesus the holy Said of one, "She hath done what she could;"
 For soon, ah, too soon, the day endeth, Then follows the shadows of night;



Seek not for a promi - nent sta - tion, Your zeal or your talent to show,
 But should the task seem unavail - ing, The journey both weary and slow,
 Some names shall, like stars, shine forever, Which few of this world even know;
 The present time only is giv - en, The past you can never re - new;

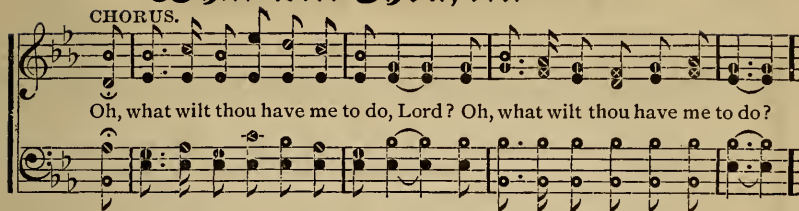


But ask in some humble re - la - tion, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
 Then pray, fearing danger of fail - ing, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
 They sought with most earnest endeavor, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"
 Then ask, seeking guidance from heaven, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

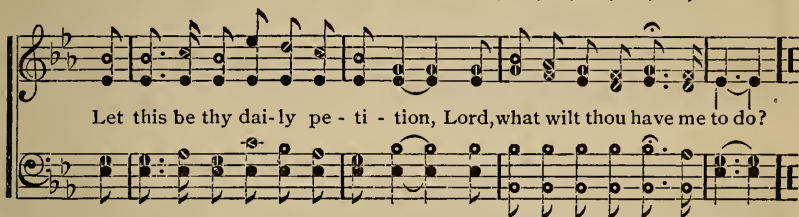


What wilt Thou, etc.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.



Oh, what wilt thou have me to do, Lord? Oh, what wilt thou have me to do?



Let this be thy dai-ly pe - ti - tion, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

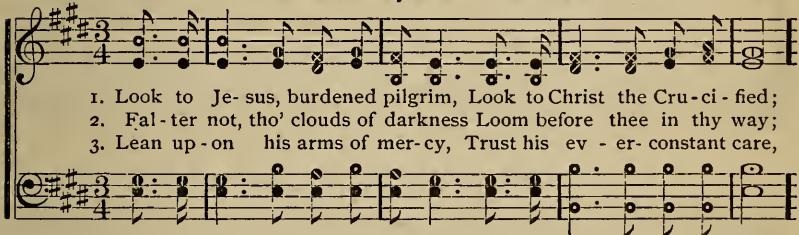
49

Look to Jesus.

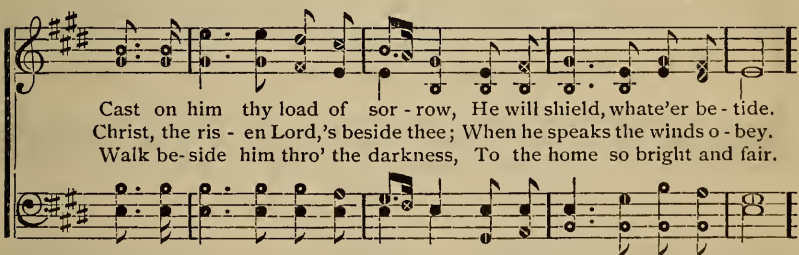
D. B. T.

"Look unto me and be ye saved."—Psalm xiv. 22.

D. B. TOWNER.

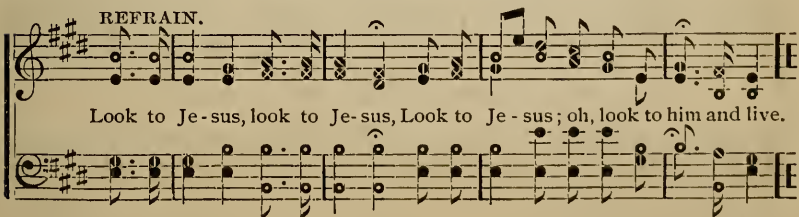


1. Look to Je - sus, burdened pilgrim, Look to Christ the Cru - ci - fied;
2. Fal - ter not, tho' clouds of darkness Loom before thee in thy way;
3. Lean up - on his arms of mer - cy, Trust his ev - er - constant care,



Cast on him thy load of sor - row, He will shield, whate'er be - tide.
 Christ, the ris - en Lord, 's beside thee; When he speaks the winds o - bey.
 Walk be - side him thro' the darkness, To the home so bright and fair.

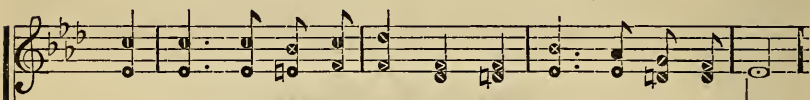
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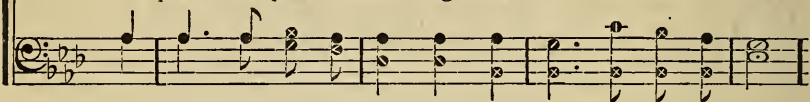
Look to Je - sus, look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus; oh, look to him and live.



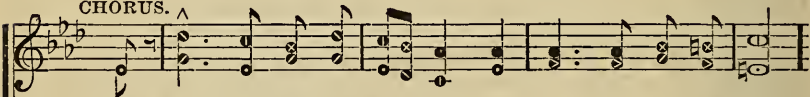
1. Oh, free - ly speak for Je - sus,—Pro - claim how great his love;
2. Go, bear a - mid the dark - ness Some beams of gos - pel light,
3. Oh, gent - ly lift the fal - len; Let love her man - tle spread;
4. The small - est act for Je - sus Shall glow with grace di - vine,



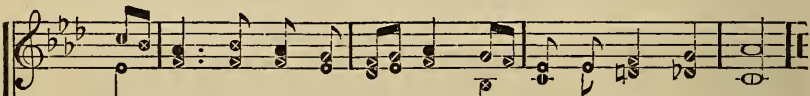
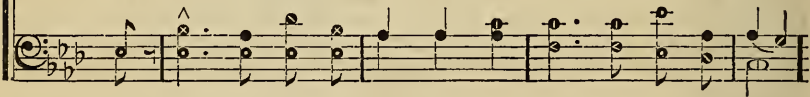
Oh, tell that sweet compas - sion Once brought him from a - bove.
 'Till hope shall clear each pathway Now shroud - ed dark as night.
 Then bear the lost to Je - sus, Who once for sin - ners bled.
 And peace that pass - eth knowledge Shall ev - er - more be thine.



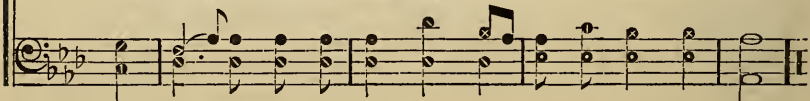
CHORUS. ^



Yes, fill thy life with ser - vice, Oh, fill it to the brim;

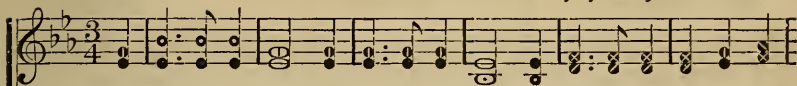


Christ wrought for thee a bless - ing: Then do thy best for him.

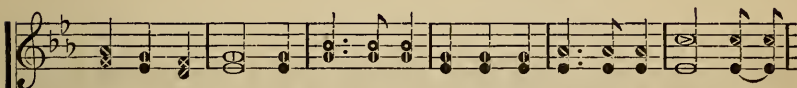
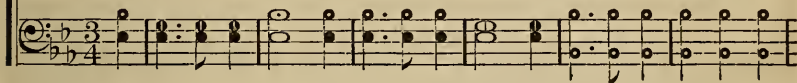


HATTIE E. BUELL.

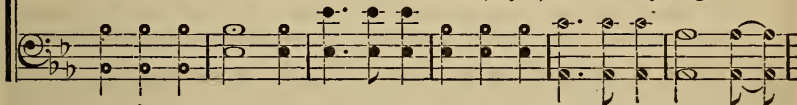
Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.



1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



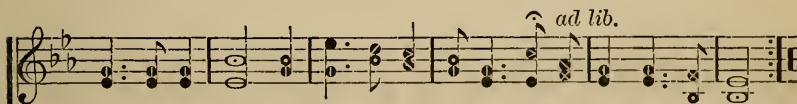
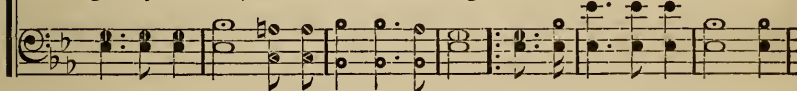
world in his hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of silver and gold His poorest of men, But now he is reigning for-ev-er on high, And will al-ien by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An me o-ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All



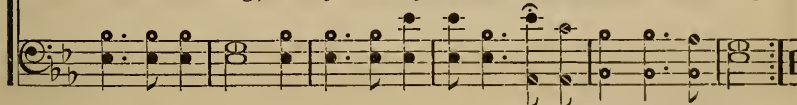
CHORUS.



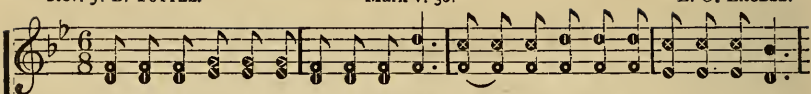
cof-fers are full,—he has riches un-told. I'm the child of a King, The give me a home in heaven by and by. heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown. glo-ry to God, I'm the child of a King.



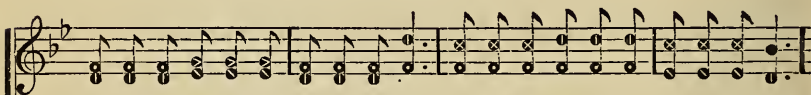
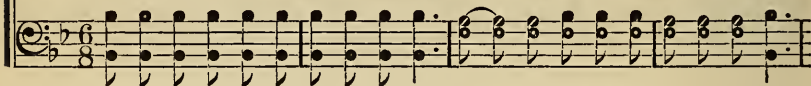
child of a King; With Je-sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.



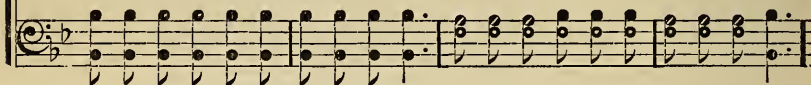
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI



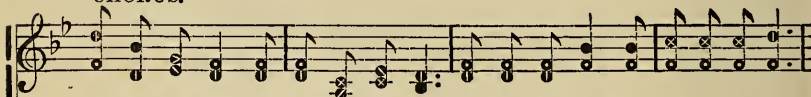
1. Sinner, the Saviour is calling for thee, Will you his message of mercy receive?
2. Rest not on works for they never will save, 'Tis in believing that life he will give;
3. Rest not on feeling, but trust in the blood, Jesus will never, no never deceive;
4. Will you not look to him now and be bless'd? Look this moment, he'll freely forgive;



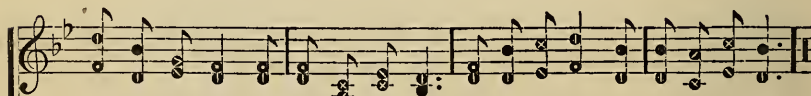
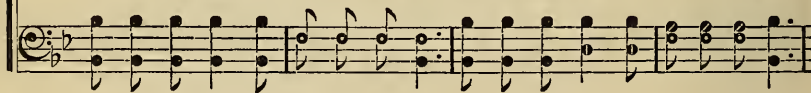
Throw off the burden and come unto me, All that I ask of you, On-ly believe.
 No other way but his way can you have, All that he asks of you, On-ly believe.
 Trusting in feeling can do you no good, All that he asks of you, On-ly believe.
 Burdens will fall and thy soul will find rest, All that he asks of you, Only believe.



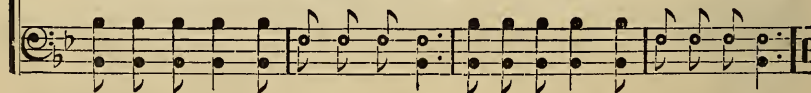
CHORUS.



Fall at his feet, his mer-cy entreat; See how he waits to free-ly forgive;



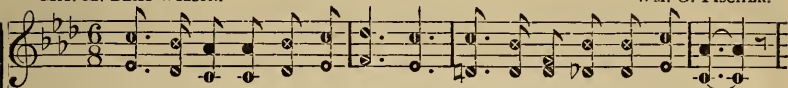
Bid him come in, he'll cleanse you from sin; Joyfully say, Now, Lord, I believe.



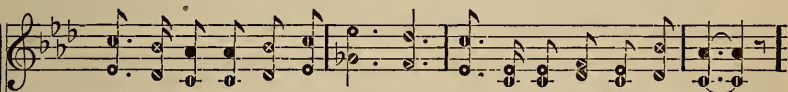
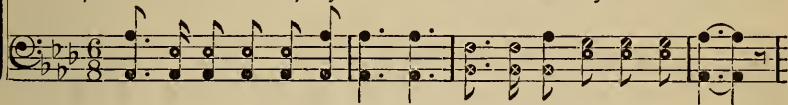
I asked a dear one, "What of the future?" He replied, "It is all dark."—M. B. W.

Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.

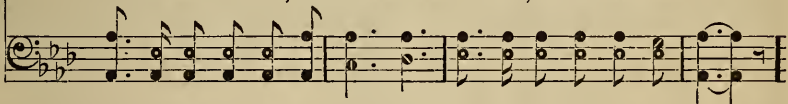
WM. G. FISCHER.



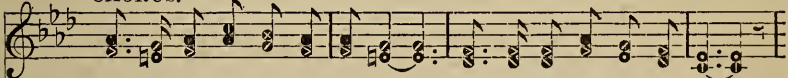
1. What of the future, my broth-er,— Af- ter this world and its strife?
2. What of the future, my broth-er? Can you not see thro' the gloom
3. What of the future, my broth-er? Get thyself read-y to - night,
4. What of the future, my broth-er? Turn not a- way from the love



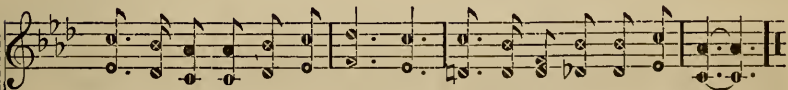
Is there no light for thee yon - der, Bright'ning the on-coming life?
 Veil- ing the pathway be- fore you? Is it all dark in the tomb?
 Fear- ing that God's Holy Spir - it, Griev- ed and sad, takes his flight.
 Of the dear Saviour, who draws thee To him, and mansions a- bove.



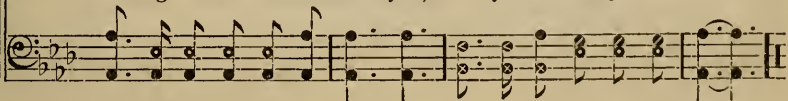
CHORUS.



Make thyself read-y, my broth-er, Read-y to meet the dear Lord,



Knowing that soon he will call you,—Call you to meet your re - ward.



1. Should the death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still
 2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
 3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the

watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,
 world of des - pair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
 mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa - tiently pleading,

CHORUS.

Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
 Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
 O let him save you to - night.

Oh, are you read - y If the death an - gel should call? should call?

Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read-y? Mercy stands waiting for all.

Behold the Bridegroom.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh : go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
 2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
 3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
 4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will

ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
 lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
 all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
 chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

D.S.—Behold! he cometh!

Fine.
 be-hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
 he quick - ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
 he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
 lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.

be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
 Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

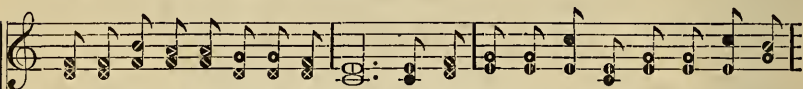
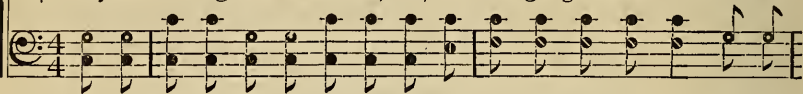
56 They are Coming to the Saviour.

J. H. K.

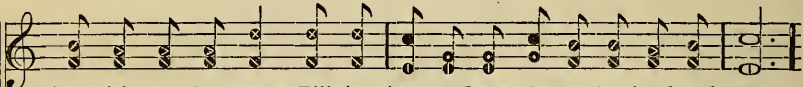
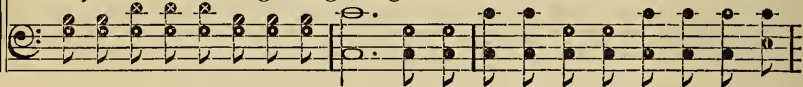
J. H. KURZENKNABB.



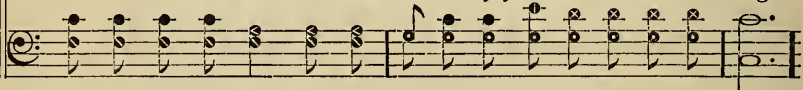
1. They are coming to the Saviour! see the mighty gos-pel throng, With the
2. They are coming! see the heralds bringing tidings from a - far, How the
3. They are coming! far-off A - sia, too, is turning un - to God, Her own
4. They are coming from Austral-ia, too, the tidings glad resound: From her



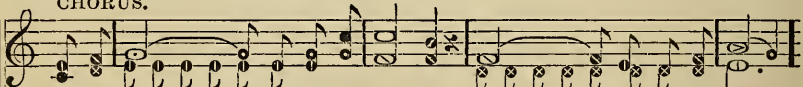
watchword of Salvation full and free; And the light of truth shall conquer till it
gospel claims the homage of our race, Of the conflict that is rag-ing o-ver
shasters she rejects, and sheaths her sword; And on Afric's sunny borders they have
sandy isles her children greetings bring: And our own beloved Amer - i - ca sends



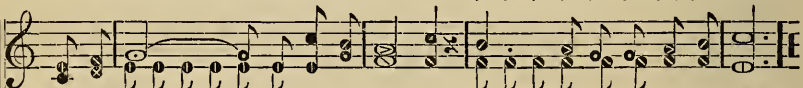
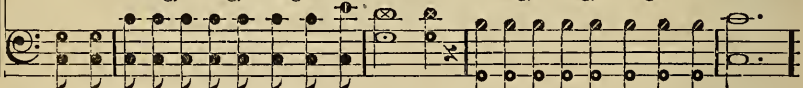
ban - ish ev - 'ry wrong, Till its banner floats o'er ev - 'ry land and sea.
Eu-rope's love-ly shore, Where her millions feel the power of saving grace.
rent their chains of blood, And with fervent heart receive the blessed word.
news the world around How the earth with joy receives her Saviour King.



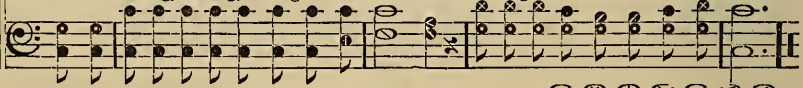
CHORUS.



They are com - - - ing to the Saviour, Com - - - ing to be free,
coming, coming, coming Coming, coming, coming



They are com - - - ing to the Sav-iour, To the gospel ju - bi - lee.
coming, coming, coming Coming to



1. When did ev - er words so ten - der Fall on mor - tal ears be - fore,
 2. Je - sus spake, and then the pow - er Of his great sal - va - tion came;
 3. "I will know the way thou tak - est Till thou stand on Canaan's shore;

As the bless - ed words of Je - sus,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 All the bonds of sin were broken: Glo - ry! glo - ry! to his name.
 Nev - er, nev - er will I leave thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."

Pardoned! oh, that word of rap - ture! As I knelt at Mercy's door,
 "Rise; forgiven, O child of sor - row; Rise, for lo! thy light hath come;
 "From the world I will not take thee Till the bat - tle strife is o'er;

Burdened with my sin and sor - row,—“Go thy way, and sin no more.”
 Put thy beauteous garments on thee; Take thy staff, and journey home.”
 From its e - vil I will keep thee; Go thy way, and sin no more.”

4 O the fight! I've learned to love it,
 For the victory is mine;
 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Triumphant in love divine.
 O the dawn of heaven's glory!
 O the day that has no night!
 O the sun that finds no zenith!
 O the host in raiment bright!

5 O, the King who dwells among them
 In his beauty I shall see;
 Heav'n shall ring with loud hosannas
 Unto him who died for me.
 But, 'mid all the joys of heaven,
 I will ne'er forget the hour
 When my Saviour said, "Forgiven!
 Go thy way, and sin no more."

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. iv. 8.

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the darkness hide thee,
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - migh - ty!

Grate - ful - ly a - dor - ing our song shall rise to thee;
 Cast - ing down their golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
 Though the eyes of sin - ful man thy glo - ry may not see,
 All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

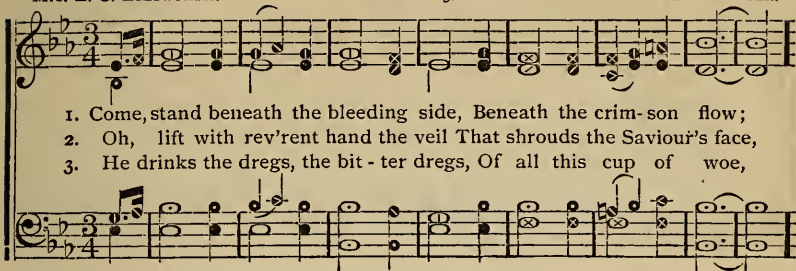
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!
 Cher - u - bim and se - ra - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee,
 On - ly thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side thee
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 Which wert and art and ev - er - more shall be.
 Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.
 God in three per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

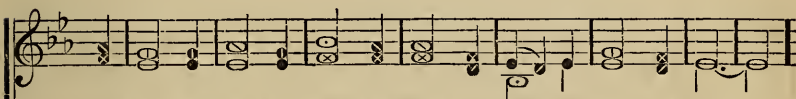
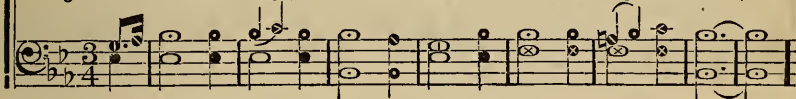
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."—
Isaiah liii. 5.

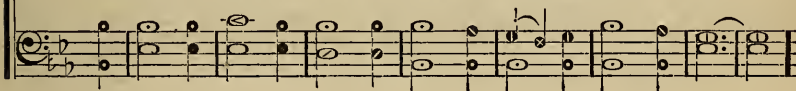
A. BARRINGER.



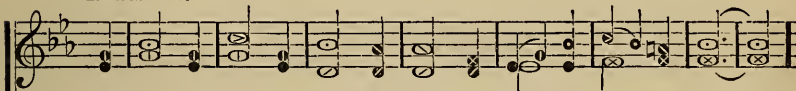
1. Come, stand beneath the bleeding side, Beneath the crim-son flow;
2. Oh, lift with rev'rent hand the veil That shrouds the Saviour's face,
3. He drinks the dregs, the bit-ter dregs, Of all this cup of woe,



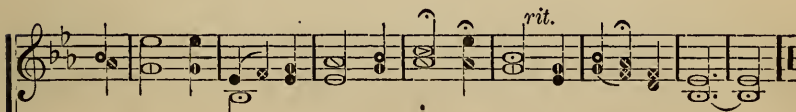
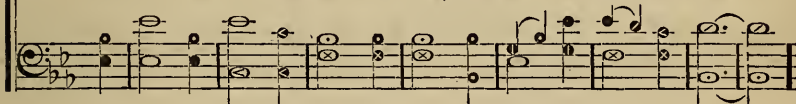
Come see the wounds thy sins have made,—Their cruel na-ture know.
That hides the Father's lov-ing smile, And brings such sore disgrace.
That we might taste of heavenly bliss, And thirst might nev-er know.



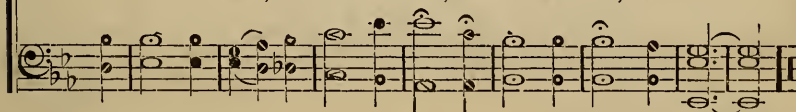
REFRAIN.



Be-hold! be-hold! the Sav-iour dies, A sac-ri-fice for thee!



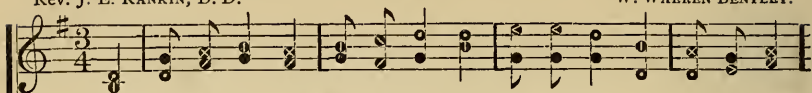
Hast thou no heart, no kind re-turn, For love so full, so free?



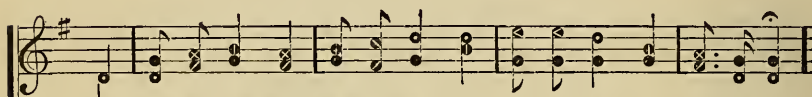
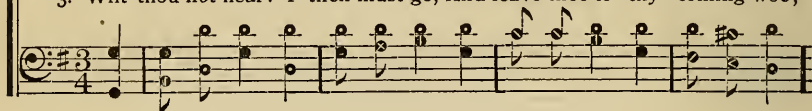
"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. iii. 20.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

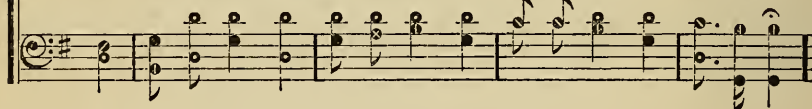
W. WARREN BENTLEY.



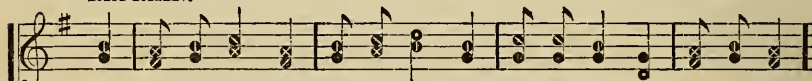
1. I want thy heart, I waiting stand, And knock, and knock with nail-scarred hand,
2. These scars, these scars I bear for thee, For thee I met death's a - go - ny;
3. Wilt thou not hear? I then must go, And leave thee to thy coming woe;



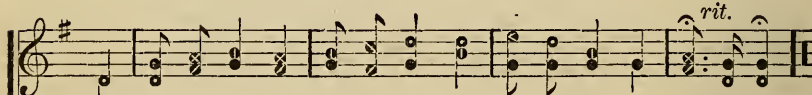
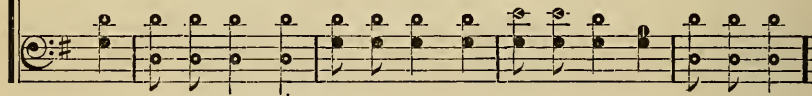
Seek - ing ad - mis - sion there to reign; Oh, let me in! oh, let me in!
And do'st thou cleave to earth and sin? Oh, let me in! oh, let me in!
Thou'lt stand without,—and I within,—And plead in vain, Oh, let me in!



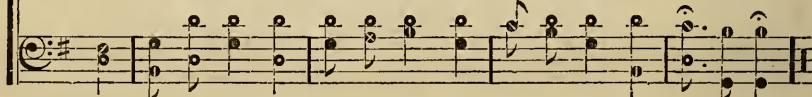
REFRAIN.



Did'st thou not know I died for thee, Poor soul, up-on Mount Cal - va - ry?



I'll cleanse thy heart, thy heart of sin; Oh, let me in! oh, let me in!



Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. ROBT. LOWRY.

1. When shall I come to Je - sus, And at his footstool bow?
 2. When shall I cease from sin - ning, And turn from earth a - way?
 3. When shall I go to Je - sus, And pay my sol - emn vow?

I'll come and plead his mer - cy, Just now, just now.
 I'll set my face t'ward heav - en, To - day, to - day.
 I'll go and bring my off'r - ing, Just now, just now.

CHORUS.

Re - ceive me, blessed Sav - iour,— I turn from sin a - way;

Oh, bless me, seal me, save me, To - day, to - day.

1. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! Out of darkness, out of night,
 2. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! Leaving all my doubts and fears,
 3. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! In - to full - er, clearer light,
 4. Lead me high - er still and high - er, Draw me near - er, near - er thee;
 5. Lead me forth, O blessed Je - sus! With a clear eye, fixed a - bove

In - to life and love e - ter - nal, In - to joy and in - to light.
 Leaving all my sins and sor - rows, Leaving all my griefs and tears.
 Where the sunshine of thy presence Falls up - on my in - ner sight.
 Touch my heart with love and fit me, Lord, thy faithful child to be.
 On the crown that now is wait - ing In the Par - a - dise of Love.

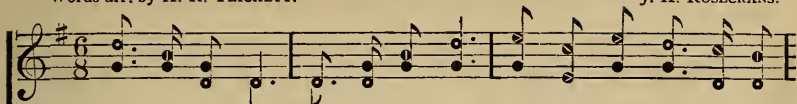
CHORUS.

I will take my cross and fol - low, I will take my cross and

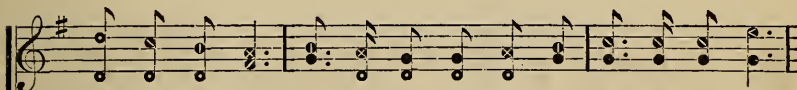
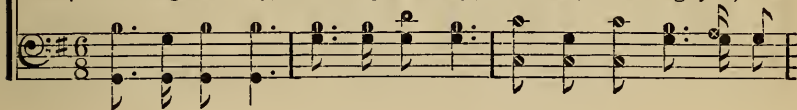
fol - low, I will take my cross and fol - low, I will follow on - ly thee.

Words arr. by H. R. TRICKETT.

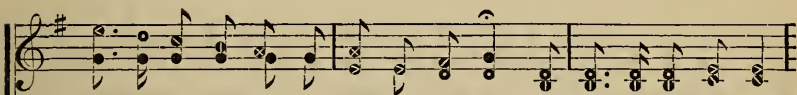
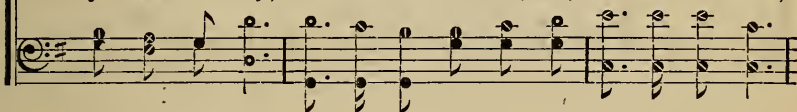
J. H. ROSECRANS.



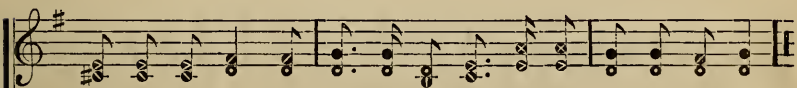
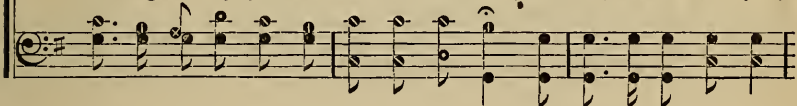
1. Drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way, Leav - ing the har - bor and
2. Drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way, Drift - ing still far - ther and
3. Drift - ing from shore, drift - ing from shore, Leav - ing the Sav - iour to
4. Drift - ing a - way, drift - ing a - way; Broth - er, we beg you, trust



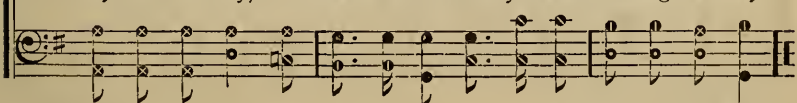
calm, qui - et bay, Spurn - ing the prom - ise that Je - sus has given,
 far - ther each day, Far - ther and far - ther, — far out to the sea, —
 come back no more, Hard'ning the heart un - til mer - cy is past,
 Je - sus to - day; Come to the Sav - iour, — oh, wan - der no more;

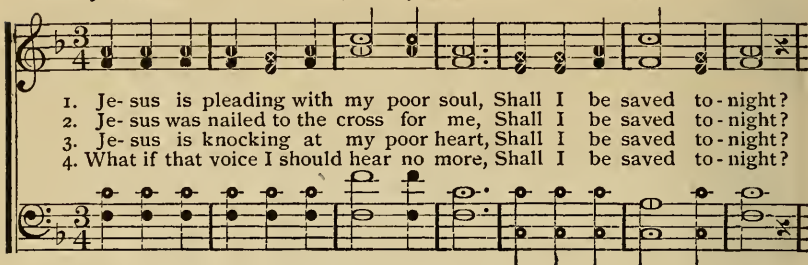


Leading to par - don, to peace, and to heaven, And oh, as I see you,
 Leaving no hope for your spir - it with me, Re - sist - ing the Spir - it
 Whelmed in the tempest to per - ish at last; Yes, spurning the Sav - iour
 Drift - ing a - way you are lost ev - er - more; For oh, as I watch you,

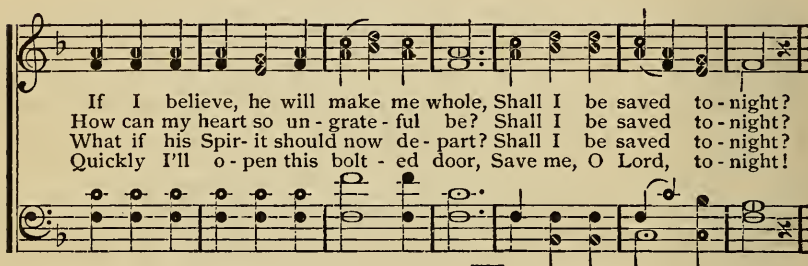


day af - ter day, I feel and I know you are drift - ing a - way.
 day af - ter day; I know, yes, I know you are drift - ing a - way.
 day af - ter day, I know, yes, I know you are drift - ing a - way.
 day af - ter day, I feel and I know you are drift - ing a - way.

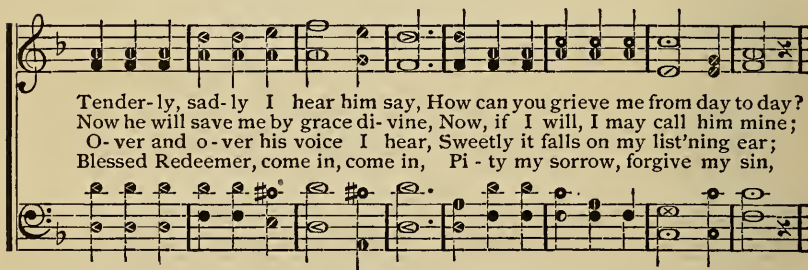




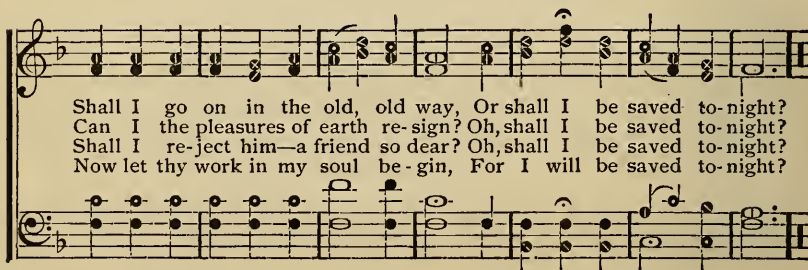
1. Je-sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. Je-sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?



If I believe, he will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if his Spir-it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o-pen this bolt-ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night!



Tender-ly, sad-ly I hear him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now he will save me by grace di-vine, Now, if I will, I may call him mine;
 O-ver and o-ver his voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi-ty my sorrow, forgive my sin,



Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Shall I re-ject him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Now let thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night?

65 Have you not a Word for Jesus?

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

WARREN W. BENTLEY.

1. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Will you now his love pro-claim?
 2. He has spok-en words of blessing, Par-don, peace and love to you,
 3. Have you not a word for Je-sus? Some perchance while you are dumb,
 4. Yours may be the joy and hon-or Some poor ransomed soul to bring,

Refrain.—Have you not a word for Je - sus? Will you now his love pro-claim?

Fine.
 Who will speak if you are si-lent, You who know and love his name?
 Glorious hope and gracious comfort, Strong and tender, sweet and true;
 Wait and wea-ry for your message, Hoping you will bid them come;
 Jew-els for the cor-o-na-tion Of your com-ing Lord and King;

Who will speak if you are si-lent, You who know and love his name?

You whom he hath called and chosen His own wit-ness-es to be,
 Does he hear you tell-ing oth-ers Something of his love un-told,
 Nev-er tell-ing hidden sorrows, Ling'ring just outside the door,
 Will you cast a-way the gladness Thus your Master's joy to share,

D. C.
 Will you tell your gracious Master, "Lord, we can-not speak for thee?"
 O-ver-flow-ings of thanksgiving, For his mercies man-i-fold?
 Long-ing for your hand to lead them In-to rest for-ev-er-more.
 All because a word for Je-sus Seems too much for you to dare?

1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so
 2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, In sickness and sor - row, so
 3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
 4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im - part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

of - ten have told That sto - ry so sim - ple, so kind and so free, Oh,
 ten - der and soft, Did gen - tly admon - ish in Beth - a - ny's home, Oh,
 wand'ring's are o'er; I seek now for par - don, in pen - i - tence wait, Oh,
 cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,

D.S.—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,
Fine. CHORUS.

Speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . . to me,
 speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.
 speak to me, Je - sus, before 'tis too late.
 help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,

speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.
 (3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
 (4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

Je - sus, speak . . . from a - bove, Tell of thy hands,
 speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands,

D.S.

hands, tell of thy side, of thy side, and thy love; For -
 tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;

1. Hark, the Saviour's voice from heaven Speaks a par - don full and free;
 2. See the heal - ing fountain, springing From the Saviour on the tree,
 3. Hear his love and mer - cy speaking, "Come and lay thy soul on me;
 4. Come, then, now—to Je - sus fly - ing, From thy sin and woe be free:

Come, and thou shalt be for - giv - en, Boundless mer - cy flows for thee.
 Par - don, peace, and cleansing bringing; Lost one, loved one, 'tis for thee.
 Though thy heart for sin be breaking, I have rest and peace for thee.'
 Burdened, guilt - y, wounded, dy - ing, Glad - ly will he welcome thee.

REFRAIN.

E - ven thee, e - ven thee, Boundless mer - cy flows for thee:
 E - ven thee, e - ven thee, Boundless mercy flows for thee:

E - ven thee, e - ven thee, Boundless mercy flows for thee.
 E - ven thee, e - ven thee,

5 Every sin shall be forgiven,
 Thou through grace a child shall be;
 Child of God and heir of heaven,
 Yes, a mansion waits for thee.
 Even thee, etc.

6 Then in love forever dwelling,
 Jesus all thy joy shall be,
 And thy song shall still be telling
 All his mercy did for thee.
 Even thee, etc.

1. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
 2. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! The world is grow - ing old;
 3. O Par - a-dise! O Par - a-dise! I great - ly long to see
 4. Lord Je - sus, King of Par - a-dise, Oh, keep me in thy love,

Who would not seek the hap - py land Where they that loved are blest?
 Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev - er cold?
 The special place my dear - est Lord In love prepares for me.
 And guide me to that hap - py land Of per - fect rest a - bove!

REFRAIN

Where loy - al hearts and true Stand ev - er in the light,
 Where loy - - - al hearts and true

All rap - ture thro' and thro', In God's most ho - ly sight.

Decide To-Night.

"How long halt ye?"—1 Kings. xviii. 21.

W. A. SPENCER.

Slow and with expression.

1. Some go a-way from the house to-night,
 2. Some will go out from the house of pray'r,
 3. Some will go out from the house to-night,
 4. Wait-ing a mo - ment more for thee,

Pu - ri - fied from sin:
 Harden'd by de - lay,
 Full of trust in God,
 Je - sus still en - treats;

Chorus.—Go-ing a - way from Christ to-night, A-way from his loving care;

Fine.

Oth - ers re-ject the precious light, And go a - way un - clean:
 Yielding to Sa - tan's lur - ing snare, Will hopeless turn a - way:
 Hap - py in heart, made pure and white, By Je - sus' precious blood:
 Soon will the knocking end - ed be, That now thy closed heart beats:

Go - ing a - way from bless - ed light, To darkness and des - pair.

Lov - ing - ly still the Sav - iour stands, Plead - ing with thy heart;
 Nev - er - more shall the Spir - it plead At the bolt - ed door;
 Go not a - way, poor wand'rer, stay Till thou too art free!
 Stay, sin - ner, stay at Mer - cy's door, Seek the o - pen gate;

D. C.

Patient - ly knocks with his bleeding hands, Unwill - ing to de - part.
 Now is the hour of thy soul's great need, 'Tis now or nev - er - more.
 Walking with Christ life's hap - py way, Most bless - ed shalt thou be.
 Sinner, de - cide, lest hope be o'er, And thou shouldst be too late.

He has Come.

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"—

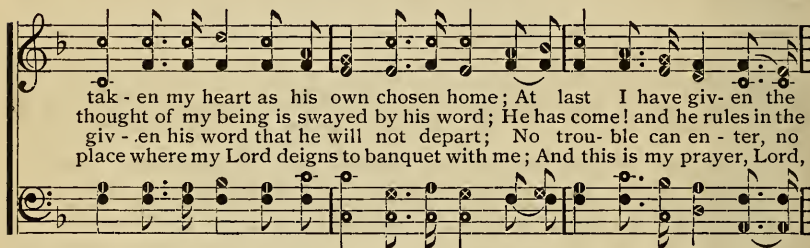
Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

Zech. ix. 9.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. He has come! He has come! my Re-deem - er has come, He has
 2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry
 3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has
 4. He has come to a - bide, and ho - ly must be The

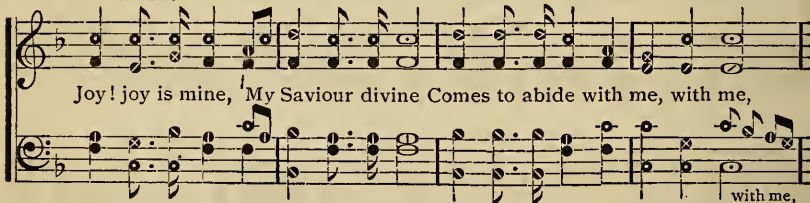


tak - en my heart as his own chosen home; At last I have giv - en the
 thought of my being is swayed by his word; He has come! and he rules in the
 giv - en his word that he will not depart; No trou - ble can en - ter, no
 place where my Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my prayer, Lord,

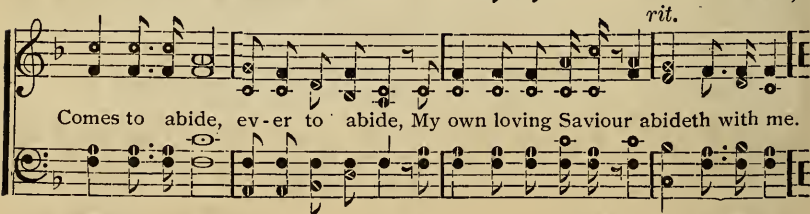


welcome he sought; He has come and his coming all gladness has brought.
 realm of my soul, And his scep - tre is love! oh, bles - sed control!
 e - vil can come To the heart where the God of peace has his home.
 since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home!

CHORUS.



Joy! joy is mine, My Saviour divine Comes to abide with me, with me,
 with me,



rit.
 Comes to abide, ev - er to abide, My own loving Saviour abideth with me.

F. R. H.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. Golden harps are sounding, Angel voices ring, Pearly gates are o- pened,
 2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness
 3. Praying for his chil- dren In that blessed place, Calling them to glory,

Opened for the King, Christ, the King of Glo-ry, Jesus, King of Love,
 At his Father's side. Never more to suf- fer, Nev- er more to die,
 Sending them his grace; His bright home preparing, Little ones, for you;

CHORUS.

Is gone up in tri- umph To his throne above. All his work is end- ed,
 Je- sus, King of Glo- ry, Is gone up on high.
 Je- sus ev- er liv- eth, Ev- er loveth too.

Joy- ful- ly we sing; Je- sus has as- cend- ed! Glo- ry to our King!

1. Away from friends, from home, and God, A wayward child I wander'd; How
 2. In that old home a lov - ing hand Provides with care so ten - der, That
 3. Oh! could I hear the merry laugh, Throughout the homestead ringing; The

dark, and cheerless was the scene, When substance all was squandered; Now
 if I go, con - fess my guilt, He'll par - don an of - fend - er; So,
 dead's a - live, the lost is found, And sadness turned to sing - ing. Oh!

hun - ger stared me in the face, My thoughts I tried to gath - er, And
 trembling - ly I homeward turned, With conscious weight of sadness, But
 come, ye wand'ers far from God, Ac - cept the grace that's proffer'd, No

com - ing to my - self, resolved To seek my home and Fath - er.
 when my Fath - er's lips I press'd My sor - row turned to glad - ness.
 long - er stay where fam - ine reigns, For par - don now is of - fer'd.

CHORUS.

I'll go to my Father, this moment I'll go, Perhaps he will come out to meet me,

I'll go to my Father.—CONCLUDED.

Confessing my guilt, he will pardon my sin, With a kiss of forgiveness he'll greet me.

73 Hushed was the Evening Hymn.

A. SULLIVAN.

1. Hushed was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark, The
2. Oh! give me Samuel's ear, The open ear, O Lord, A-
3. Oh! give me Samuel's heart, A lowly heart, that waits Where
4. Oh! give me Samuel's mind, A sweet, un-murmuring faith, O-

lamp was burn-ing dim Be-fore the sa-cred ark: When
live and quick to hear Each whis-per of thy word, Like
in thy house thou art, Or watch-es at thy gates. By
be-dient and resigned To thee in life and death, That

sud-den-ly a voice di-vine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.
him to answer at thy call, And to o-bey thee first of all.
day and night, a heart that still Moves at the breathing of thy will.
I may read with childlike eyes Truths that are hidden from the wise.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I was in bondage, but now I am free, I was in darkness, but now I can see,
 2. Once I was thoughtless, but now I can say, Jesus has taught me to watch and to pray;
 3. Filled with his fulness, my Saviour divine, All to his service I gladly resign,
 4. Wonderful chorus, O joyful refrain, Saved by his mercy, the Lamb that was slain,

Per - fect the work of redemption in me, Yes, I am saved thro' and thro'.
 Firm on the rock I am resting to-day, Saved by the blood thro' and thro'.
 Filled with his fulness, what rapture is mine, Saved by the blood thro' and thro'.
 Let me repeat it a - gain and a - gain, Saved by the blood thro' and thro'.

CHORUS.

Saved by the blood of the Crucified One, Saved thro' and thro', Saved thro' and thro';

Glo - ry to Je - sus for what he has done ; Yes, I am saved thro' and thro'.

Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
 2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
 3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

and the dew-y eves; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
 winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
 spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

CHORUS.
 We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,

bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Thousands stand to-day in sorrow, Waiting at the pool; Saying they will
 2. Souls, your filthy garments wearing, Waiting at the pool; Hearts, your heavy
 3. Thousands once were standing near you, Waiting at the pool; Come their voices
 4. Mother leaves the son, the daughter, Waiting at the pool; Calls to them a-
 5. Step in boldly—death may smite you, Waiting at the pool; Je - sus may no

wash to - morrow, Waiting at the pool; Oth - ers step in
 bur - den bearing, Waiting at the pool; Can it be you
 back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool; Back from Canaan's
 cross the wa - ter, Waiting at the pool; You can nev - er
 more in - vite you, Waiting at the pool; Faith is near you,

left and right, Wash their stained garments white, Leaving you in sorrow's night,
 nev - er heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stirred The waters with his mighty word,
 hap - py shore, Sorrows past and la - bor o'er, Where they stand in tears no more,
 more embrace Mother, or behold her face, If you keep the leper's place,
 take her hand, Seek with her the better land, And no longer doubting stand

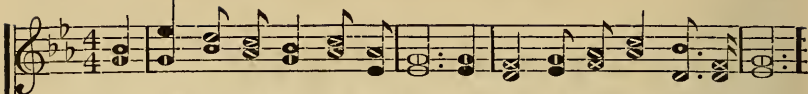
Waiting at the pool, Waiting, wait - ing, wait - ing at the pool.

1. I've glad tid - ings of great joy, Soul of mine; I've a
 2. Thou shalt know his lov - ing face, Soul of mine; Beaming
 3. Oh, then love him more and more, Soul of mine; Till thou
 Soul of mine;

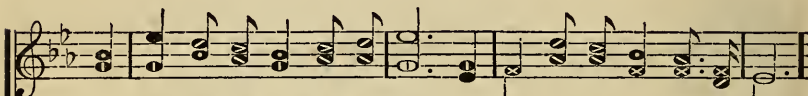
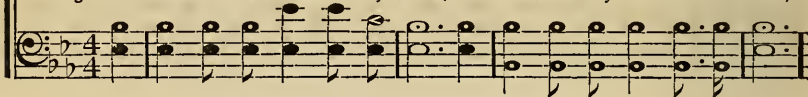
peace without al - loy, Soul of mine; Je - sus died up - on the
 o'er with tender grace, Soul of mine; Like the Shar-on rose in
 touch that blissful shore, Soul of mine; Life and love there sat - is -
 Soul of mine;

tree, And he comes to make thee free; O his bless - ed form I see, Soul of
 bloom, Like the sun at highest noon; He'll dispel thy deepest gloom, Soul of
 fied, Rest thee gently at his side, Ever rest, a glorious bride, Soul of

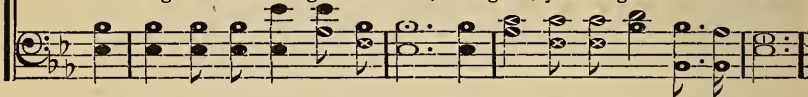
Rit.
 mine; O his blessed form I see! Soul of mine.
 mine; He'll dispel thy deepest gloom, Soul of mine.
 mine; Ev - er rest, a glorious bride, Soul of mine.
 Soul of mine; Soul of mine.



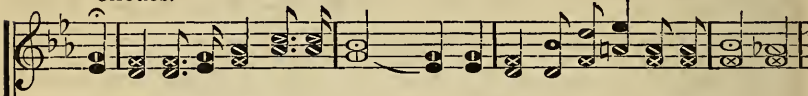
1. With thee, precious Lord, I would stay, Thy presence my lone heart doth cheer,
2. If, Lord, with thy presence I'm blest, How ma-ny sad hearts I can cheer,
3. As ov-er life's pathway I go, O Je-sus, be thou ev-er near,
4. And when to death's riv-er I come, With thee I'll have nothing to fear;
5. And there on that heaven-ly shore, With thee and my kindred so dear,



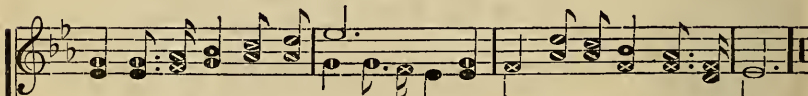
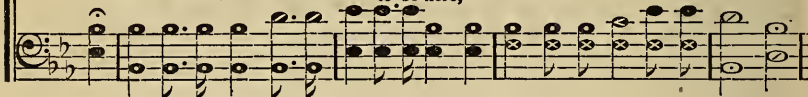
My darkness has vanished a-way,— I find it is good to be here.
 They too may en-joy this sweet rest, And know that 'tis good to be here.
 I'll sing then, 'mid sorrow and woe, 'Tis good, yes, 'tis good to be here.
 I'll shout as I'm nearing my home, 'Tis good, yes, 'tis good to be here.
 I'll sing this sweet song ev-er-more, 'Tis good, yes, 'tis good to be here.



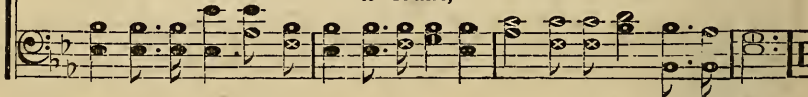
CHORUS.



Oh, yes, it is good to be here, Thy glo-ry around me doth shine; Oh,
 to be here,



yes, it is good to be here, I'm now filled with rapture divine.
 to be here,

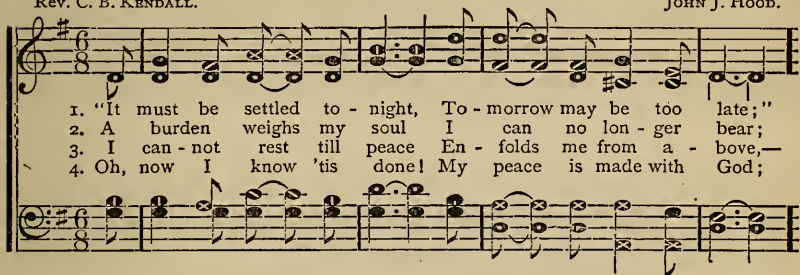


It must be Settled to-night.

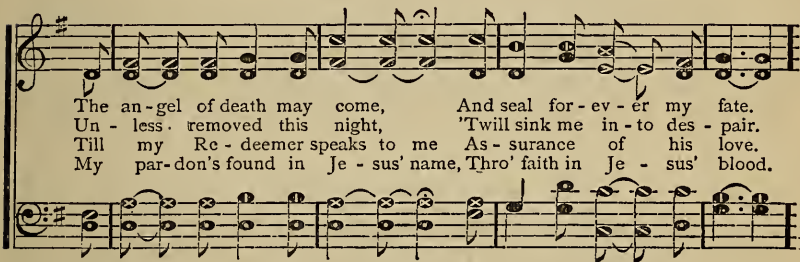
A miner in England went to church one night and became deeply concerned for the salvation of his soul. When the services were ended he refused to leave the house, although the minister told him it was late, and he must go home and seek the Saviour there, and come again the next night. "No," said the miner, "It must be settled to-night, to-morrow night may be too late." So the minister stayed with him until he found peace. The next day while at work in the mines a mass of rock fell upon him, and he was killed. His last words were, "Thank God, it was settled last night, to-night it would have been too late."

Rev. C. B. KENDALL.

JOHN J. HOOD.

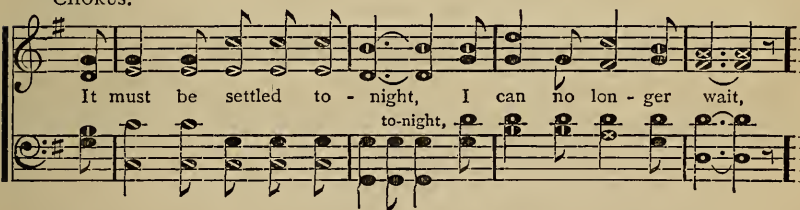


1. "It must be settled to - night, To - morrow may be too late;"
 2. A burden weighs my soul I can no lon - ger bear;
 3. I can - not rest till peace En - folds me from a - bove,—
 4. Oh, now I know 'tis done! My peace is made with God;

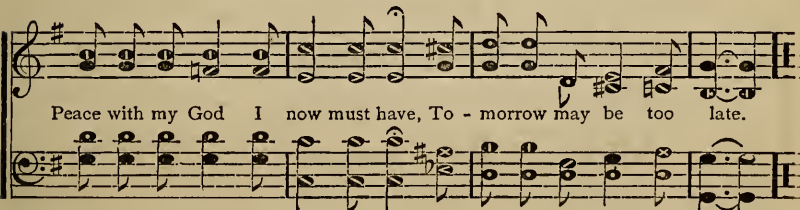


The an - gel of death may come, And seal for - ev - er my fate.
 Un - less removed this night, 'Twill sink me in - to des - pair.
 Till my Re - deemer speaks to me As - surance of his love.
 My par - don's found in Je - sus' name, Thro' faith in Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.



It must be settled to - night, I can no lon - ger wait,
 to-night,



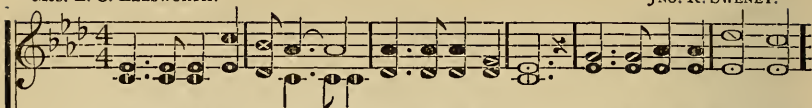
Peace with my God I now must have, To - morrow may be too late.

Open the Door.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door."—Rev. iii. 20.

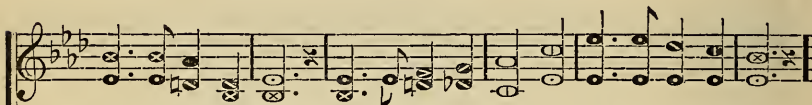
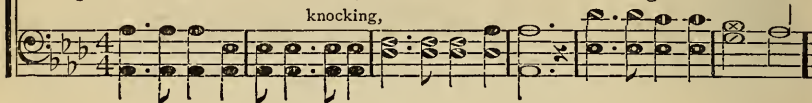
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

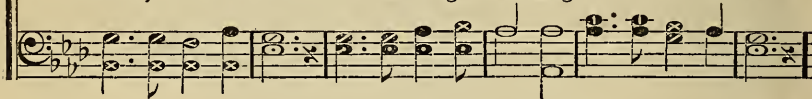


1. Hark, there's some one knocking, Standing at thy door; Long he has been waiting,
2. Lo, his arms are la-den,— Gifts of love for thee He to-day is bearing,—
3. What if he should leave thee, Never more should come Asking for ad-mittance

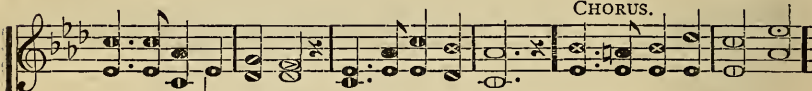
knocking,



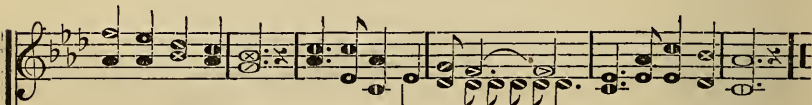
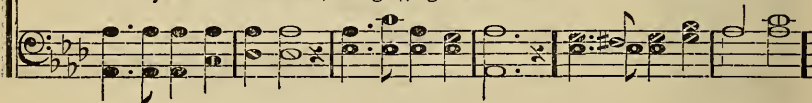
Knocked, and knocked before; Lo, his mien is roy-al! He would be thy guest;
Treasures rich and free; Oh, wilt thou re-fuse him, Fill thy soul with sin,
To thy humble home? Who would bring thee blessing? Who would then remove



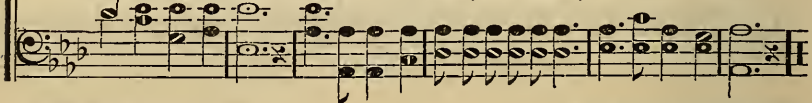
CHORUS.



Wilt thou bid him en-ter, Be forev-er blest? Throw the door wide o-pen!
So the Lord of glo-ry Cannot en-ter in?
All thy sin and darkness, Bringing light and love?



Stand thyself a-side! Let thy Lord now enter, . . . Ev-ermore to bide!
enter, let him enter,



Good Bye till we Meet.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The land that is far off."—Isaiah xxxiii. 17.

Rev. S. MORRISON.

1. There's a land far a - way, In the king - dom of day,
 2. 'Tis a land won-drous fair, Free from sin and from care,
 3. We shall see, and shall sing, In his beau - ty the King
 4. We shall reign with him there, In the pure, heaven-ly air,

And we seek it with staff in hand; Then good bye, till we meet
 Where they sick - en and die no more; We shall walk there in white,
 Of that land that is far a - way; We shall reign with him there,
 Of that ci - ty which knows no night; We shall sin ne'er a - gain,

On that fair, gold-en street, Till we meet in that far - off land.
 In that ci - ty of light, We shall walk on that ra - diant shore.
 In that king-dom so fair, In that re - gion of light and day.
 We shall know no more pain, We shall reign with him there in light.

CHORUS.

Good bye, good bye, Till we meet in that far - off land;

Good bye, good bye, Till we meet in that far - off land.

G. MOULTRIE.
SEMI-CHORUS.

J. BARNEY.

4/4

We march, we march to vic-to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be-fore us,

With his lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And his

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

Fine.

1. We come in the night of the Lord of light, With armor bright to meet him;
2. Our sword is the Spir-it of God on high, Our helmet his sal - va - tion;
3. And the choir of angels with song awaits Our march to the golden Zi - on;

And we put to flight the armies of night That the sons of day may greet him,
Our ban-ner the cross of Calva-ry, Our watchword—the In-car-na-tion,
For our Captain has broken the brazen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron,

We March to Victory.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

D.S.

The sons of the day may greet him. We march, we march to victo-ry, With the
Our watchword—the Incarna - tion.
And burst the bars of i - ron.

83

Come to Me.

B. F. CRAWFORD.

1. With tearful eyes I look around; | Life seems a dark and
2. It tells me of a place of rest, | It tells me where my
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die; | Earth is no rest - ing-
4. O voice of mercy, voice of love, | In con - flict, grief, and

storm - y sea; | Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A
soul may flee; | O, to the weary, faint, oppressed, How
place for thee; | Heavenward direct thy weep - ing eye; I
a - go - ny, | Support me, cheer me from a - bove, And

SOLO—Soprano.

TUTTI.

heavenly whis - per, "Come, oh, come to me, Come to me!"
sweet the bid - ding, "Come, oh, come to me, Come to me!"
am thy por - tion; "Come, oh, come to me, Come to me!"
gen - tly whis - per, "Come, oh, come to me, Come to me!"

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John. 3. 16.

Rev. F. DENISON.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. From Calvary's mountain sounding, What lov - ing words we hear,
 2. Who-e'er my word be - liev - eth, We hear the Sav - iour say,
 3. O broth - er, come and trust him, Oh, come to him to - day,

The love of God a-bound - ing, Dis - pell - ing all our fear.
 A par - don full re - ceiv - eth, All sins are washed a - way.
 He's wait - ing to re - ceive you, Why lon - ger then de - lay.

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth,

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Hath ev - er - last - ing life.

i. Late at night I saw the Shepherd Toil - ing slow a -

long the hill, Though the flock be - low were gath - er - ed

D. S.— As he searched the mist - y val - leys,

Fine. DUET. ad lib.

In the fold so warm and still; On his face I

As he climbed the frost - y heights.

D. S.

saw the an - guish, In his locks the drops of night,

2 Just one tender lamb was missing,
When he called them all by name;
While the others heard and followed
This one, only, never came.
Oft his voice rang thro' the darkness
Of that long, long night of pain,
Oft he vainly paused to listen
For an answering tone again.

3 Far away the truant sleeping,
By the chasm of despair;
Lay unconscious of its danger,
Shivering in the mountain air.
But at last the Shepherd found it,
Found it ere in sleep it died,
Took it in his loving bosom,
And his soul was satisfied.

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
 3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the

me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh,
 pass a-way; Change and decay in all around I see; O thou who changest not
 tempter's pow'r? Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-
 shine, Lord,

a-bide with me!

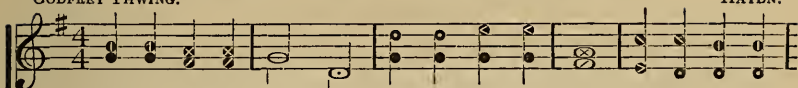
4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! [flee;

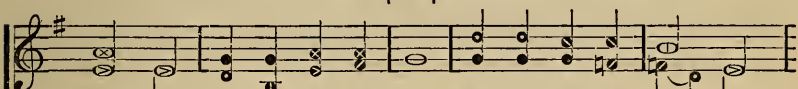
87

Solo.—The Trundle Bed.—*Key G.*

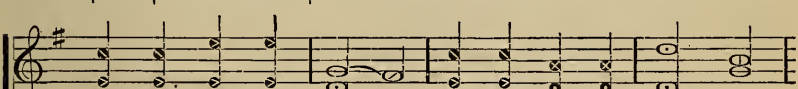
- 1 As I rummaged through the attic,
 List'ning to the falling rain,
 As it pattered on the shingles,
 And against the window pane,
 Peeping over chests and boxes,
 Which with dust were thickly spread,
 Saw I in the farthest corner
 What was once my trundle bed.
- 2 So I drew it from the recess,
 Where it had remained so long,
 Hearing all the while the music
 Of my mother's voice in song,
 As she sung in sweetest accents,
 What I since have often read—
 "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed."
- 3 As I listened, recollections
 That I thought had been forgot,
 Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
 Rushing, thronging to the spot;
 And I wandered back to childhood,
 To those merry days of yore,
 When I knelt beside my mother,
 By this bed upon the floor.
- 4 Then it was, with hands so gently
 Placed upon my infant head,
 That she taught my lips to utter
 Carefully the words she said:
 Never can they be forgotten,
 Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
 "Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
 Father! thou who art in heaven."
- 5 This she taught me, then she told me
 Of its import, great and deep—
 After which I learned to utter
 "Now I lay me down to sleep:"
 Then it was, with hands uplifted,
 And in accents sweet and mild,
 That my mother asked, "Our Father!
 Father! do thou bless my child."
- 6 Years have pass'd, and that dear mother
 Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
 And I trust her sainted spirit
 Revels in the home of God:
 But that scene at summer twilight
 Never has from mem'ry fled,
 And it comes in all its freshness
 When I see my trundle bed.



1. Saviour, blessed Sav - iour, List - en whilst we sing, Hearts and voices
 2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad - o -
 3. Great and ev - er great - er Are thy mercies here; True and ev - er




rais - ing Prais - es to our King, All we have we of - fer:
 ra - tion Bending low the knee: Thou for our re - demp - tion
 last - ing Are thy glo - ries there, Where no pain, or sor - row,



All we hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it,
 Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low,
 Toil, or care is known, Where the an - gel - le - gions

CHORUS.

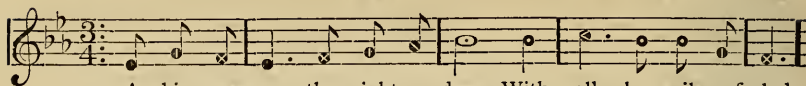


All we yield to thee. Saviour, bless - ed Sav - iour,
 Hast gone up on high.
 Cir - cle round thy throne.

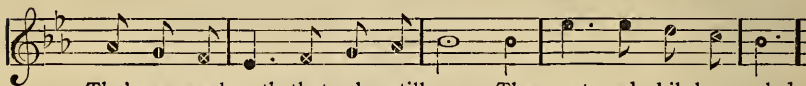


Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices rais - ing Praises to our King.

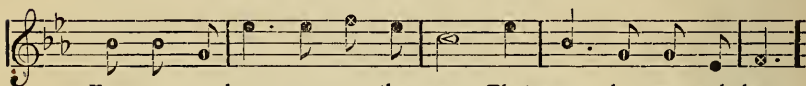
"Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass they escaped all safe to land."
 PHILIP PHILLIPS.



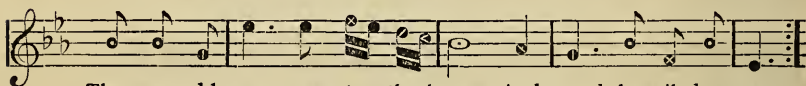
1. A ship was on the might-y deep, With all her sails unfurled,
2. Her deck was throng'd with precious souls, The young and old were there,
3. All drank the cup that pleasure held, But gave no thought to Him,



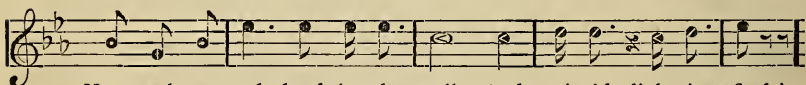
Tho' scarce a breath, that calm, still morn, The crest-ed bil-low curled.
 And some with furrowed brows that woke Full many a trace of care.
 Their heavenly Guide, whose bounteous hand Had filled it to the brim.



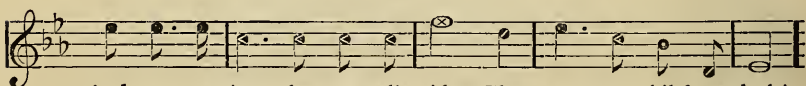
For many an hour, up-on the wave, That state-ly ves-sel lay,
 They glid-ed on,—a week had passed,—The sky was still se-rene;
 But see far off, where yon-der sun Is fad-ing to its rest,



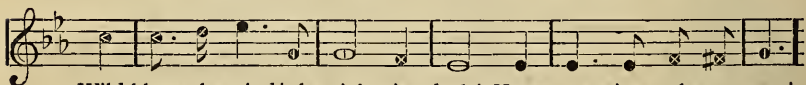
Then spread her can-vas to the breeze, And proud-ly sailed a-way.
 As if a storm could nev-er change The beau-ty of the scene.
 That bank of clouds por-ten-tous rise A-cross the gold-en west!



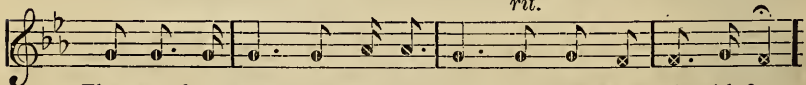
4. Now peal on peal loud thunders roll, And vi-vid lightnings flash!



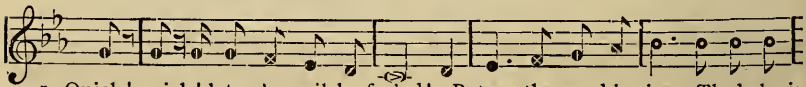
And now against the ves-sel's side The an-gry bil-lows dash!



Wild blows the wind! the night is dark! Huge mas-sive rocks are near!

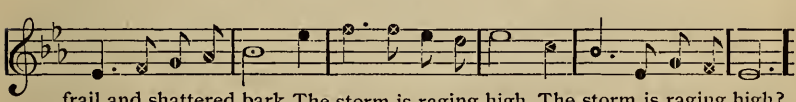
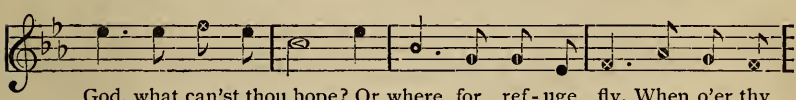
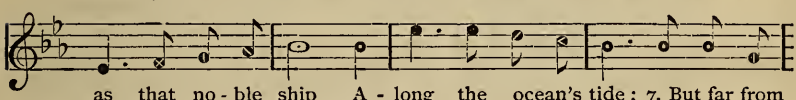
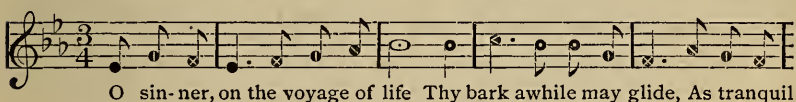
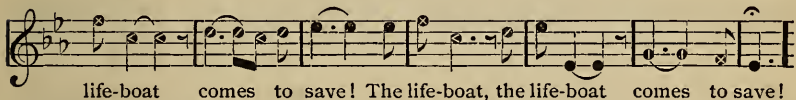
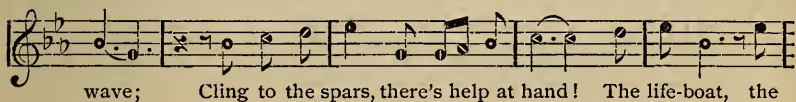
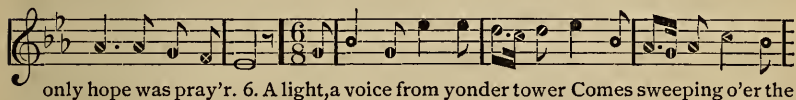
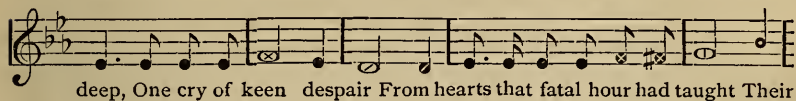
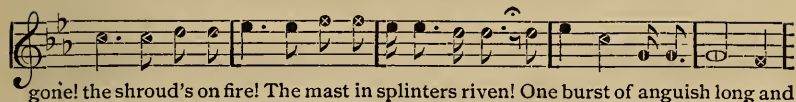


They stand a-gast, that lone-ly throng, And cheeks are pale with fear.

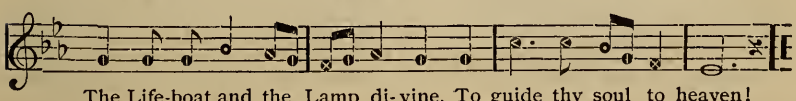
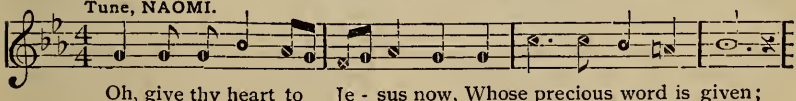


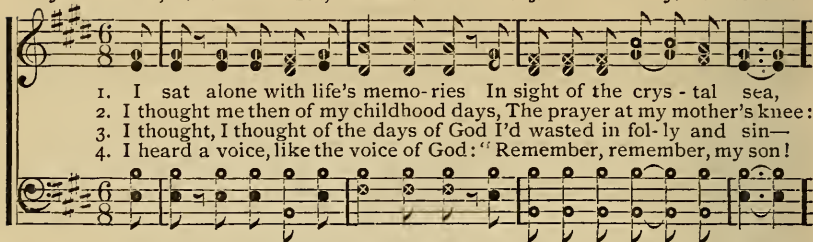
5. Quick! quick! let ev'ry sail be furled!—But ere the word is given, The helm is

The Rescue.—CONCLUDED.

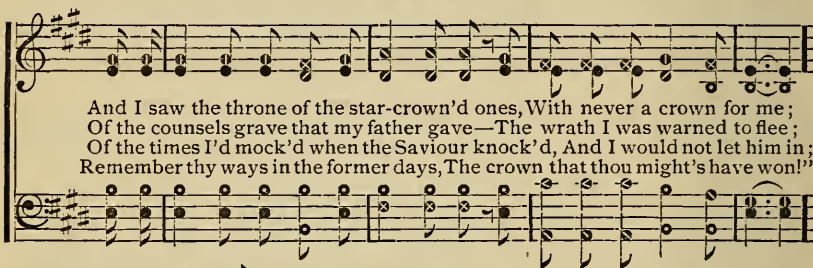


Tune, NAOMI.

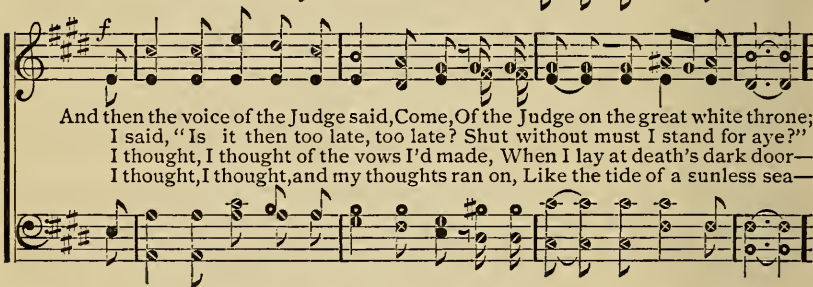




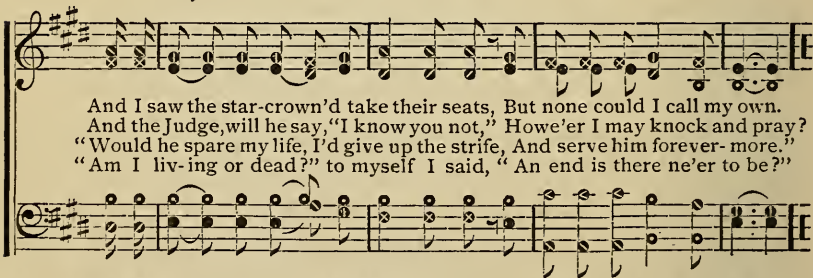
1. I sat alone with life's memo-ries In sight of the crys - tal sea,
 2. I thought me then of my childhood days, The prayer at my mother's knee:
 3. I thought, I thought of the days of God I'd wasted in fol-ly and sin—
 4. I heard a voice, like the voice of God: "Remember, remember, my son!



And I saw the throne of the star-crown'd ones, With never a crown for me;
 Of the counsels grave that my father gave—The wrath I was warned to flee;
 Of the times I'd mock'd when the Saviour knock'd, And I would not let him in;
 Remember thy ways in the former days, The crown that thou might's have won!"



And then the voice of the Judge said, Come, Of the Judge on the great white throne;
 I said, "Is it then too late, too late? Shut without must I stand for aye?"
 I thought, I thought of the vows I'd made, When I lay at death's dark door—
 I thought, I thought, and my thoughts ran on, Like the tide of a sunless sea—



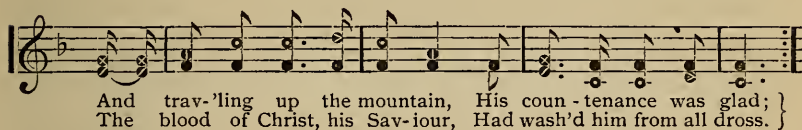
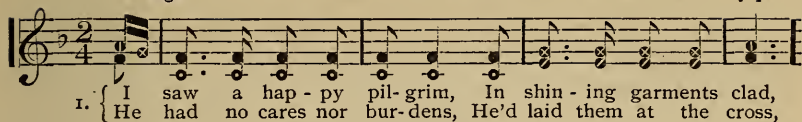
And I saw the star-crown'd take their seats, But none could I call my own.
 And the Judge, will he say, "I know you not," Howe'er I may knock and pray?
 "Would he spare my life, I'd give up the strife, And serve him forever-more."
 "Am I liv-ing or dead?" to myself I said, "An end is there ne'er to be?"

5 It seemed as tho' I woke from a dream, How sweet was the light of day!
 Melodious sounded the Sabbath bells
 From towers that were far away;
 I then became as a little child,
 And I wept and wept afresh;
 For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
 And given a heart of flesh.

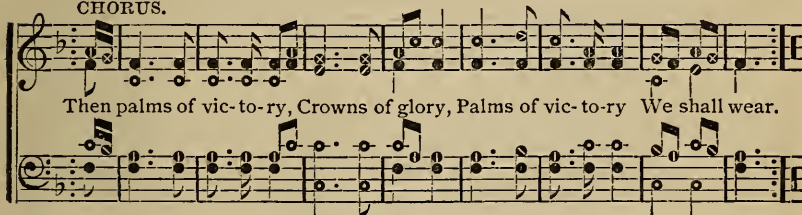
6 Still oft I sit with life's memories,
 And I think of the crystal sea; [ones,
 And I see the thrones of the star-crown'd
 I know there's a crown for me; [Come,
 And when the voice of the Judge says,
 Of the Judge on the great white throne,
 I know mid the thrones of the star-crown'd
 There's one I shall call my own. [ones

Words arranged,

Rev. W. M'DONALD. By per.



CHORUS.



2 The summer sun was sinking,
The sweat was on his brow;
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing all the day.
He found a store of honey
And wine upon the lees,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance will come.

5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

Solo.—The Drunkard's Wife. Key D.

1 A drunkard reached his cheerless home,
The storm without was dark and wild;
He forced his weeping wife to roam
A wanderer, friendless with her child;
As through the falling snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

2 And colder still the winds did blow,
And dark the hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifted snow—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was
O God! she cried, in accents wild, [gone;
If I must perish, save my child!

3 She stripped the mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
As round the child she wrapped the vest,

She smiled to think that it was warm,
With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,
The broken-hearted found relief.

4 At morn her cruel husband passed,
And saw her on her snowy bed;
Her tearful eyes were closed at last;
Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled;
He raised the mantle from the child;
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

5 Shall this sad warning plead in vain?
Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you;
Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
No more your dreadful way pursue;
Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
Immortal soul, why will you die?

93 Hold up Your Hand for Jesus.

[A LITTLE street boy in London had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid in one of the beds of the hospital to die, and another little fellow was laid near by, picked up sick with famine and fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little crushed boy. He crept up to him and said: "Bubby, did you never hear about Jesus?" "No, I never heard of Him." "Bubby, I went to Mission School once, and they told us that Jesus would take you to Heaven when you die, and you'd never have hunger any more—and no more pain—if you axed Him." "I couldn't ask such a great, big gentleman as He to do anything for me. He wouldn't stop to speak to a little boy like me." "But He'll do all that, if you ax Him." "How can I ax Him if I don't know where He lives: and how can I get there when both my legs is broke?" "Bubby, they told me at Mission School as how Jesus passes by. Teacher says as how He goes around. How do you know but that He might come around to the hospital this very night? You'd know Him if you was to see Him." "But I can't keep my eyes open. My legs feel so awful bad. Doctor says I'll die." "Bubby, hold up your hand, and He'll know what you want when He passes by." They got the hand up. It dropped. Tried again. It slowly fell back. Three times he got up the little hand, only to let it fall. Bursting into tears, he said: "I give it up." "Bubby, lend me yer hand, put yer elbow on my pillar, I can do without it." Soon the hand was propped up. And when they came in the morning the boy lay dead, his hand still held up for Jesus.]

THEO. D. C. MILLER, M. D.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. A lit - tle child lay dy - ing, With none to soothe his pain; No
 2. "I want to speak of Je - sus Be - fore my eyes grow dim;" The

moth - er's face to cheer him, And give him smiles a - gain; But
 poor boy gent - ly whis - pered: "I nev - er heard of him!" "But

one brave lit - tle fel - low Crept slow - ly to his bed, And
 he is ev - er near you, And when this life is o'er, He'll

Hold up Your Hand, etc.—CONCLUDED.

gaze on his comrade In soothing accents said:
take you up to heaven, Where pain can come no more."

REFRAIN.

I want to tell you, Willie, Of One who lives on high, Hold up your hand for Jesus,

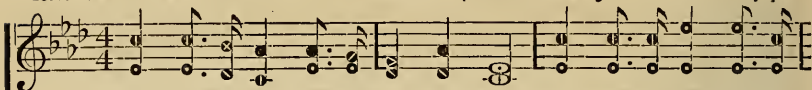
This night he passes by, Hold up your hand for Jesus, This night he passes by

3 "I could not ask a stranger
This dying form to see,
And One so good and noble
Would never speak to me;
I know not where to find him,
If he would ease my pain;
But tell me more of Jesus,—
Oh, speak of him again!"

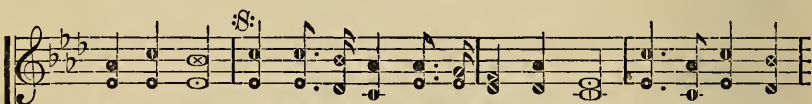
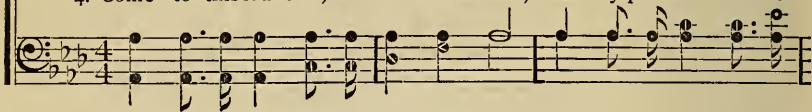
4 "Just ask for peace and quiet,
For pleasure when you die;
His love is ever near you,—
This night he passes by;
In hospital and palace
His presence doth abide,
And if you wish to see him
Draw nearer to his side."

5 "The doctor says I'm dying,
My eyes are growing dim;
In pain I cannot linger,—
How shall I speak to him?"
"Hold up your hand for Jesus,
And when he passes by,
He'll take you in his bosom
And bear you to the sky."

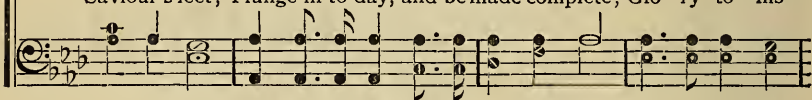
6 The little hand, so feeble,
Went up, but fell again;
Then twice he slowly raised it,
But could not bear the pain;
Then propped upon a pillow,
With sad eyes opened wide,
His hand went up for Jesus,
And bright with smiles he died.



1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drously sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

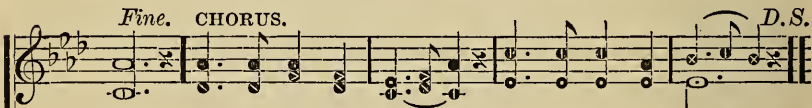


sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo - ry to his
entered in; There Je- sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to his

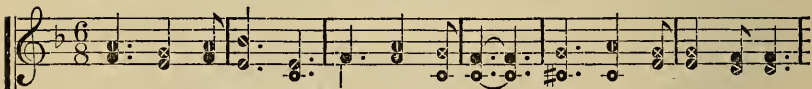
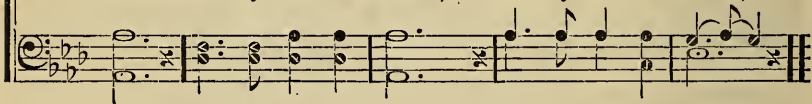


D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to his

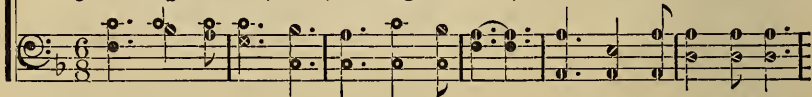
Fine. CHORUS.



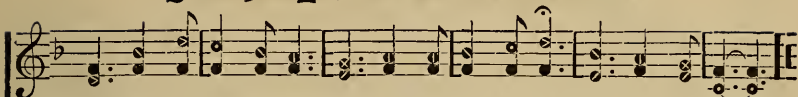
name. Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name;



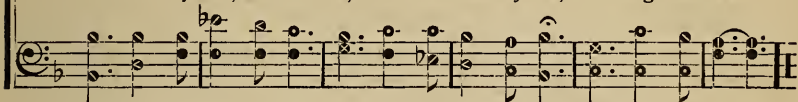
1. Nothing between, Lord, Nothing between; Let me thy glo - ry see,
2. Nothing between, Lord, Nothing between; Nothing of earthly care,
3. Nothing between, Lord, Nothing between; Let not earth's din and noise



Nothing Between.—CONCLUDED.



Draw my soul close to thee, Then speak in love to me, Nothing between.
Nothing of tear or prayer, No robe that self may wear, Nothing between.
Sti - fle thy still, small voice; In it let me rejoice, Nothing between.



4 Nothing between, Lord,
Nothing between;
Shine with unclouded ray,
Chasing each mist away;
O'er my whole heart bear sway,
Nothing between.

5 Nothing between, Lord,
Nothing between;
Thus may I walk with thee,
Thee only may I see,
Thine only let me be,
Nothing between.

6 Nothing between, Lord,
Nothing between,
Till thine unclouded light,
Rising on earth's dark night,
Bursts on my living sight,
Nothing between.

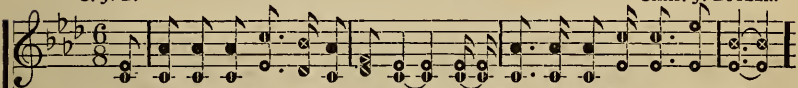
7 Nothing between, Lord,
Nothing between,
Till, the last conflict o'er,
I stand on Canaan's shore
With thee evermore,
Nothing between.

96

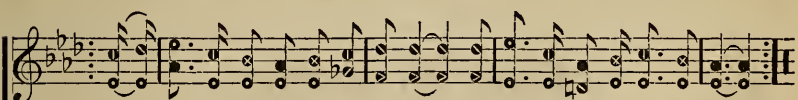
A Sinner like Me.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.



1. I was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,



I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.



2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

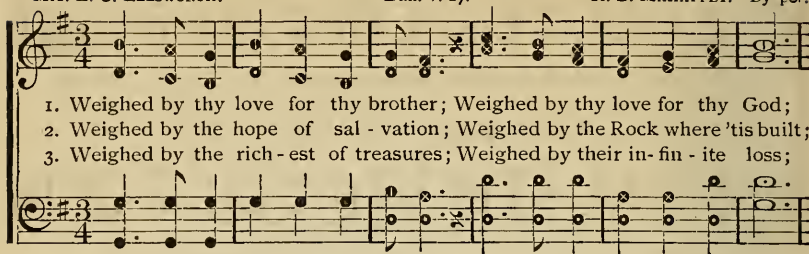
4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

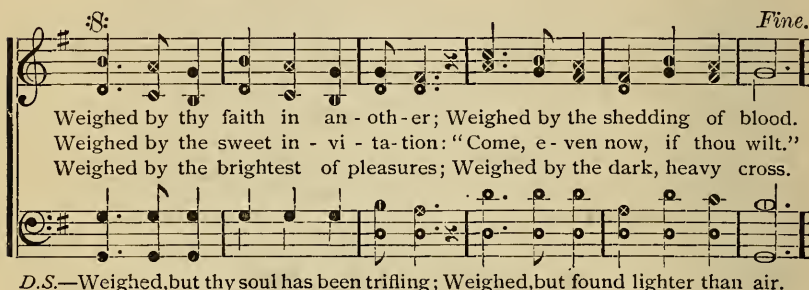
Weighed in the Balance.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting."—
 Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. Dan. v. 27.

R. B. MAHAFFEY. By per.

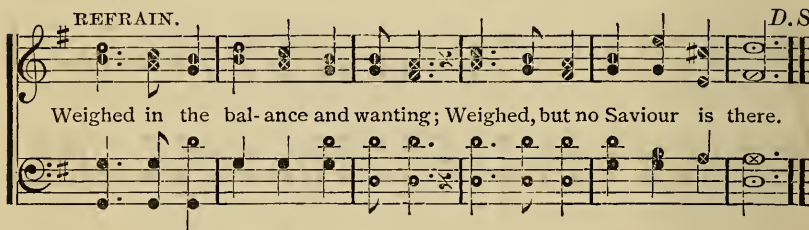


1. Weighed by thy love for thy brother; Weighed by thy love for thy God;
 2. Weighed by the hope of sal - vation; Weighed by the Rock where 'tis built;
 3. Weighed by the rich - est of treasures; Weighed by their in - fin - ite loss;



Fine.
 Weighed by thy faith in an - oth - er; Weighed by the shedding of blood.
 Weighed by the sweet in - vi - ta - tion: "Come, e - ven now, if thou wilt."
 Weighed by the brightest of pleasures; Weighed by the dark, heavy cross.

D.S.—Weighed, but thy soul has been trifling; Weighed, but found lighter than air.

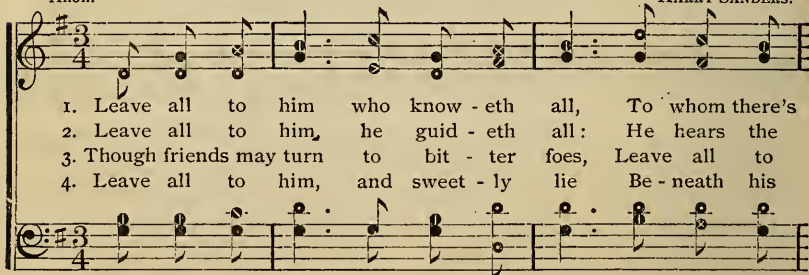


REFRAIN.
 Weighed in the bal - ance and wanting; Weighed, but no Saviour is there.

Leave All to Him.

Anon.

HARRY SANDERS.



1. Leave all to him who know - eth all, To whom there's
 2. Leave all to him, he guid - eth all: He hears the
 3. Though friends may turn to bit - ter foes, Leave all to
 4. Leave all to him, and sweet - ly lie Be - neath his

Leave All to Him.—CONCLUDED.

neith - er great nor small, But one vast com - pre - hend - ing
weak - est when they call; For none are might - i - er than
him, he e - ven knows When thou would'st lean too much on
watch - ful, lov - ing eye; And say, "Ful - fill thy will in

rit.
plan, Thy-self in - volved ere worlds be - gan; Leave all to him.
those Who on his un - seen arm re - pose; Leave all to him.
these And seek, with them, thy-self to please; Leave all to him.
me, In life, in death, e - ter - nal - ly;" Leave all to him.

99

Only for a Little While.

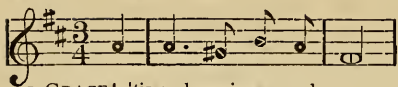
With feeling.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

1. { Only for a little while, and | the mad waves that now so | madly | foam, || Will softly break | upon the | shore of | home. ||

p
On - ly for a lit - tle while, On - ly for a lit - tle while.

2. Only for a little while to struggle with the | raging | billow, || And then the sleep
upon the | quiet | pillow. || Only for a little while.
3. This thought of perfect rest across the water dashing | wild and | high, || Gleams
like a star upon a | darkening | sky, || A true image, pure and blest.

100 The Wondrous Gift.

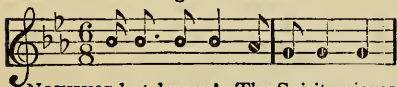
- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

Ref.—Saved by grace alone,
This is all my plea;
Jesus died for all mankind,
And Jesus died for me.

- 2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

- 3 Grace taught my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

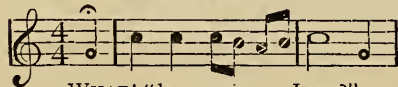
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves our praise.

101 Nothing but Leaves.

- 1 NOTHING but leaves! The Spirit grieves
O'er years of wasted life;
O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
O'er vows and promises unkept,
And reap from years of strife
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

- 2 Nothing but leaves! no gathered sheaves
Of life's fair ripening grain:
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds,—
Then reap, with toil and pain,
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

- 3 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
And bring but withered leaves?
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat,
Lay down for golden sheaves,
Nothing but leaves? nothing but leaves?

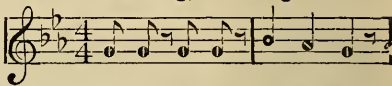
102 White as Snow.

- 1 WHAT! "lay my sins on Jesus?"
God's well-beloved Son!
No! 'tis a truth most precious,
That God e'en *that* hath done.

Cho.—Hallelujah, Jesus saves me,
He makes me "white as snow." :||

- 2 Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,
To all who do believe,
God laid our sins on Jesus,
Who did the load receive.

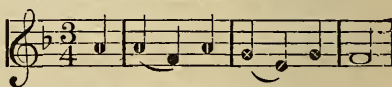
- 3 What! "bring our guilt to Jesus?"
To wash away our stains;
The act is passed that freed us,
And naught to do remains.

103 Knocking, Knocking.

- 1 KNOCKING, knocking, who is there?
Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!
'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
Never such was seen before;
Ah, my soul, for such a wonder,
Wilt thou not undo the door?

- 2 Knocking, knocking,—still he's there,—
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;
But the door is hard to open,
For the weeds and ivy-vine,
With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

- 3 Knocking, knocking—what, still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the pierced hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crowned hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

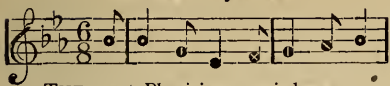
104 How Solemn are the Words.

- 1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth,—
"Ye must be born again!"

- 2 "Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed,
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis *life* poor sinners need.

- 3 "Ye must be born again!"
And *life in Christ* must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis he *alone* can save,

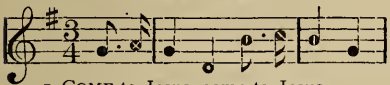
- 4 "Ye must be born again!"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed are forgiven.

105 The Great Physician.

- 1 THE great Physician now is here,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

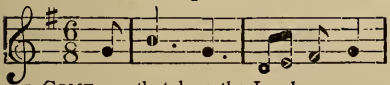
Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.
- 5 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus.

106 Come to Jesus.

- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now;
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 7 He will cleanse you. |
| 3 He is able. | 8 He'll renew you. |
| 4 He is willing. | 9 He'll forgive you. |
| 5 He is waiting. | 10 If you trust him. |
| 6 He will hear you. | 11 He will save you. |

107 Marching to Zion.

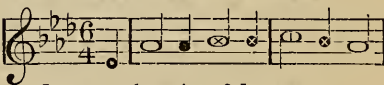
- 1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Cho.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion;
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

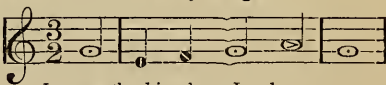
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

- 3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

- 4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's
To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

108 I Heard the Voice of Jesus.

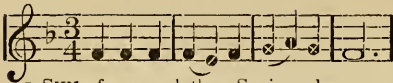
- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

109 I Love Thy Kingdom.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

110

Sun of My Soul.



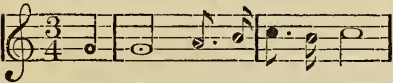
1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

111 Sing of His Mighty Love.



1 OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Cho.—Oh, sing of his mighty love,
||: Sing of his mighty love.:||
Mighty to save.

2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.

3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot
cure; [rest,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.

4 O Jesus the crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er
the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

112 Revive Thy Work.



1 WE praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy
love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah!
amen;

Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

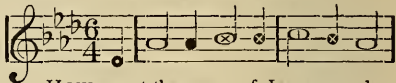
2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light
Who has shown us our Saviour and scat-
tered our night.

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was
slain, [every stain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and
guided our ways.

5 Revive us again, fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from
above.

113 How Sweet the Name.



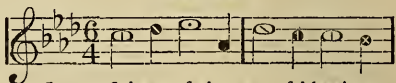
1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

4 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

114 Even Me.



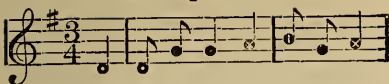
1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

Cho.—Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

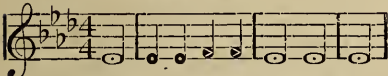
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

115 Shining Shore.

- 1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
These hours of toil and danger.

Cho.—For oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever; [home
Our King says, "Come," and there's our
For ever, oh, for ever!

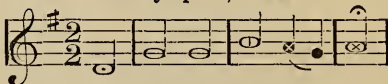
116 'Tis Midnight.

- 1 'TIS midnight; and on Olives' brow,
The star is dimm'd that lately shone,
'Tis midnight; in the garden now
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight, and from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he who hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
Is borne a song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

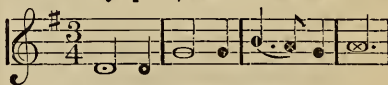
117 Bread of Heaven.

- 1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

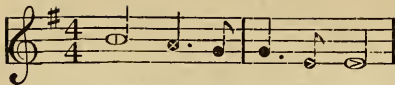
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through!
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

118 O Holy Spirit, Come.

- 1 O HOLY Spirit, come,
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.
- 2 Our unbelief remove
By thine almighty breath;
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,
The mighty work of faith.
- 3 Come with resistless power,
Come with almighty grace,
Come with the long-expected shower,
And fall upon this place.

119 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

- 1 HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 2 Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,—
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whispering softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

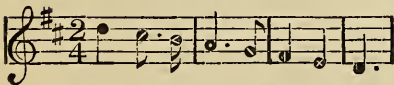
120 Nearer to Thee.

1 NEARER, my God, to thee I
Nearer to thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

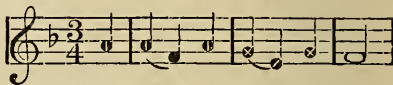
2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

121 Antioch.

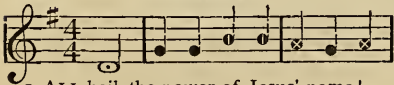
- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

123 Blest be the tie.

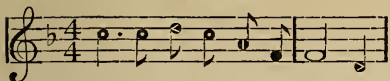
- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

124 How Gentle. Same tune.

- 1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.
- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

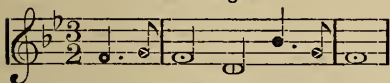
122 Coronation.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

125 What a Friend.

1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!

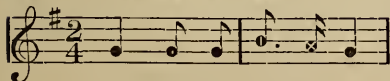
2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

126 Rock of Ages.

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

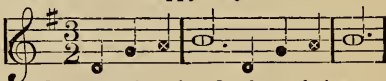
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

127 Before the Cross.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

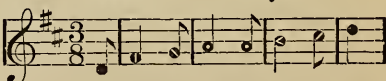
128 Happy Day.

1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.

Cho.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

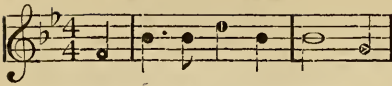
2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

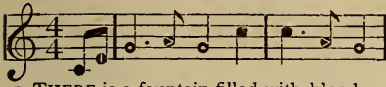
3 Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

129 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

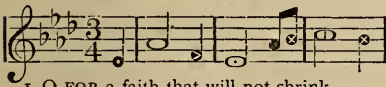
1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

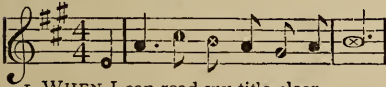
130 Stand up for Jesus.

135 Fountain.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

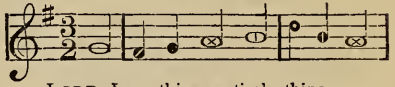
136 For Victorious Faith.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!
- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

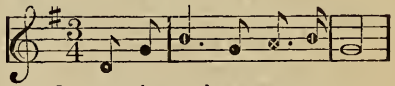
137 Title Clear.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
Cho.—We will stand the storm,
We will anchor by and by.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

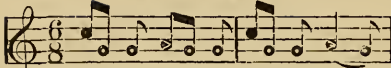
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

138 Lord, I am Thine.

- 1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.
- 2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.
- 3 Thine would I live—thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past,—beyond repeal,—
And now I set the solemn seal.
- 4 Here, at the cross, where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,—
Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

139 I am Trusting.

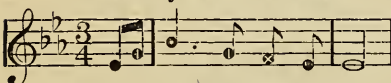
- 1 I AM coming to the cross;
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross;
I shall full salvation find.
- Cho.*—I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Dear Lamb of Calvary;
Humbly at thy cross I bow;
Save me, Jesus, save me now.
- 2 Long my heart has sighed for thee;
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
I will cleanse you from all sin.
- 3 Here I give my all to thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body thine to be—
Wholly thine—forevermore.
- 4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfect in love I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

140 **Depth of Mercy.**

- 1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Cho.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still;
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.

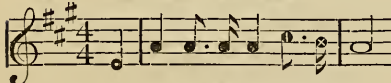
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

141 **I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.**

- 1 I HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

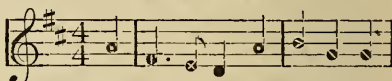
- 2 Though coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.
- 4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

142 **The Home Over There.**

- 1 OH, think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the home over there.
- 2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

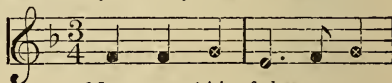
- 3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.
- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

143 **He Leadeth Me!**

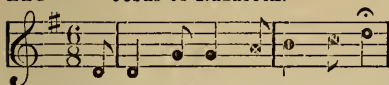
- 1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Cho.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me!

144 **My Country! 'tis of Thee.**

- 1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
- 2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.
- 3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

145 Jesus of Nazareth.

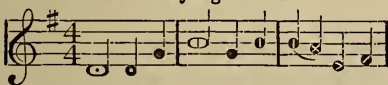
1 WHAT means this eager, anxious throng,
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day?
What means this strange commotion, pray?
||: In accents hushed the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

2 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe:
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame;
||: The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

3 Again he comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay;
||: Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

4 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come:
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace;
||: Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." :||

5 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn;
||: "Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by!*" :||

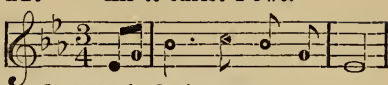
146 I am Praying for You.

1 I HAVE a Saviour, he's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends
be few;
And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And, oh, that my Saviour, were your Sav-
iour, too!

Cho.—For you I am praying, :||
I'm praying for you.

2 I have a Father: to me he has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will he call me to meet him in
heaven, [me, too!
But, oh, that he'd let me bring you with

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one,
too!

147 All to Christ I Owe.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

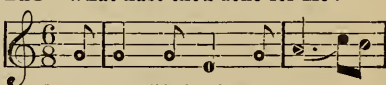
Cho.—Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain:
He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

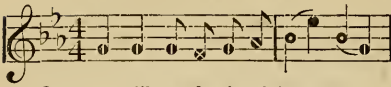
148 What hast thou done for Me?

1 I GAVE my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

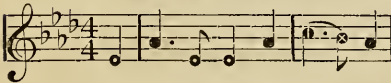
2 My Father's house of light,—
My glory-circled throne,—
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee;
Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

149 Saviour, like a Shepherd.

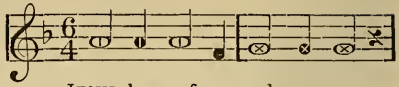
- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tend'rest care,
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.: ||
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.: ||
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.: ||

150 I Love to Tell the Story.

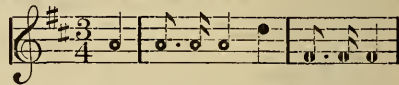
- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love;
 I love to tell the Story,
 Because I know it's true;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and his love.

- 2 I love to tell the Story!
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams;
 I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest;
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

151 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

152 There is a Land.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain;
 There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never-whith'ring flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.

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SONGS

OF

REDEEMING LOVE

*"Redeeming Love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."*

EDITED BY

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PREFACE.

FEAR not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name ;
thou art mine."

"Therefore the redeemed of the LORD shall return, and come with singing unto Zion ; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head ; they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away."

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem : for the LORD hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem."

"Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity."

"Ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold ; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot."

"Unto him that loved us,
and washed us from our sins in his own blood,
and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father,
to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

AMEN.

SONGS OF REDEEMING LOVE.

Redeeming Love.

J. A. C.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeem-ing love! Redeem-ing love! This is the theme of saints a-
2. The an-gel hosts all wond'ring see, And long to solve the mys-ter-
3. And here on earth the power is given To sing the sweet-est songs of

bove,— Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Ar-rayed in
y Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Ea-ger their
heaven,—Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! And our poor

heaven's own spot-less white, Chant they this song with pure de-light,—
gold-en harps to tune With saints redeemed * a-round the throne.
voic-es e'en to raise In notes of loud and joy-ful praise,—

Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love! Re-deem-ing love!

- 4 Oh! shout aloud, ye sons of men,
Tell the glad tidings o'er again,—
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
From east to west, from south to north,
Still let the sound go reaching forth,—
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

- 5 Let distant lands take up the strain,
Till love on earth entire shall reign,
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!
O earth, be glad! O heaven, above,
Sing ye the song,—Redeeming love!
Redeeming love! Redeeming love!

The Song of the Soul.

Rev. HENRY A. VON DULSEM.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Oh, the song of the soul shall not die nor grow old, Nor languish nor
 2. In the beau-ti-ful land far a-way o'er the tide, The jasper-walled
 3. And the fair, golden harps in the hands of the blest, Shall thrill to a
 4. And as a-ges fly onward, tho' worlds cease to be, And per-ish the

pine, in the home of our King! But as a-ges fly onward new
 home of the An-cient of Days, Where the ransomed ones shine as the
 touch that no an-gel can give, As we sing in that land where the
 stars that in heav-en do throng, Still the joy of the soul shall be

chords shall un-fold, New mel-o-dies meeting, in-spire us to sing.
 sun in his pride, Our long hal-le-lu-jahs of glo-ry we'll raise.
 wea-ry shall rest, Of One who hath died that a sin-ner might live.
 deathless and free, And deathless and free the sweet notes of her song.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the song of the soul! Oh, the song of the soul!

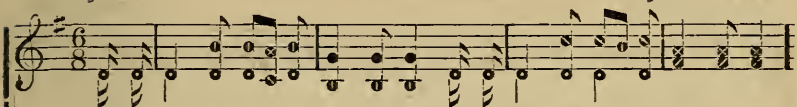
For-ev-er in glo-ry the song of the soul!

Washed White as Snow.

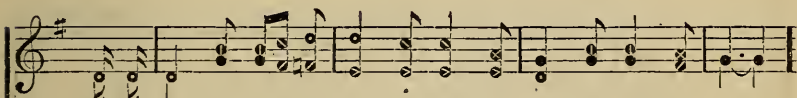
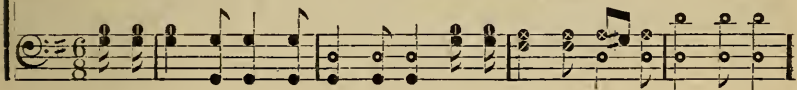
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FANNY J. CROSEY.

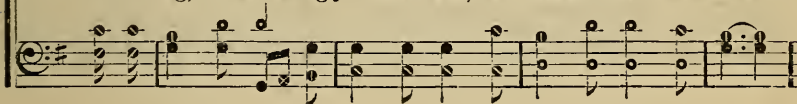
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin,
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live,
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,



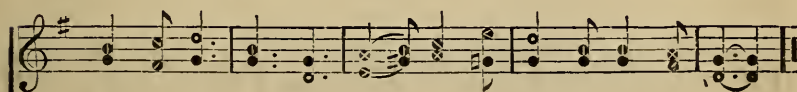
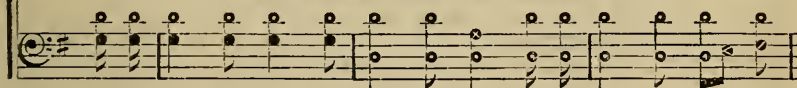
In the precious blood my Sav-iour shed He washed me white as snow.
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
What a calm sweet peace did I receive,—He washed me white as snow.
I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.



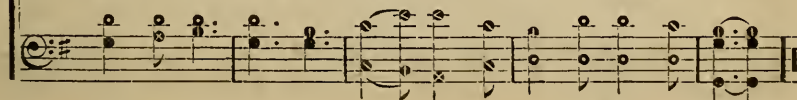
CHORUS.



O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus



cleans-eth me, Cleans-eth, cleans-eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.



The Beloved.

H. M. BRADLEY.

THOS. O. LOWE.

1. Down in the val-ley, a-mong the sweet lilies, Walks my Belov-ed, his
 2. Know'st thou I seek thee? oh, haste to discov-er Where is the place of thy
 3. Now I approach thee, oh, fair-est Redeemer, Lured by thy beauty to
 4. Gen-tler thy voice than the whisper of angels, Brighter thy smile than the

footprints I see; Haste I to fol-low thee, Saviour and Lov-er,
 frag-rant re-treat—Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noon-tide,
 dwell in thy love; Hide not thy face from the heart that adores thee,
 sun in the sky; Gath-er me ten-der-ly, close to thy bo-som,

CHORUS.

How the winds whisper thy dear name to me! Oh, my be-loved Lord!
 Shelter'd near fountains unsearch'd by the heat.
 Hast thou not sought me and call'd me thy Dove?
 Faint with thy lov-li-ness thus let me die.

For me thy life-blood pour'd, Thou blessed Son of God, Jesus my Lord.

Redeemed.

7

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
 2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
 3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
 4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
 5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,

Redeemed thro' his infi-nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.
 I sing; for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song,
 Who loving - ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,
 And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
 redeemed, redeemed,

Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.
 redeemed, redeemed,

1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so
 2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, In sickness and sor - row, so
 3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
 4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im - part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

of - ten have told That sto - ry so sim - ple, so kind and so free, Oh,
 ten - der and soft, Did gen - tly admon - ish in Beth - a - ny's home, Oh,
 wand'ring's are o'er; I seek now for par - don, in pen - i - tence wait, Oh,
 cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,

D.S.—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,

Fine. CHORUS.

Speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . . to me,
 speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.
 speak to me, Je - sus, before 'tis too late.
 help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,

Speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.

(3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
 (4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

Je - sus, speak . . . from a - bove, Tell of thy
 speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands,

D.S.

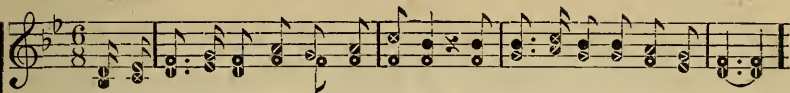
hands, of thy side, and thy love; For -
 tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;

Have you heard?

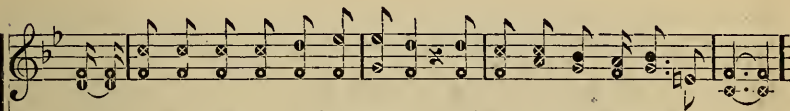
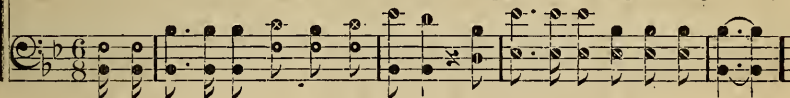
9

TRACY CLINTON.

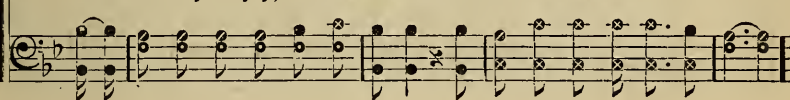
T. C. O'KANE.



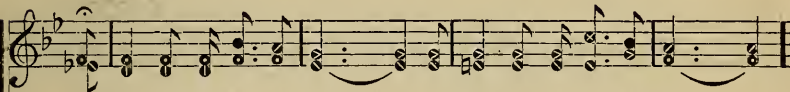
1. Have you heard of those heavenly mansions, Prepared by the Saviour above,
2. Have you heard of that wonderful ci - ty, Whose walls are of jasper and gold?
3. Have you heard of those emblems of vict'ry, That all of the glori-fied bear?
4. But the beauti-ful mansion and ci - ty, The palm, and the glittering crown,



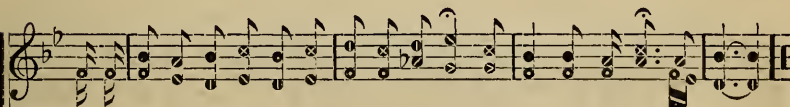
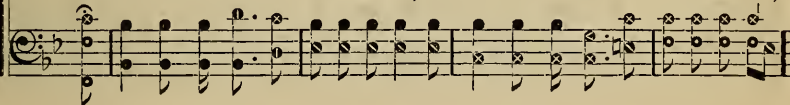
For all who are un - to him faithful, And who his appearing shall love?
Whose inha - bit - ants ev - er are happy, And nev - er grow weary or old?
Of the star-bedecked crowns of rejoicing Which all of the ransomed shall wear?
We each may en-joy, if we serve him Who for us his life once laid down.



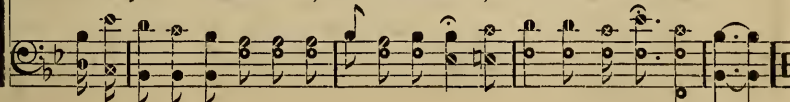
CHORUS.



Yet, half has never been told, . . . Yet, half has never been told; . . .
never been told, never been told;



For the eye has not seen them, nor ear ever heard, And half has never been told.



For You and for Me.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON

*Very slow, pp**m*

1. Softly and tenderly Je-sus is calling, Calling for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

m CHORUS.*cres.*

Come home, . come home, . Ye who are weary, come home, . .
 Come home, come home,

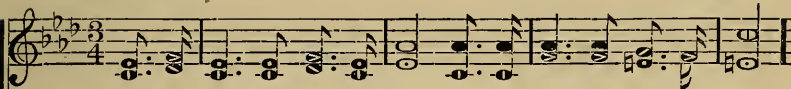
pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*
 Earnest-ly, tender-ly Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

Once for All the Saviour Died.

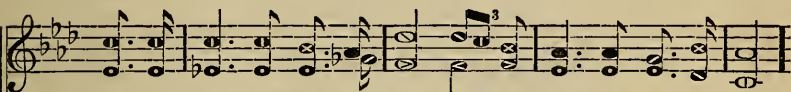
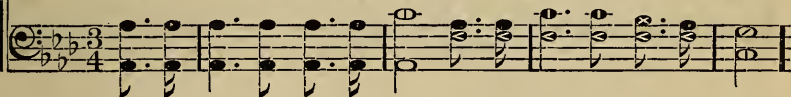
11

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

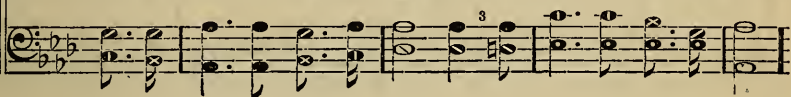
T. C. O'KANE.



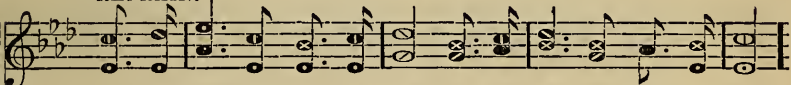
1. Once for all the Saviour died, Christ the Lord was cru - ci - fied;
2. Once for all our sins he bore, Bought our peace forev - er - more;
3. Once for all the Saviour rose, Vic - tor o'er his mighty foes;
4. Once for all as - cending high, Throned and crowned above the sky,



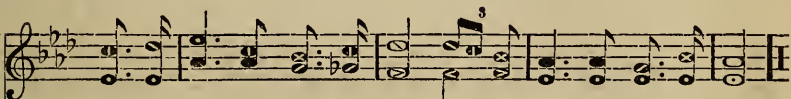
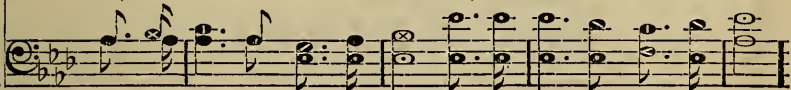
Once for all he shed his blood, Bearing forth a pur - ple flood.
Once for all our debt he paid, Full, complete a - tonement made.
With their glorious King and Head, Saints shall waken from the dead.
There he in - tercedes and reigns,—Praise him in tri - umphant strains.



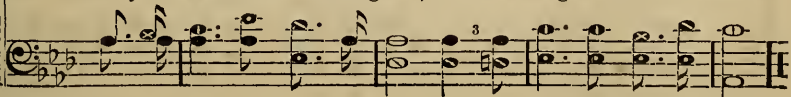
REFRAIN.



Oh, be - lieve him and be blest! Oh, receive him and find rest!



All your sins shall be for - given, You shall reign with him in heaven.



Wait, and Murmur Not.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes!
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Thou
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The

'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?
 yearnst to reach that blest a - bode, Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.
 day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meek - ly wait, and murmur not.

CHORUS.

O, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O,

wait, meek - ly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not, O, wait, meekly wait,

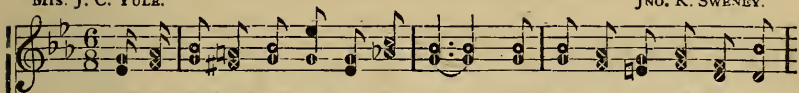
O, wait, meekly wait, O, wait, and mur - mur not, O, murmur not.

In the Cleft of the Rock.

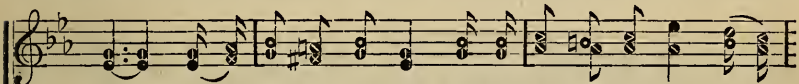
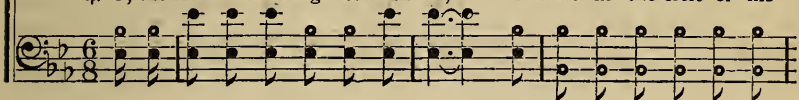
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Mrs. J. C. YULE.

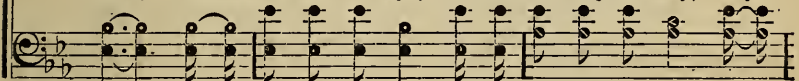
JNO. R. SWENEY.



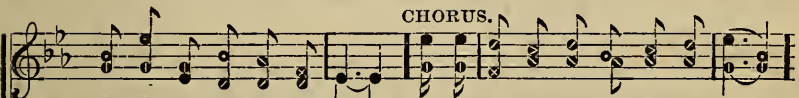
1. In the Rock that is high-er than I In peace I am resting to-
2. In the Rock that is high-er than I,— The Rock that was rent for my
3. In the Rock that is high-er than I,— That-is stronger than earth or than
4. O, the Rock that is high-er than I,— I hide in the cleft of his



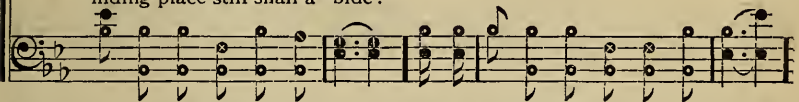
day, And the clouds that hung dark O'er my storm-driven bark Are
sin,— In the cleft of the Rock, Where there cometh no shock, I am
hell,— With nev - er a fear, Tho' the storm rages near, In
side, And I know that for aye, Tho' the worlds pass away, My



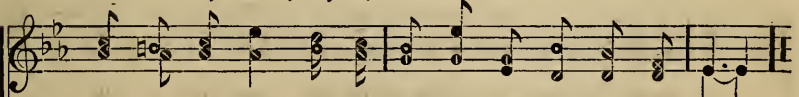
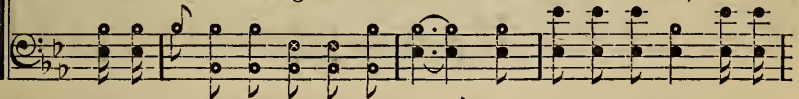
CHORUS.



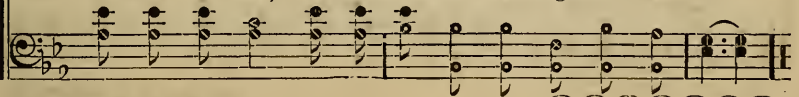
rolled from the heavens a - way. O, the Rock that is higher than I!
hiding; by mercy shut in!
peace and as-surance I dwell!
hiding-place still shall a - bide!



Blessed Rock that is high-er than I! Safe sheltered I rest, Where no



ills can mo - lest, In the Rock that is high-er than I!



Resting at the Cross.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav-iour, I had brought my weary soul,
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow-ing, Je-sus, smiling, bade me live;
 3. At the cross, while prostrate ly-ing, Je-sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,
 4. At the cross I'm calmly rest-ing, Ev-'ry moment now is sweet;

Burdened, faint, and broken-heart-ed, Praying, "Je-sus, make me whole."
 "I have died for your transgressions, And I free-ly all for-give."
 All my guilt and sin were cov-ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."
 I am tast-ing of his glo-ry, I am rest-ing at his feet.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry be to Je-sus, I am counting all but dross,

I have found a full sal-va-tion, I am resting at the cross;

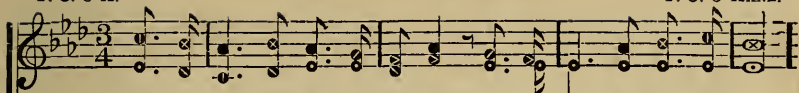
I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting (at the cross), I'm resting at the cross.

"Follow Me."

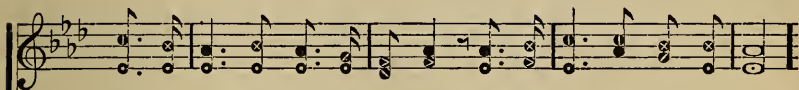
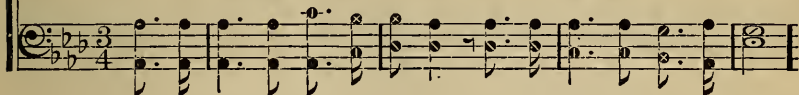
15

T. C. O'K.

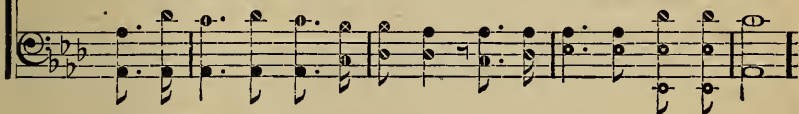
T. C. O'KANE.



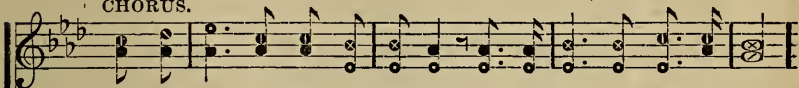
1. Hear you not the Sav-iour calling, Call-ing you so earn-est-ly?
2. Lay not up on earth your treasure, Transient, perish-ing 'twill be;
3. In my Fa-ther's house in heaven, Let your hearts untroubled be,



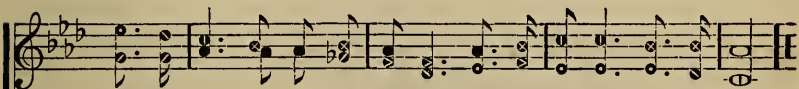
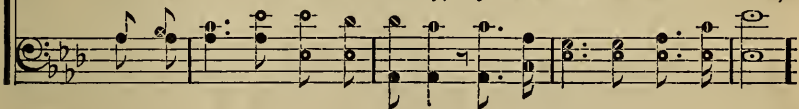
Gent-ly, too, the tones are fall-ing, "Come, oh, come, and fol-low me,"
Rath-er seek e-ter-nal pleasure; Would you find it? Fol-low me.
Glorious man-sion will be giv-en, On-ly come and fol-low me.



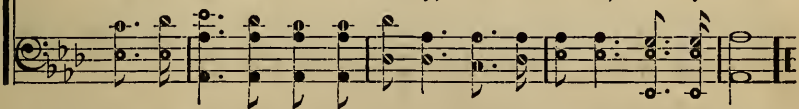
CHORUS.



Let us round our Lead-er ral-ly, Je-sus bids us each to come;

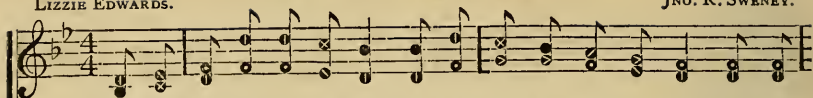


He will lead us thro' life's valley, O'er the riv-er, safe-ly home.



4 Be thy pathway bright or dreary
Whither duty leadeth thee,
Strong thy steps, or faint and weary,
I will guide thee,—follow me.

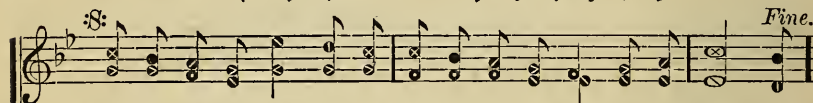
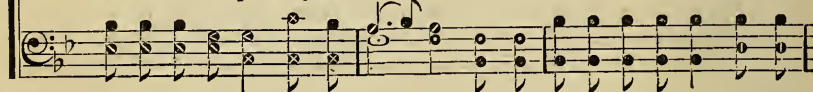
5 When thy days on earth are ending,
And the close of life you see,
Even to the grave descending,
Never fear, but follow me.



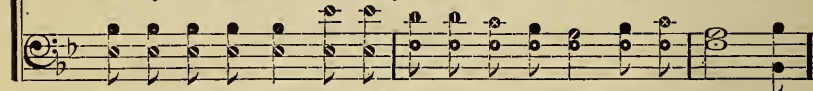
1. To the shadow of the Rock in a thirsty land I flee, To the
2. To the shadow of a Rock, where so many pilgrim feet, In their
3. In the shadow of the Rock, where the peaceful waters glide, Peaceful



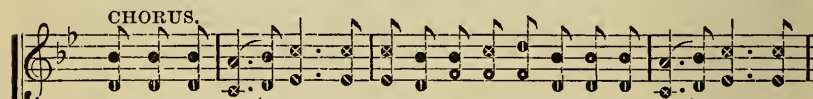
shadow of the Rock just be-fore me; My Redeemer bids me go, and how joyful, joyful haste now are turning; Where their weary, troubled hearts find a waters from the pure crystal riv - er, In the shadow of the Rock, in its



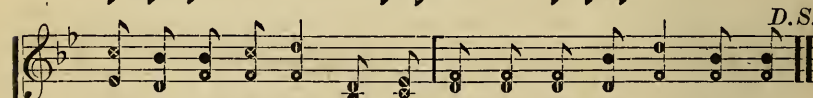
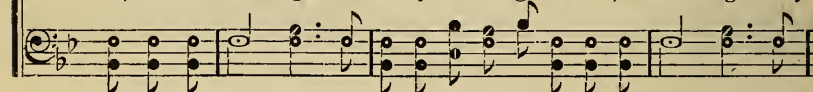
sweet my rest will be, With his tender, lov-ing smile beaming o'er - me. sure and safe retreat, And the blessed lamp of faith still is burn - ing. cleft my soul shall hide, With my blessed Lord to dwell, and for-ev - er.



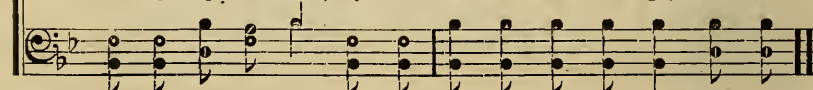
D.S.—sweet my rest will be, With his tender, loving smile beaming o'er me.



Oh, what a ref - uge from ev'-ry throbbing care! Oh, what a refuge!—my



on - ly hope is there; My Re - deemer bids me go, and how

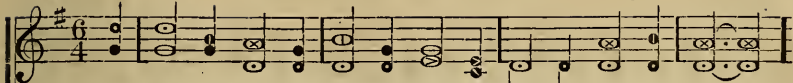


Outside the Gate.

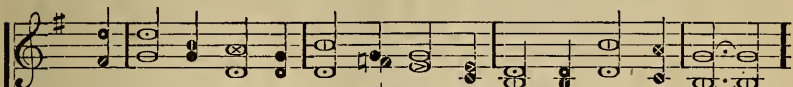
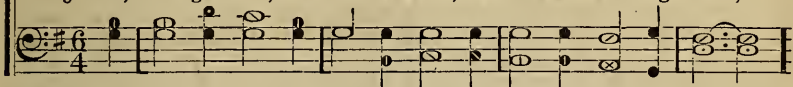
17

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

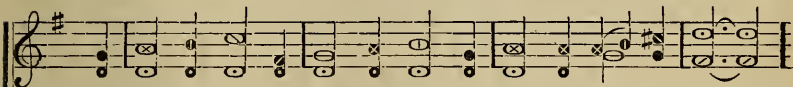
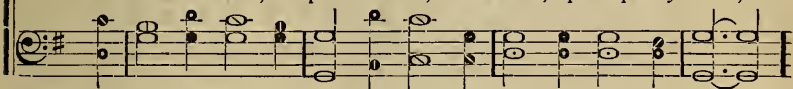
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



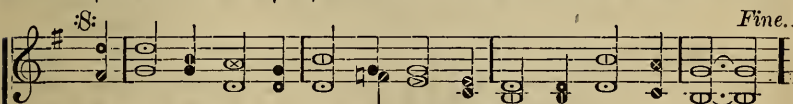
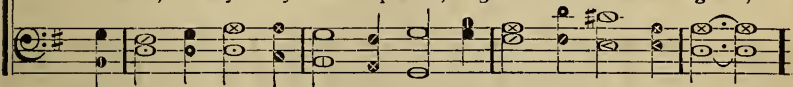
1. Poor, starving soul, there's room for thee Within thy Father's home;
2. Thy Father waits; what keeps thee back? Behold his pleading face!
3. O, lin-ger not, the time is short, Its sands are ebb-ing fast;



Why lin-ger still? there's bread to spare; Come in,—no longer roam,—
His circling arms would clasp thee now; O, seek his dear em-brace;
This hour is thine,—improve it well,—This hour,—perhaps thy last;

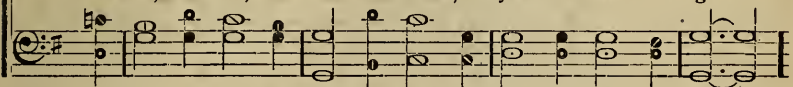


Come in,—be-hold, thy Fa-ther calls; His love for thee is great;
He longs to hear thee say, for-give; He mourns thy hapless state;
Come in, while yet thy Father pleads, Slight not his love so great;



Fine..

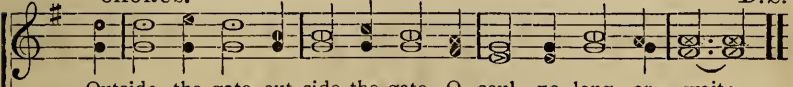
Come in, come in,—he bids thee come; Why stand outside the gate?



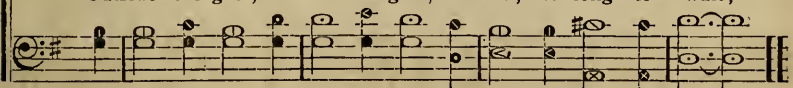
D.S.—Come in, come in, there's room for thee; Why stand outside the gate?

CHORUS.

D.S.

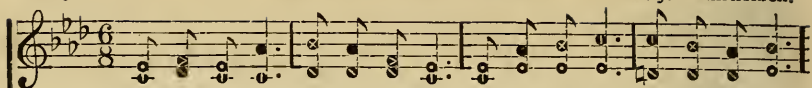


Outside the gate, out-side the gate, O soul, no long-er wait;

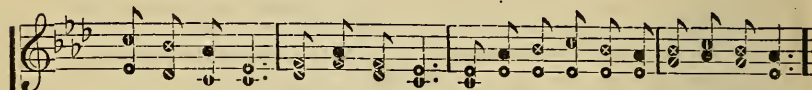
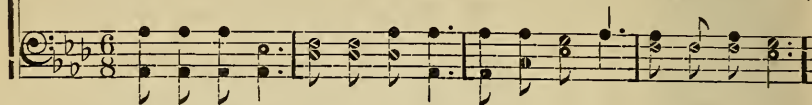


W. J. K.

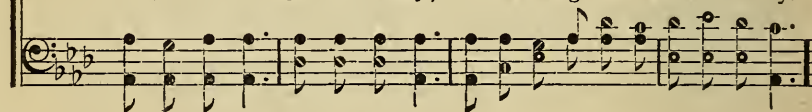
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



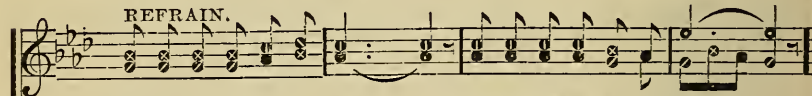
1. Beau-ti-ful day, love-ly thy light; Ho-ly each ray, ban-ish-ing night;
2. Beau-ti-ful day, calm was thy dawn; Joyous the lay, blessed the morn,
3. Beau-ti-ful day, perfect-ly bright; Je-sus al-way, boundless delight,
4. Beau-ti-ful day, ha-ven of rest; Ev'ry one may come and be bless'd;



Cloudless thy sky; peaceful my stay Here in the sunlight of beautiful day.
 When in my heart, over my way, First shone the noontide of beautiful day.
 Bliss all around, heaven by the way, Shining in fulness, oh, beautiful day.
 Glory to God! naught can dismay; Christ is the light of this beautiful day.



REFRAIN.

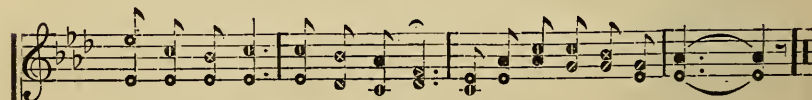
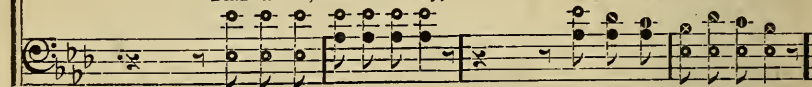


Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day,

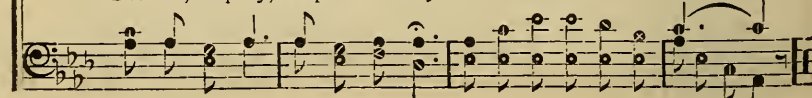
Evermore shine on my way;

Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful day,

Ev-ermore shine on my way;



Saviour, I pray, keep me al-way Safe in this beau-ti-ful day.



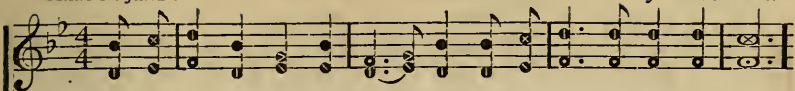
beau-ti-ful day.

Are You Ready?

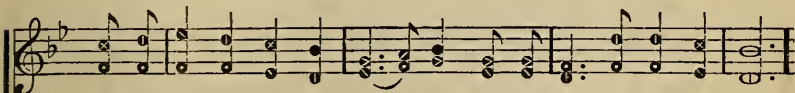
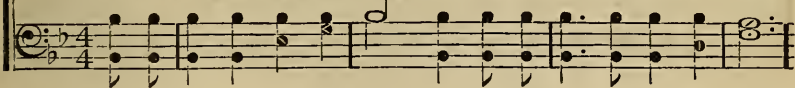
19

MARY D. JAMES.

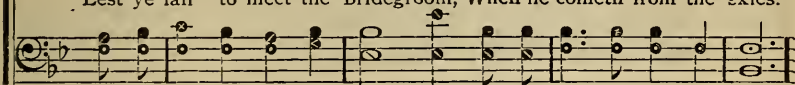
JNO. R. SWENEY.



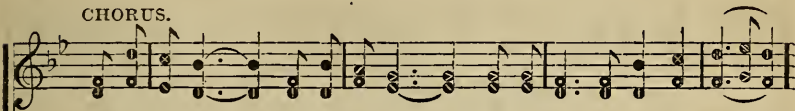
1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye vir - gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!



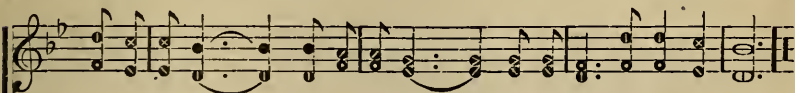
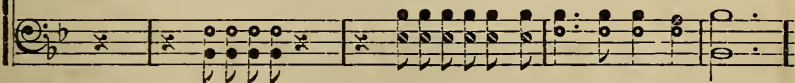
Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls appal?
Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
Are they wash'd in the cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.



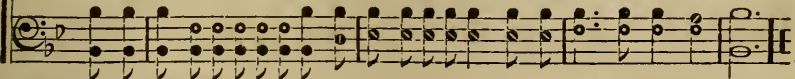
CHORUS.



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord ap - pear!
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! When he cometh from the skies;



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord appear?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!
Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

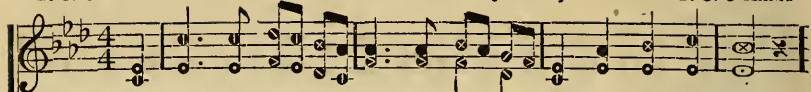


I'm Redeemed.

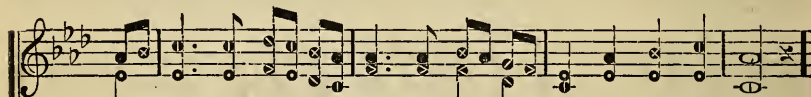
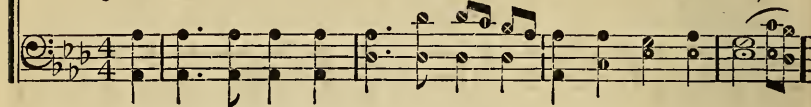
T. C. O'K.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John i. 29.

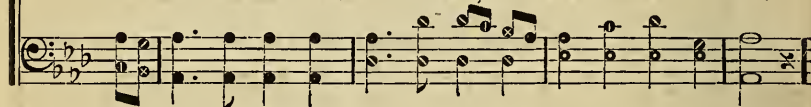
T. C. O'KANAL



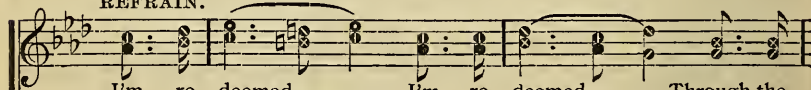
1. O, sing of Je-sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous power of love di-vine! So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord, And ev - er-more shall be;



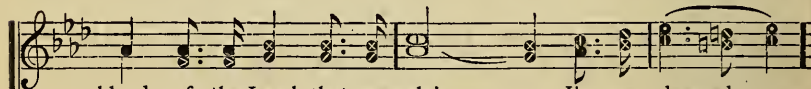
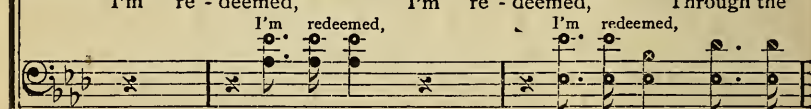
And for a ran-som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
 It reach-es out to all mankind, Em-brac-es e - ven me.
 He hath redeemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.



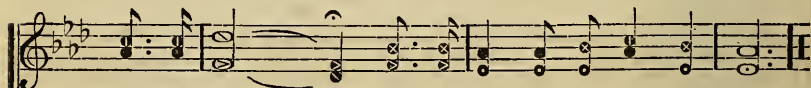
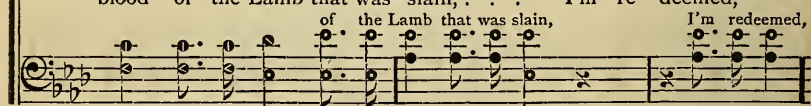
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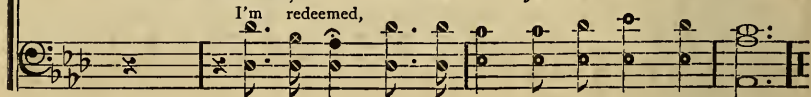
I'm re - deemed, I'm re - deemed, Through the
 I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,



blood of the Lamb that was slain, . . . I'm re - deemed,
 of the Lamb that was slain, I'm redeemed,



I'm re - deemed, Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.
 I'm redeemed,

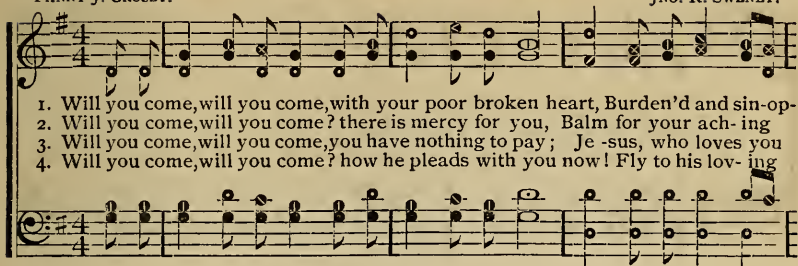


Jesus will give you Rest.

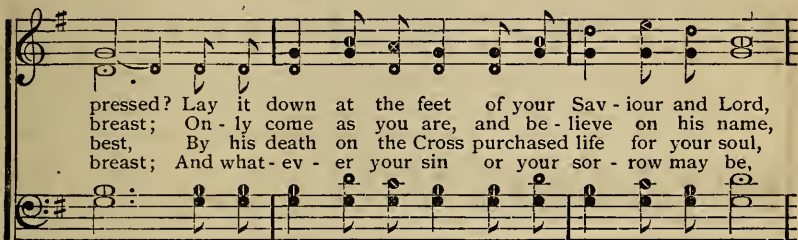
21

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and sin-op-
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mercy for you, Balm for your ach-ing
 3. Will you come, will you come, you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who loves you
 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his lov-ing

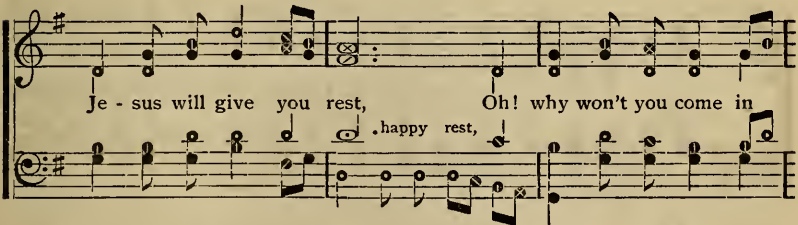


pressed? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav- iour and Lord,
 breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,
 best, By his death on the Cross purchased life for your soul,
 breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

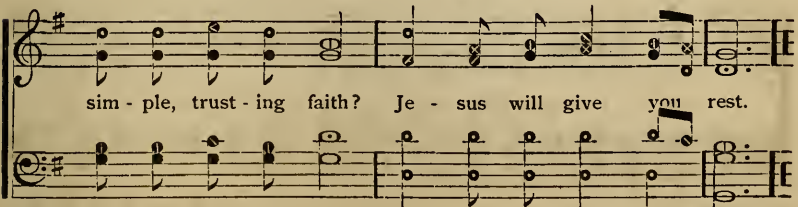
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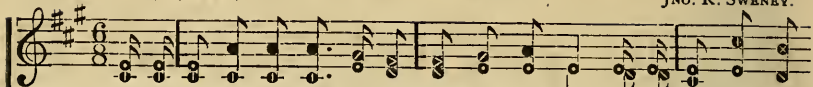
Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap- py rest! sweet, happy rest!



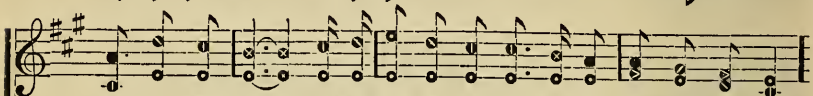
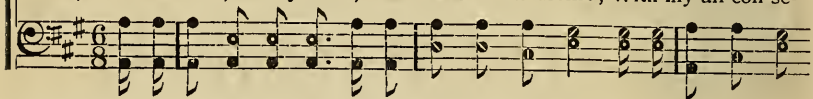
Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in
 .happy rest,



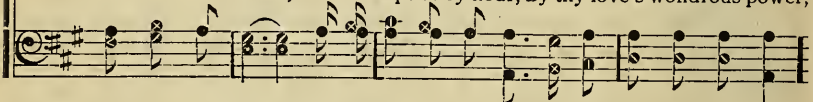
sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.



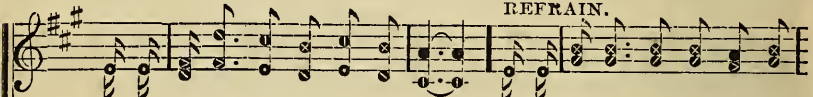
1. With my sin-wounded soul, To be made ful - ly whole, And thy perfect sal-
2. O, how long have I tried To re - sist nature's tide, All in vain have I
3. I thy promise believe, That in thee I shall live, Thro' thy blood shed so
4. To be thine, wholly thine, Precious Saviour divine; With my all con-se-



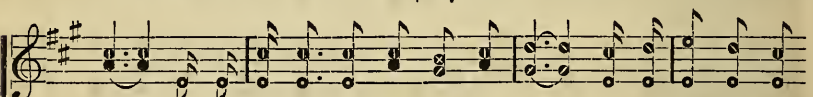
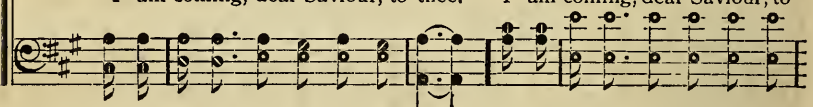
va-tion to see; With my heart stained by sin, To be washed and made clean,
 sighed to be free; In myself all undone, 'Neath the waves sinking down,
 free - ly for me To ob-tain a pure heart, To secure this "good part,"
 crat-ed to thee; To be kept ev'ry hour, By thy love's wondrous power,



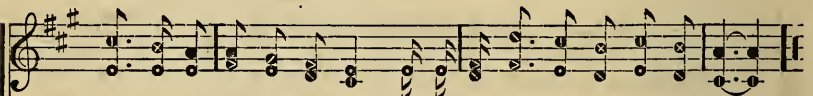
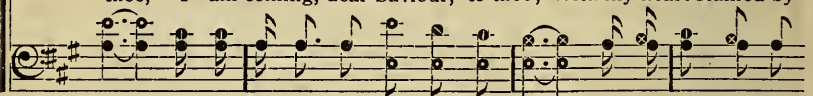
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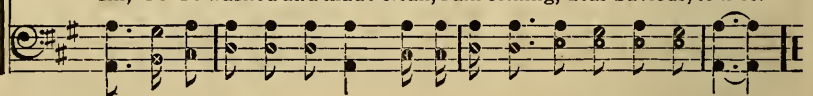
I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee. I am coming, dear Saviour, to



thee, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee; With my heart stained by



sin, To be washed and made clean, I am coming, dear Saviour, to thee.

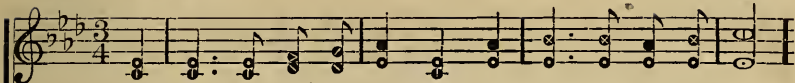


Freely Speak for Jesus.

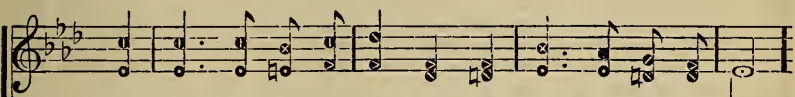
23

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

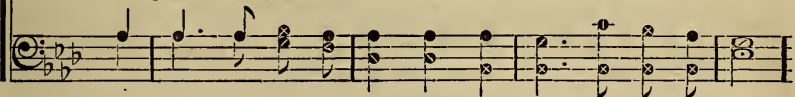
T. C. O'KANE.



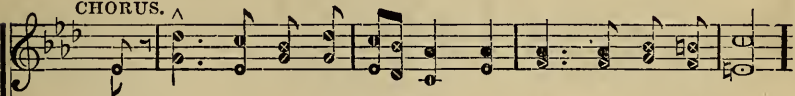
1. Oh, free - ly speak for Je - sus,—Pro-claim how great his love;
2. Go, bear a - mid the dark-ness Some beams of gos-pel light,
3. Oh, gent - ly lift the fal - len; Let love her man-tle spread;
4. The small - est act for Je - sus Shall glow with grace di - vine,



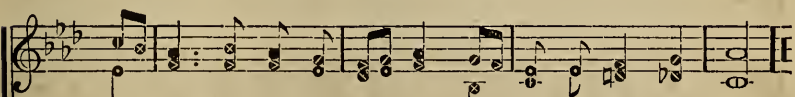
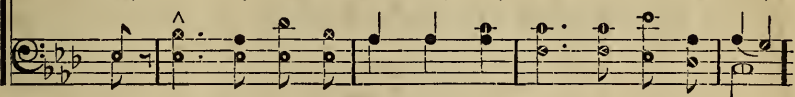
Oh, tell that sweet compas - sion Once brought him from a - bove.
 'Till hope shall clear each pathway Now shroud - ed dark as night.
 Then bear the lost to Je - sus, Who once for sin - ners bled.
 And peace that pass-eth knowledge Shall ev - er-more be thine.



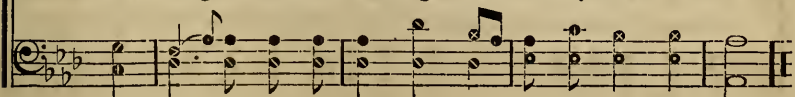
CHORUS. ^

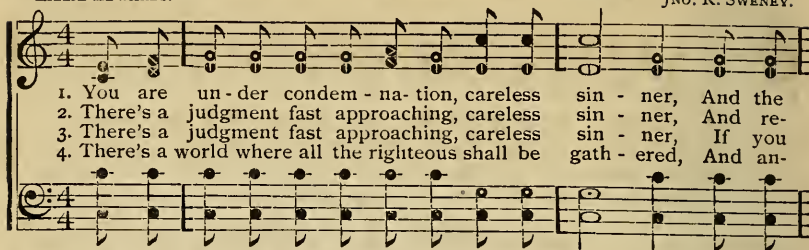


Yes, fill thy life with ser - vice, Oh, fill it to the brim;

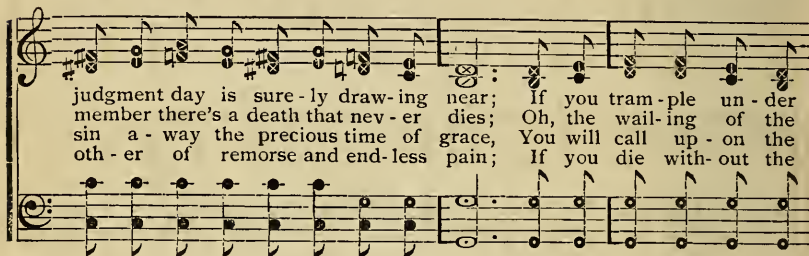


Christ wrought for thee a bless - ing: Then do thy best for him.

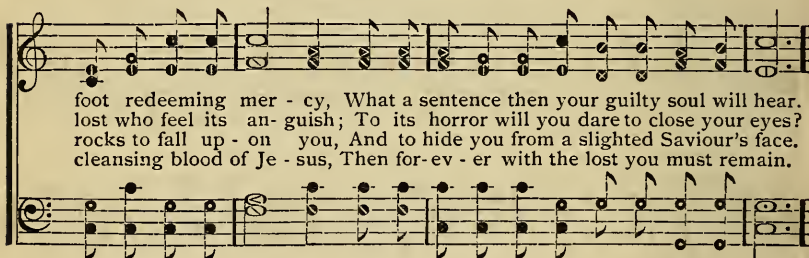




1. You are un - der condem - na - tion, careless sin - ner, And the
 2. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin - ner, And re -
 3. There's a judgment fast approaching, careless sin - ner, If you
 4. There's a world where all the righteous shall be gath - ered, And an -

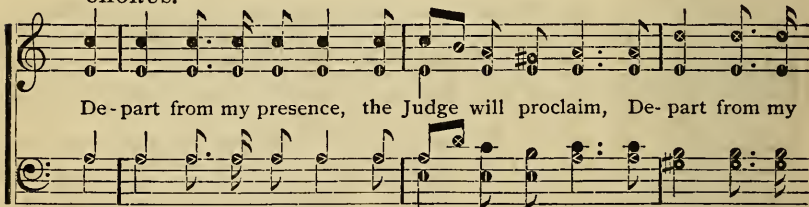


judgment day is sure - ly draw - ing near; If you tram - ple un - der
 member there's a death that nev - er dies; Oh, the wail - ing of the
 sin a - way the precious time of grace, You will call up - on the
 oth - er of remorse and end - less pain; If you die with - out the

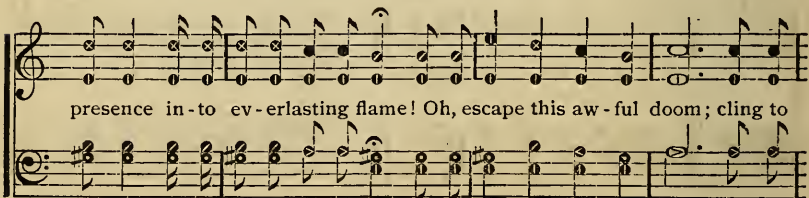


foot redeeming mer - cy, What a sentence then your guilty soul will hear.
 lost who feel its an - guish; To its horror will you dare to close your eyes?
 rocks to fall up - on you, And to hide you from a slighted Saviour's face.
 cleansing blood of Je - sus, Then for - ev - er with the lost you must remain.

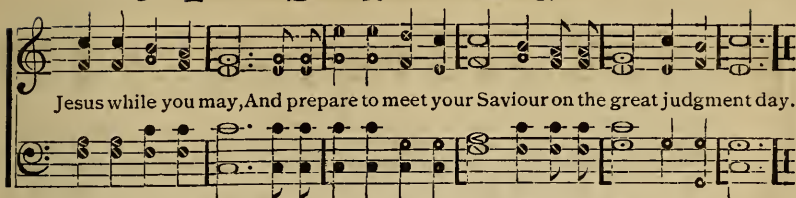
CHORUS.



De - part from my presence, the Judge will proclaim, De - part from my



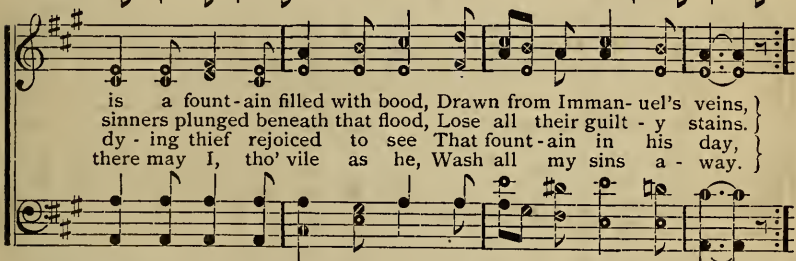
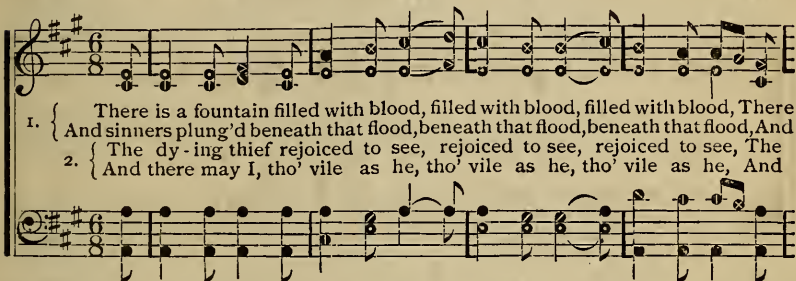
presence in - to ev - er - lasting flame! Oh, escape this aw - ful doom; cling to



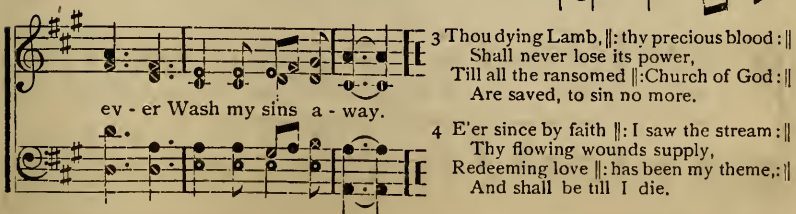
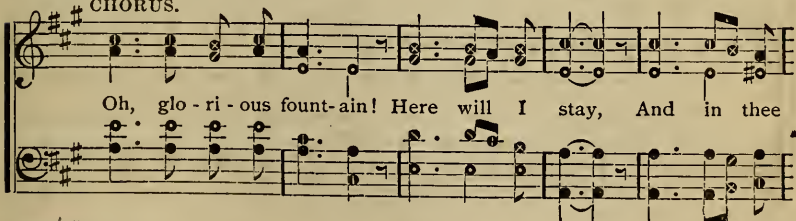
COWPER.

Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'KANE.



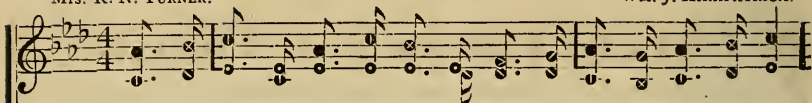
CHORUS.



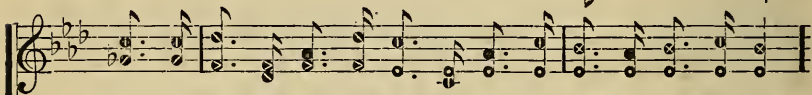
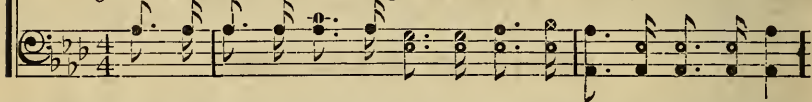
Marching Onward.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

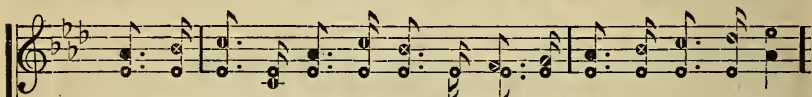
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



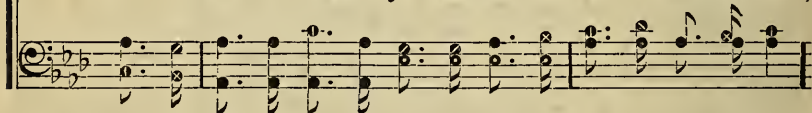
1. We are marching, marching onward, Strong to dare, and strong to do!
2. As he leads us, so we'll fol - low, For his light illumines our way;
3. We are marching, marching onward With a courage true and strong;



With our ban - ner float - ing o'er us, And our Leader, Christ in view!
 Ev - er on - ward, ev - er on - ward, Step by step, and day by day!
 For the vic - t'ry shall not fail us, Tho' the war - fare may be long!



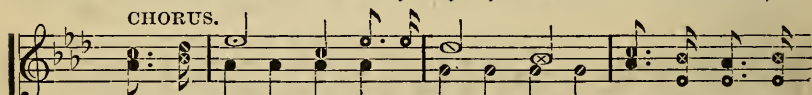
Sin, with all its tempting pleasures, Beckons us 'with lur - ing hand;
 'Tis a grand and glorious ar - my; And the King whose name we bear,
 No! the heart that trusts in Je - sus Shall not fall in weakness down;



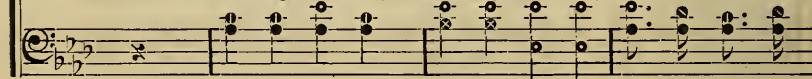
But with true and earnest purpose, For our Mas - ter we will stand.
 Watches o'er us, and sustains us, With a strong and ten - der care!
 Strength he gives, the cross to car - ry, Strength to win the victor's crown!

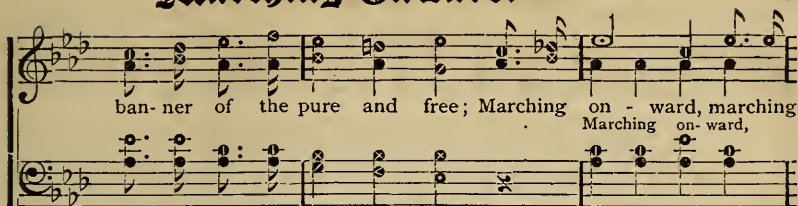


CHORUS.



March - ing on - ward, marching on - ward, Bearing forth the
 Marching on - ward, marching on - ward,





ban-ner of the pure and free; Marching on-ward, marching
Marching on-ward,



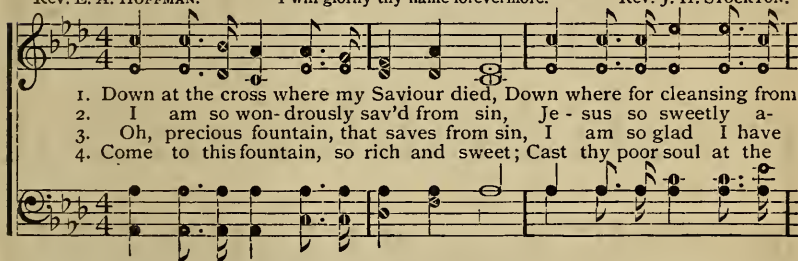
on-ward; Christ our Leader prom-is-es the vic-to-ry.
Marching on-ward;

Glory to His Name.

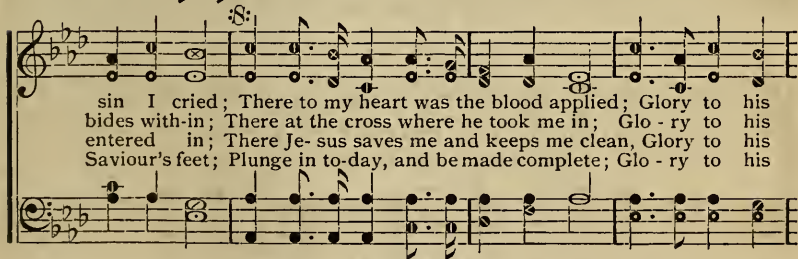
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



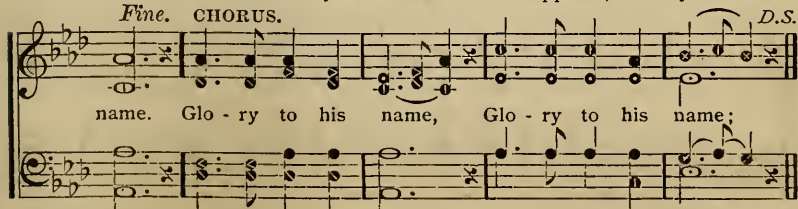
1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drously sav'd from sin, Je-sus so sweetly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the



sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
entered in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo-ry to his
Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to his

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his

Fine. CHORUS.



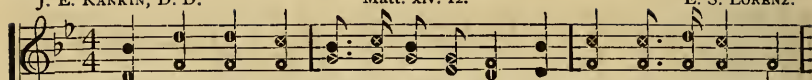
name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his name;
D.S.

Tell it to Jesus.

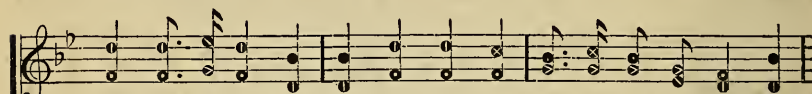
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Matt. xiv. 12.

E. S. LORENZ.



1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you trou-bled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

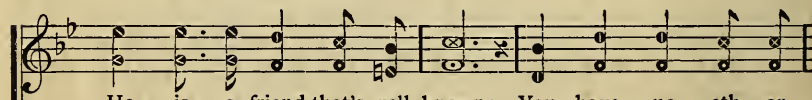


Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev-ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx-ious what shall be to - mor-row?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

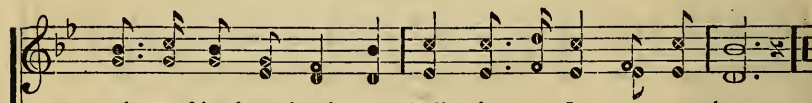
CHORUS.



Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,



He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er



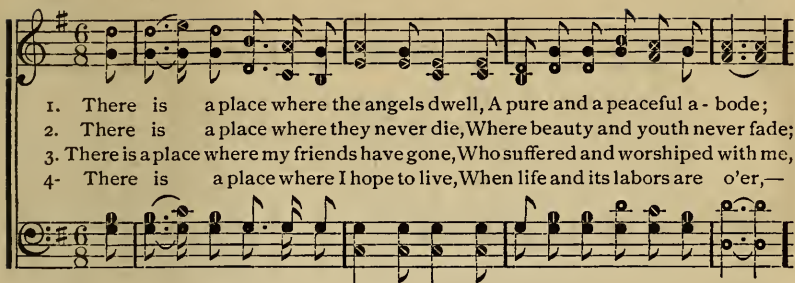
such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

My Father-land.

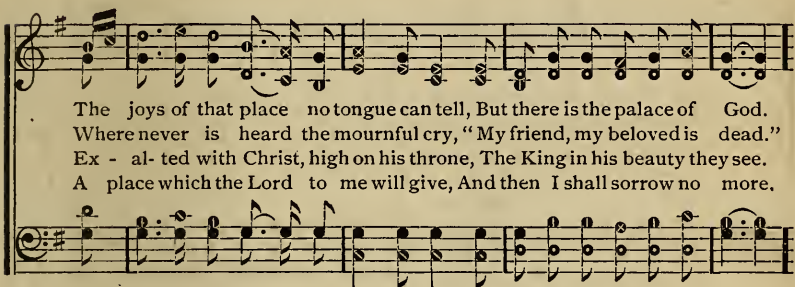
29

Rev. W. HUNTER.

T. C. O'KANE.

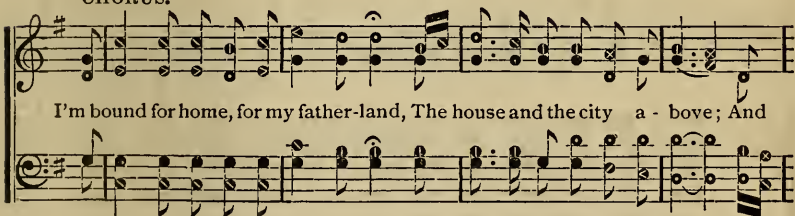


1. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful a - bode;
 2. There is a place where they never die, Where beauty and youth never fade;
 3. There is a place where my friends have gone, Who suffered and worshiped with me,
 4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er, —



The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But there is the palace of God.
 Where never is heard the mournful cry, "My friend, my beloved is dead."
 Ex - al - ted with Christ, high on his throne, The King in his beauty they see.
 A place which the Lord to me will give, And then I shall sorrow no more.

CHORUS.



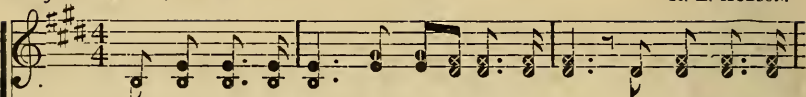
I'm bound for home, for my father-land, The house and the city a - bove; And



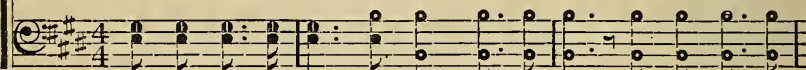
soon shall I join the ransom'd band, And dwell in that cit-y of love.

By permission.

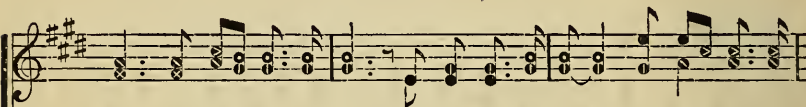
DO KR MI FA SO LA SI



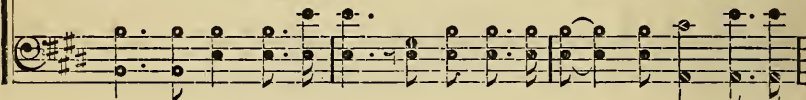
1. Tho' troubles as - sail, and dang - ers affright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa - tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we



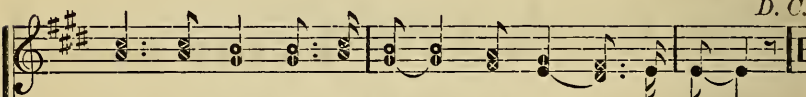
CHORUS.—Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-



fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing secures us, whatev - er be-
learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-
fears, we tri - umph by faith; He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has
seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have

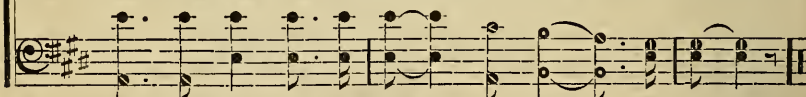


joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the



D. C.

tide, The prom - ise as - sures us,—the Lord will pro - vide.
nied, So long as 'tis written,—the Lord will pro - vide.
tried, The heart-cheer-ing promise,—the Lord will pro - vide.
tried, This ans - wers all questions,—the Lord will pro - vide.



Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;

Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great
In this our strong tower for safety we
hide;

The Lord is our power,—the Lord will
provide,

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in
view,

The word of his grace shall comfort us
through: [our side,

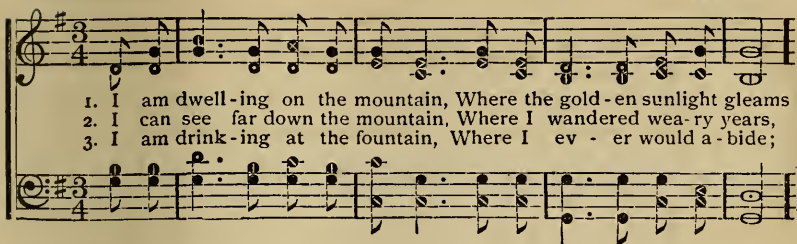
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will
provide,

Is not this the Land of Beulah.

31

ANON.

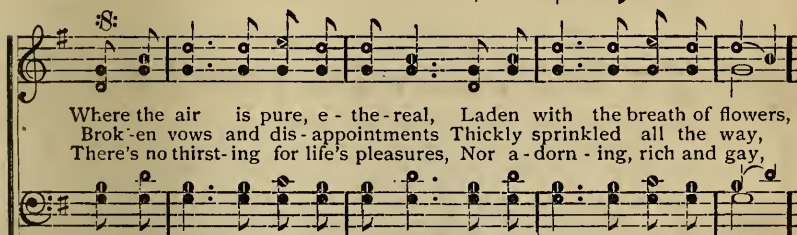
ARRANGED.



1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the fountain, Where I ev-er would a-bide;



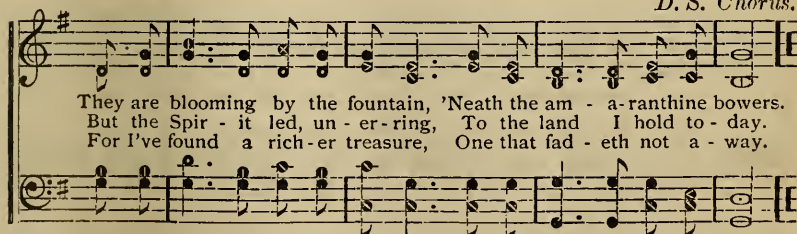
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fondest dreams;
 Oft-en hin-dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears,
 For I've tast-ed life's pure riv-er, And my soul is sat-is-fied;



Where the air is pure, e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flowers,
 Brok-en vows and dis-appointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a-dorn-ing, rich and gay,

CHO.—Is not this the land of Beu-lah, Blessed, bles-sed land of light,

D. S. Chorus.



They are blooming by the fountain, 'Neath the am-a-ranthine bowers.
 But the Spir-it led, un-er-ring, To the land I hold to-day.
 For I've found a rich-er treasure, One that fad-eth not a-way.

Where the flow-ers bloom for-ev-er, And the sun is always bright.

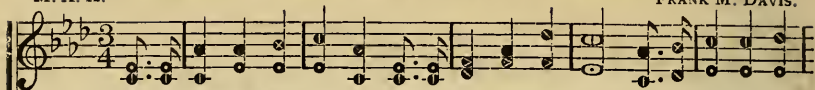
4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried this way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

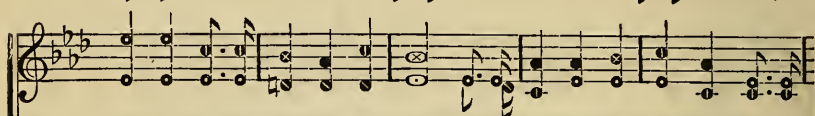
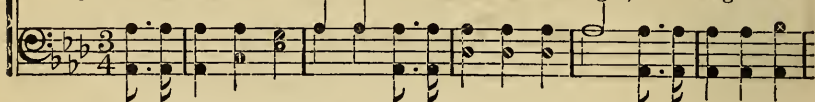
Is my Name Written There?

M. A. K.

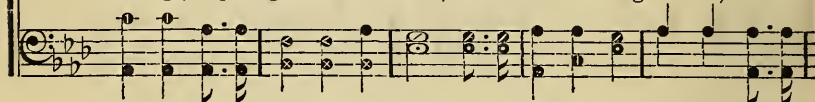
FRANK M. DAVIS.



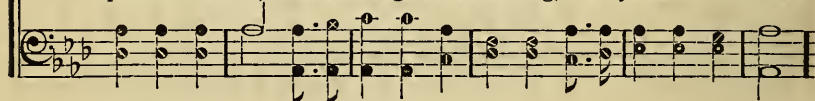
1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
3. Oh! that beauti- ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glorified



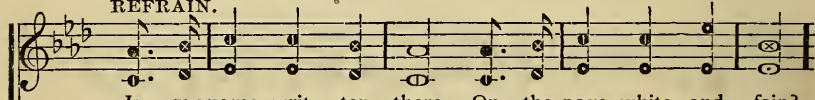
heaven, I would en-ter the fold; In the book of thy kingdom, With its Saviour! is suf - fi- cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing cometh, To de-



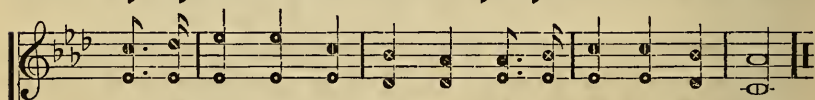
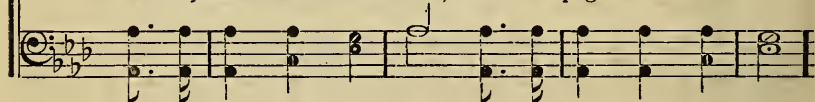
pag- es so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name written there? let- ters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, — Is my name written there?



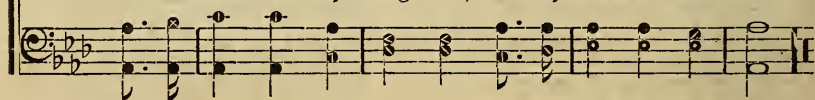
REFRAIN.



Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?



In the book of thy king- dom, Is my name written there?

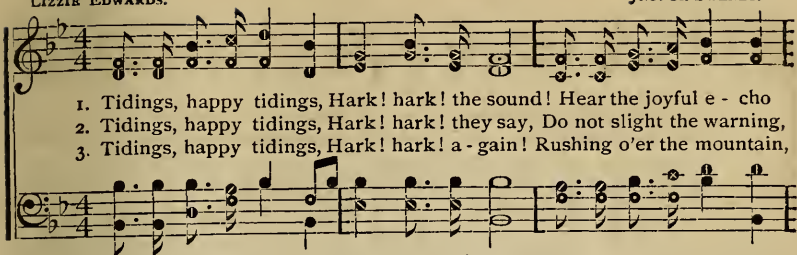


Happy Tidings.

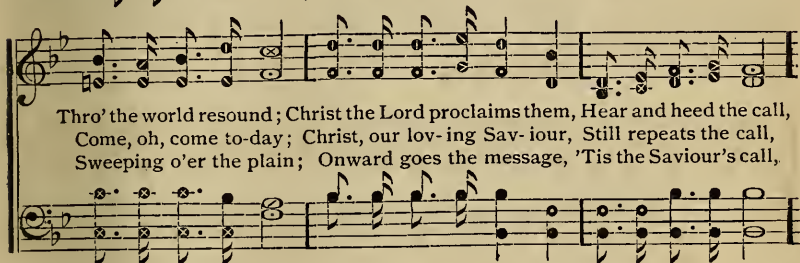
33

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

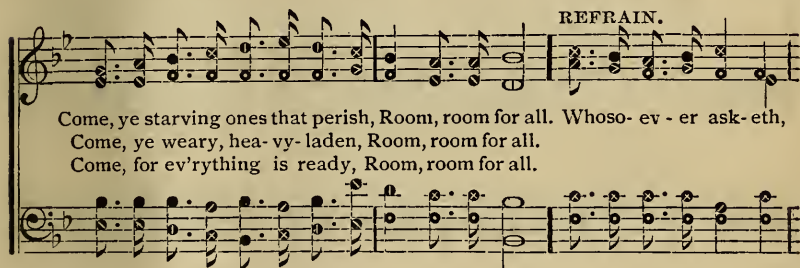
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

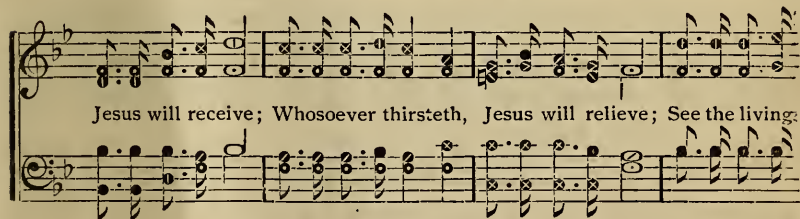


Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov-ing Sav- iour, Still repeats the call,
Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

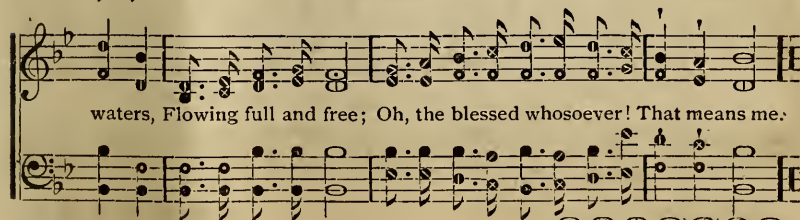


REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso- ev - er ask-eth,
Come, ye weary, hea- vy- laden, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.



Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

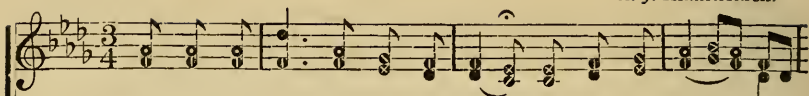


waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

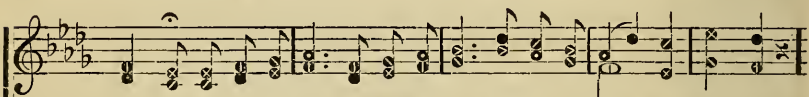
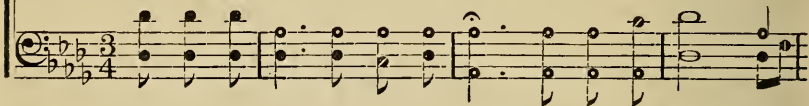
Give to Jesus Glory.

W. H. CLARK.

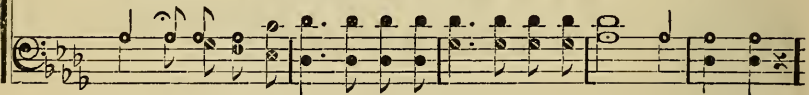
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



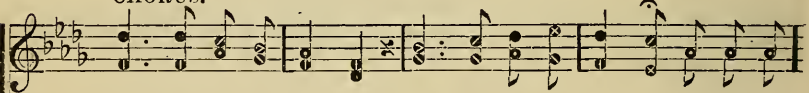
1. From mountain top and dew - y vale, From temples old and
2. From break of day to star - ry night, Ring out sal - va - tion's
3. High in the heaven of heavens a - bove, Where angels hosts a -
2. Oh, sin - ner, ere per - di - tion's waves Shall roll in fu - ry



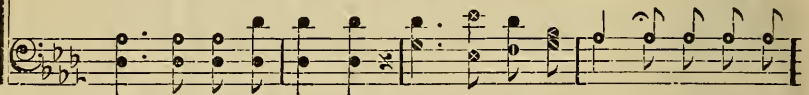
hoary, Proclaim redemption's wondrous tale, And give to Jesus glo - ry.
 story; And when returns the morning light, Still give to Je - sus glo - ry.
 dore thee, We'll sing the Father's matchless love, And give to Jesus glory.
 o'er thee, Come unto Jesus Christ who saves, And give to him the glo - ry.



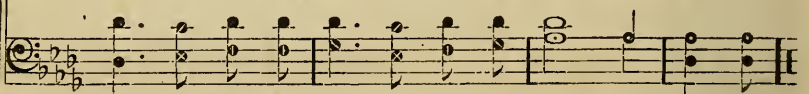
CHORUS.



Give to Je - sus glo - ry, Give to Je - sus glo - ry, Proclaim re -



demp - tion's wondrous tale, And give to Je - sus glo - ry.

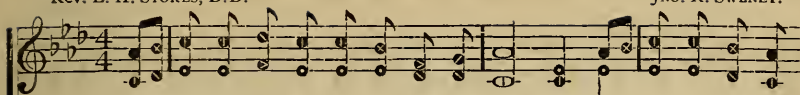


A-biding.

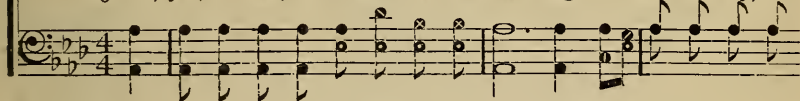
35

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D.D.

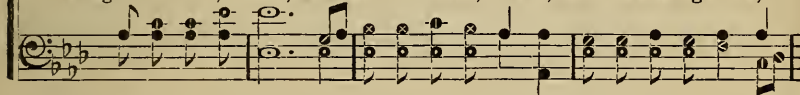
JNO. R. SWENEY.



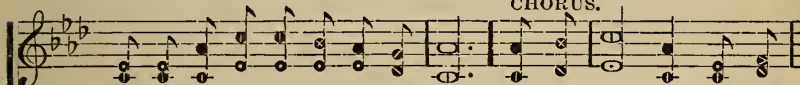
1. My soul for light and love had earnest longings, Oh, how it longed for
2. Oh, how en-riching is this sacred treasure! En-riching to this
3. Oh, yes, I rest, how blessed is the rest-ing! I rest to-day, I'm



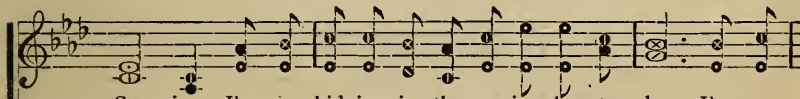
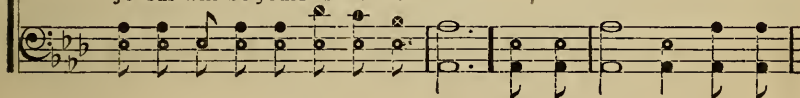
fellowship di-vine! I sought it here and there, I sought it ev'rywhere, At soul, this soul of mine; There's nothing any where Can with this love compare, And resting all the time; "Come," echoes thro' the air, "Come," and the resting share, And



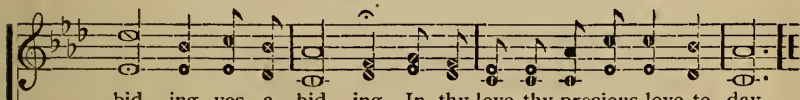
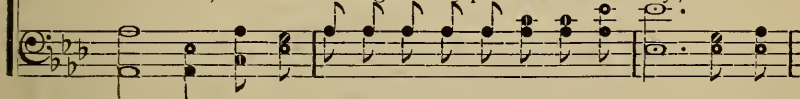
CHORUS.



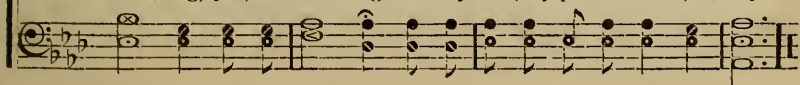
last, thro' faith, the holy boon was mine. I'm a-bid-ing, gracious
I henceforth, for-ev-er, Lord, am thine.
Je-sus will be yours as he is mine.



Sav-iour, I'm a-bid-ing in thy precious love to-day; I'm a-



bid-ing, yes, a-bid-ing In thy love, thy precious love, to-day.



Whatsoe'er our Sowing be.

B. F. CRAWFORD.

QUARTETTE.

1. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:
 2. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:
 3. Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing be, Reaping, we its fruits must see:

SOLO—Tenor or Soprano.

With sleepless watch, and | ear - nest | heed, Some are | sowing the seed of
 And scattering seed thro' | all the | land Are | many who stand with
 But sown in darkness or | sown in | light, Whether | sown in weakness or

no - ble deed; | With ceaseless hand broad - | cast they | sow, And
 i - dle hands, | While some are sowing the | seeds of | care, Their
 sown in might, | Whatsoe'er our | sow - ing | be,

TUTTI.

leave whit'ning fields where'er they go: Oh, rich will their har - vest be!
 soil long hath borne and still must bear; Oh, sad will their har - vest be!
 E - vil or good, we its fruits must see, For sure will the har - vest be!

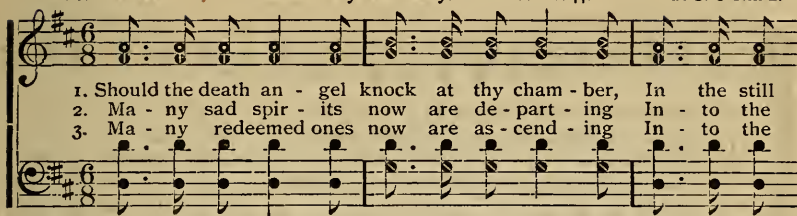
Say, are You Ready?

37

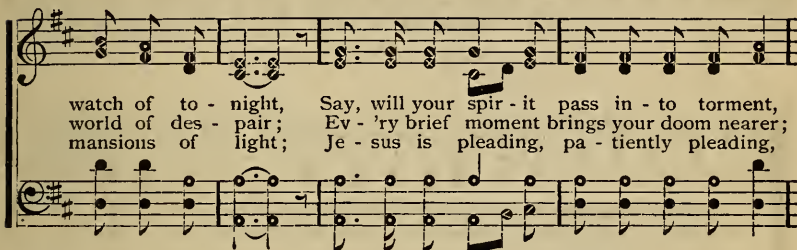
A. S. KIEFFER.

"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. xxiv. 44.

T. C. O'KANE.

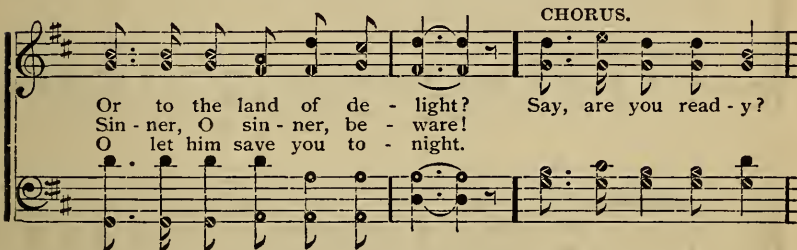


1. Should the death an - gel knock at thy cham - ber, In the still
2. Ma - ny sad spir - its now are de - part - ing In - to the
3. Ma - ny redeemed ones now are as - cend - ing In - to the

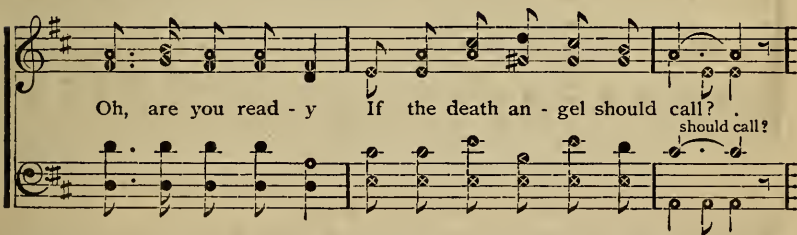


watch of to - night, Say, will your spir - it pass in - to torment,
world of des - pair; Ev - 'ry brief moment brings your doom nearer;
mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading, pa - tiently pleading,

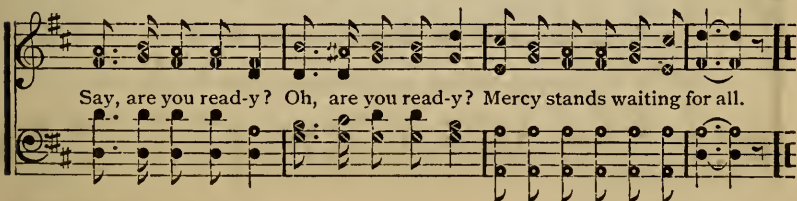
CHORUS.



Or to the land of de - light? Say, are you read - y?
Sin - ner, O sin - ner, be - ware!
O let him save you to - night.



Oh, are you read - y If the death an - gel should call?
should call?

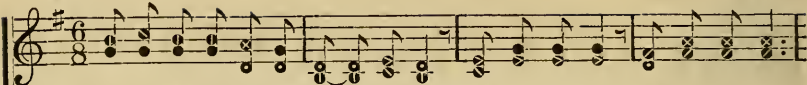


Say, are you read-y? Oh, are you read-y? Mercy stands waiting for all.

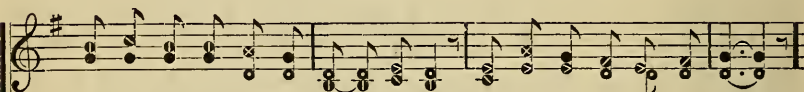
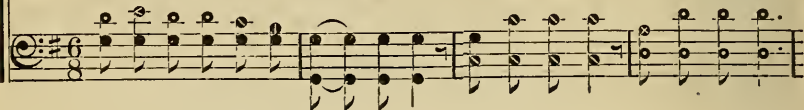
'Freely to all.

TRACY CLINTON.

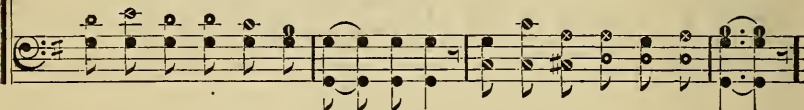
T. C. O'KANE.



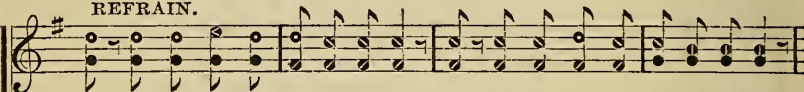
1. Jesus now of-fers forgiveness of sin Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
2. Jesus the water of life will give Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
3. Jesus has promised the bread of heav'n Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;
4. Haste to accept of his proffered love,—Free-ly to all, free-ly to all;



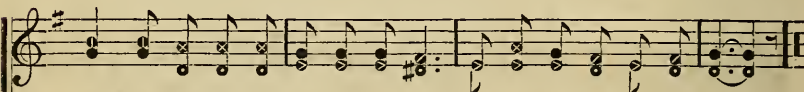
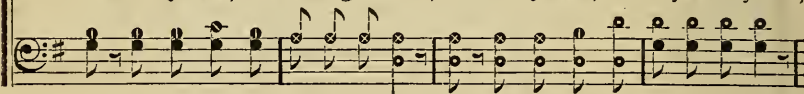
Pardon and pur-i-ty,—peace within,—Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
 Life un-to all who on him will believe, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
 Ne'er shall they hunger to whom it is giv'n,—Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.
 So you may win a crown promised above, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.



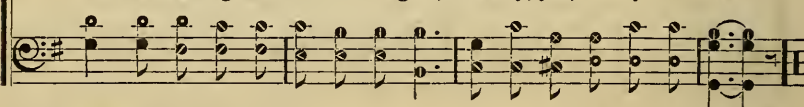
REFRAIN.



Come to Je-sus, his blessing receive; Come to Je-sus, in him you may live;



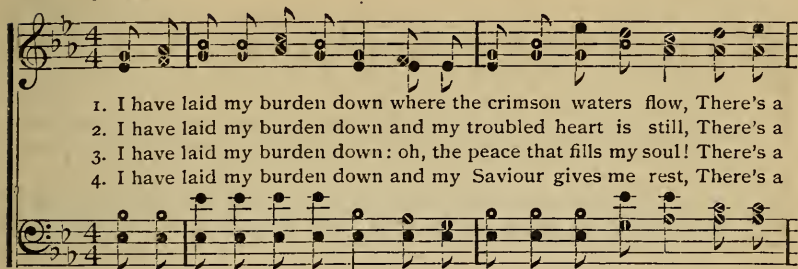
He is waiting sal-va-tion to give, Free-ly, yes, free-ly to all.



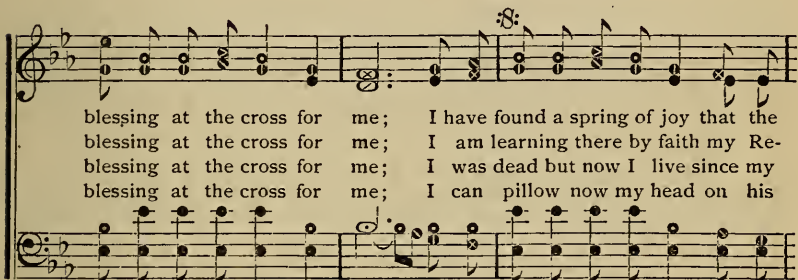
There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me. 39

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



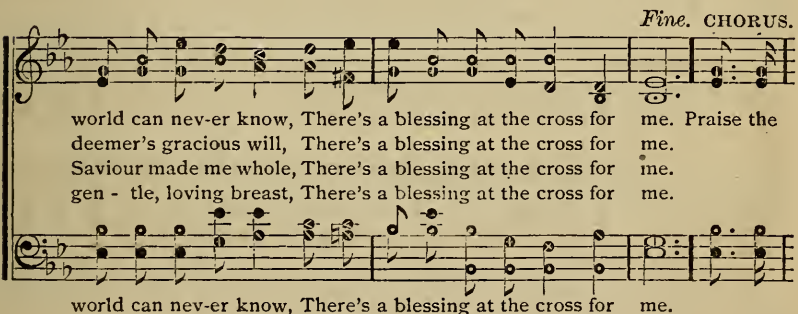
1. I have laid my burden down where the crimson waters flow, There's a
 2. I have laid my burden down and my troubled heart is still, There's a
 3. I have laid my burden down: oh, the peace that fills my soul! There's a
 4. I have laid my burden down and my Saviour gives me rest, There's a



blessing at the cross for me; I have found a spring of joy that the
 blessing at the cross for me; I am learning there by faith my Re-
 blessing at the cross for me; I was dead but now I live since my
 blessing at the cross for me; I can pillow now my head on his

D.S.—found a spring of joy that the

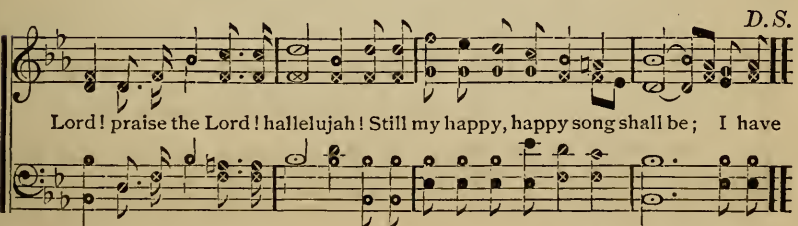
Fine. CHORUS.



world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me. Praise the
 deemer's gracious will, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
 Saviour made me whole, There's a blessing at the cross for me.
 gen - tle, loving breast, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

world can nev-er know, There's a blessing at the cross for me.

D.S.



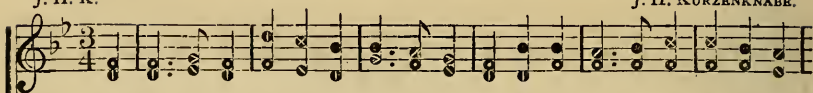
Lord! praise the Lord! hallelujah! Still my happy, happy song shall be; I have

The Beautiful River.

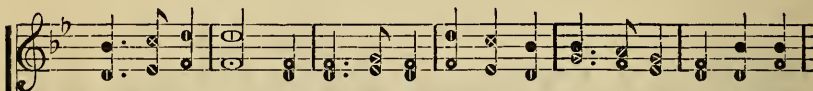
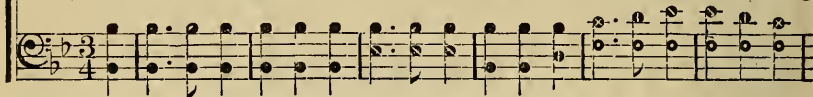
"And he showed me a pure river of water of life."—Rev. xxii. 1.

J. H. K.

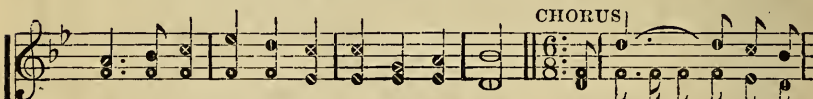
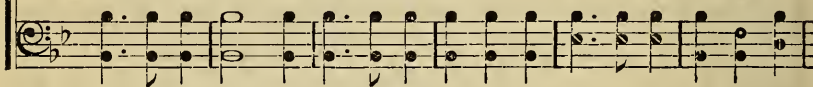
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. The beau-ti-ful riv-er, the life-giving riv-er, Will flow on e-ter-nal when
2. The gladdening plains and the valleys are telling Of glo-ry surrounding the
3. Oh, taste of this beau-ti-ful riv-er now flowing From out of the soul-saving

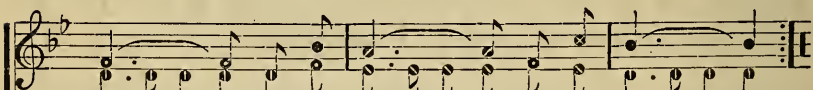
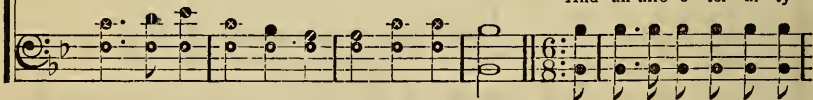


worlds cease to move; Its murmurings ech-o the praise of the Giv-er, Who
ev-ergreen shore; Of wonderful music, in richness excelling, Breathed
fount-ain for thee; Its name is sal-va-tion, on sinners be-stowing An

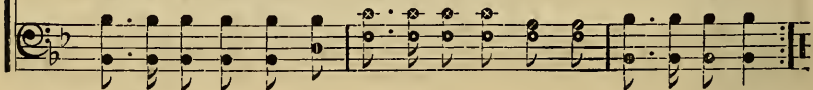


sends it to flow from the fountain of love.
back by the saints that have safely cross'd o'er.
undeserved pardon, e-ter-nal and free.

CHORUS
O beau-ti-ful
O beau-ti-ful riv-er, thy
Be-side . . thy pure
And all thro' e-ter-ni-ty



riv-er, In sil-ver-y bed,
wa-ters will ev-er Flow on in their course thro' their sil-ver-y bed,
wa-ters The ran-somed are led.
naught can e'er sev-er The ransomed in heaven by thy wa-ters bright led.

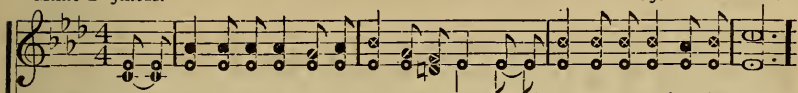


The Ransomed Singers.

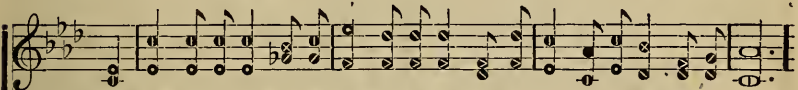
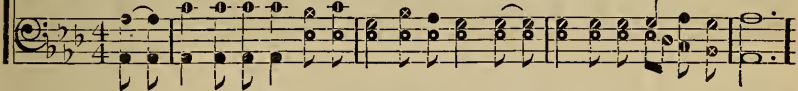
41

MARY D. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



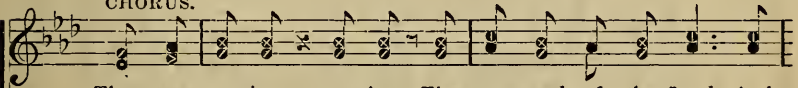
1. They are coming with songs, the victorious throngs, Lo! up to Mount Zion they come!
2. Tho' rough is their path, how un wav'ring their faith, Tho' fearful the foes in their way!
3. Oh, well may they sing, for the Spirit doth bring Rich foretastes of bliss as they go!
4. Sing on, happy throng, for your jubilant song Is the wonderful story of grace;



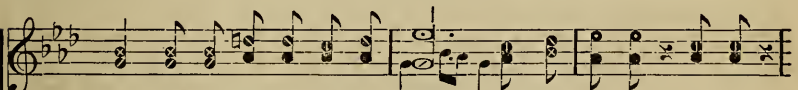
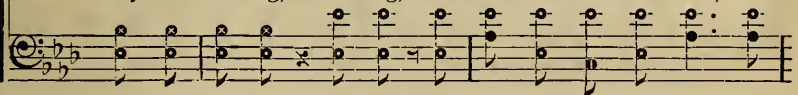
With joy they are crown'd; oh, what blessings abound In the way to their glorious home!
Still singing they come up to Zion their home, And they triumph in Christ day by day.
An earnest is given; the glory of heaven Makes bright all their pathway below!
It tells of the blood of your Crucified Lord, And bestows on the Lamb all the praise.



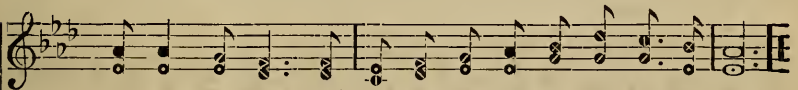
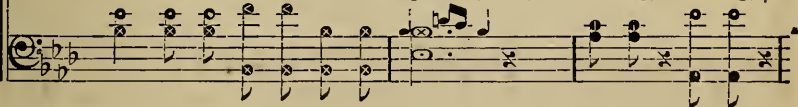
CHORUS.



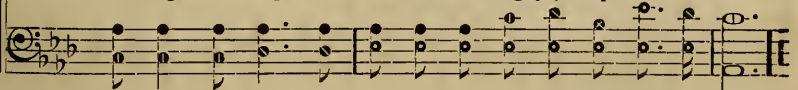
They are com-ing, com-ing, The ransomed of the Lord, And



Je - sus his banner o'er them spreads; They are coming, coming,



com-ing with songs And ev - er - last-ing joy up - on their heads.



Going Home Rejoicing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are going home rejoicing, Where our Father's dwelling stands, We are
 2. We are going in a vessel That we know is firm and strong: 'Tis the
 3. We are going home rejoicing; Praise the Lord, we're going home! Where for-

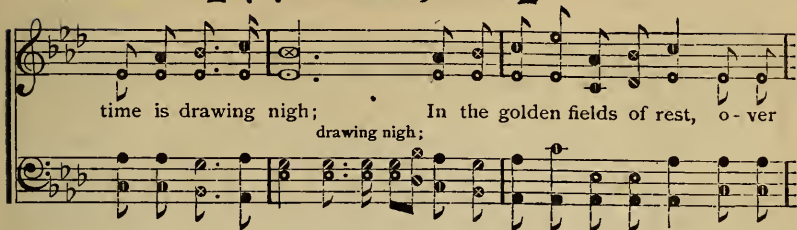
go-ing home re-joicing, To a house not made with hands; We are
 good old ship of Zi-on That has stood the storm so long; Countless
 ev-er and for-ev-er, With the Sav-our we shall roam; Clad in

go-ing home to Je-sus, Who redeemed us with his blood, Hal-le-
 millions it has anchored, And will an-chor millions more, In the
 robes that he has brought us,—Precious garments of his grace,—We shall

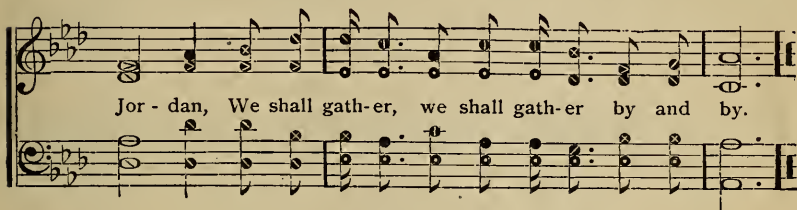
lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Soon we'll cross the swell-ing flood.
 port of life e-ter-nal, On the bright, ce-les-tial shore.
 see him in his glo-ry, And be-hold him face to face.

CHORUS.

Soon we'll cross the swelling flood of the Jor-dan, And the happy, happy



time is drawing nigh; In the golden fields of rest, o-ver
drawing nigh;

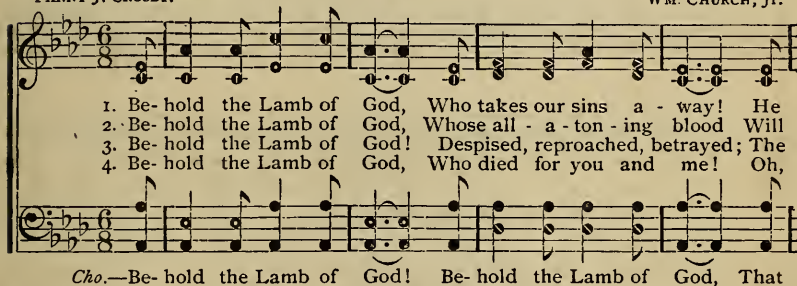


Jor-dan, We shall gath-er, we shall gath-er by and by.

Behold the Lamb of God.

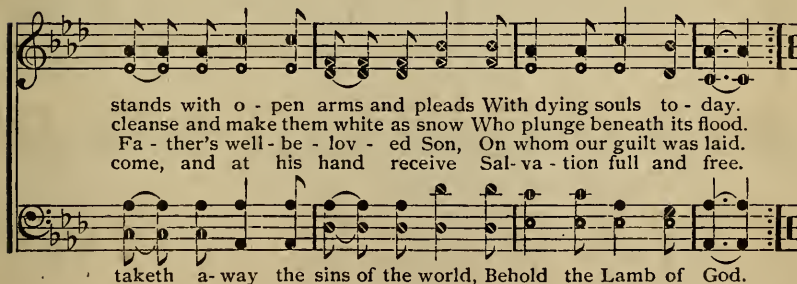
FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.



1. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Who takes our sins a-way! He
2. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Whose all-a-ton-ing blood Will
3. Be-hold the Lamb of God! Despised, reproached, betrayed; The
4. Be-hold the Lamb of God, Who died for you and me! Oh,

Cho.—Be-hold the Lamb of God! Be-hold the Lamb of God, That



stands with o-pen arms and pleads With dying souls to-day.
cleanse and make them white as snow Who plunge beneath its flood.
Fa-ther's well-be-lov-ed Son, On whom our guilt was laid.
come, and at his hand receive Sal-va-tion full and free.

taketh a-way the sins of the world, Behold the Lamb of God.

5 Behold the Lamb of God!
From earth's foundation slain,
That we, if faithful unto death,
With him might live and reign.

6 Behold the Lamb of God,
Whom now by faith we see;
Oh, tell the wonders of his grace.
And shout redemption free.

Dayspring.

ENGLISH.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Come, thou "Bright and Morning Star," Light of lights, without be - ginning,
 2. As the soft re - fresh - ing dew Falls on drooping herb and flower,
 3. Let thy love's pure fire de - stroy All our earth - ly taint and leaven.
 4. Ah! thou dayspring from on high, Grant that at thy next ap - pearing,
 5. Light us to those heavenly spheres, Sun of grace in glo - ry shrouded;

Shine up - on us from a - far, That we may be kept from sin - ning;
 Let thy Spir - it shed a - new Life on ev - ry wearied pow - er;
 Kindling love and ho - ly joy With the dawning east - ern heav - en;
 We who in the grave do lie May a - rise, thy summons hearing,
 Lead us thro' this vale of tears To the land where days un - clouded,

Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night, our dark night;
 Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more, ev - er - more;
 Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set, life has set;
 And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife, far from strife;
 Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease, nev - er cease;

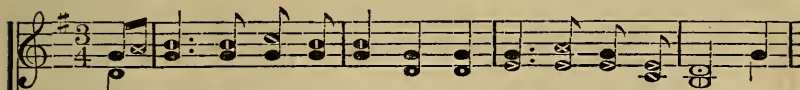
Drive a - way by thy clear light Our dark night.
 Bless thy flock from thy rich store, Ev - er - more.
 Let us tru - ly rise ere yet Life has set.
 And re - joice in our new life, Far from strife.
 Pur - est joy and per - fect peace Nev - er cease.

He Waits to Answer Prayer.


45

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

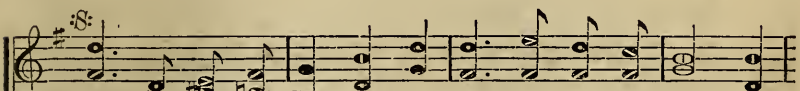
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. In Christian love u - ni - ted A - gain we meet to pray, And
2. And while we kneel to - geth - er, As one, around his throne, To
3. If here the precious moments That with the Lord we spend Are

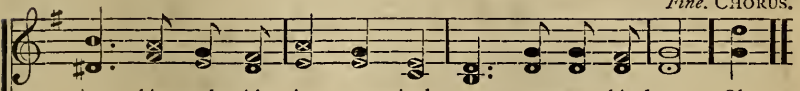


tell the wondrous deal - ings Of God from day to day, Now
tell him all our sor - rows, And make our wish - es known, Let
but the dis - tant gleamings Of joy that ne'er shall end, If



may his Ho - ly Spir - it Descend in migh - ty power, Re -
ev' - ry thought be earn - est, And ev' - ry heart be - lieve That
now our faith can waft us To Pis - gah's mountain height, Oh,
D.S.—leave the world be - hind us, For - get its ev' - ry care, Look

Fine. CHORUS.



vive his work with - in us, And con - secrate this hour. Oh,
each re - quest we of - fer An an - swer will re - ceive. *D.S.*
what will be our rap - ture When faith is lost in sight.

up, look up to Je - sus,—He waits to an - swer prayer.

O Bless the Lord.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Psalm ciii.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O bless the Lord, our souls, and all within; O bless the Lord, who pardons ev'ry sin;
2. O bless the Lord, ye worlds beyond the sky; Break forth, ye depths, let rocks and hills reply;

Fine.
Give thanks to him with ev'ry fleeting breath; Give thanks to him who triumphed over death.
Praise him, ye stars that saw creation's birth, Whose music hailed the pure and shining earth.

O bless the Lord, ye an - gels round his throne,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, ye angels round his throne,
O bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, the Prince of Peace adore,

Who do his will and make his wonders known;
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, and make his wonders known;
And let his love re - sound from shore to shore;
Let his love, let his love, let his love resound from shore to shore;

Strike, strike your harps, ye ran - somed host above,
Strike your harps, strike your harps, strike your harps, ye ransomed host above,
O bless the Lord Je - ho - vah, King of kings,
Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord Je - hovah, King of kings,

Use 1st four lines as Chorus.

With rapture sing, and shout redeeming love,
 Strike your harps, strike your harps, and shout redeeming love, redeeming love.
 Who guards his own be - neath his mighty wings,
 Guards his own, guards his own beneath his mighty wings, his mighty wings.

I Come to Thee.

MERLE MURRIE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Just as a lit - tle tired child Seeks rest up - on its mother's knee,
 2. From all my worldly cares, my sins, How tempted am I oft to flee;
 3. For if thou dost not take a - way The sting, the pain, the mis - er - y,
 4. If best for me—thou knowest best—I know that thou wilt hear my plea,

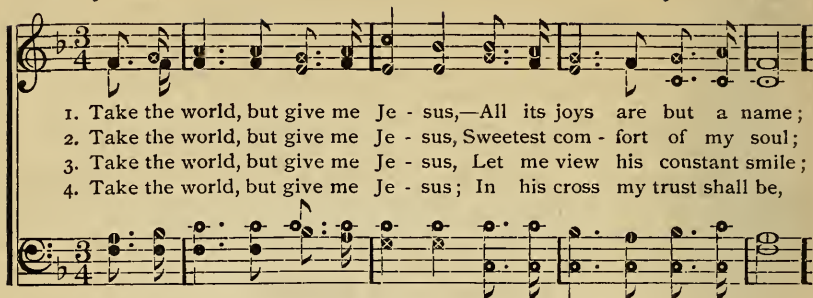
Worn out with care and striv - ing oft, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 So with the griev - ous, hea - vy load, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 Thou yet wilt help me bear them all, Dear Lord, I come to thee:
 Wilt bear my bur - dens, give me rest; Dear Lord, I come to thee:

Worn out with care and striv - ing oft, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 So with the grievous, hea - vy load, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 Thou yet wilt help me bear them all, Dear Lord, I come to thee.
 Wilt bear my bur - dens, give me rest; Dear Lord, I come to thee.

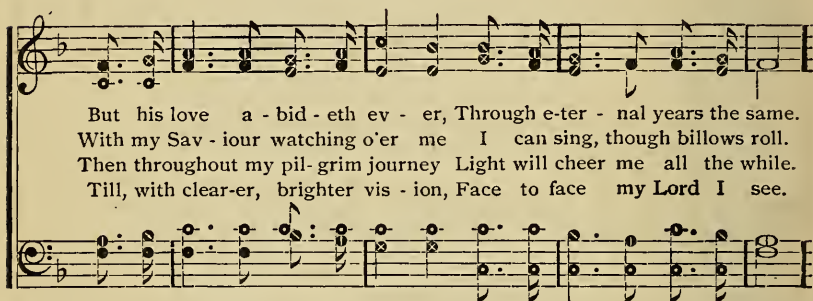
Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

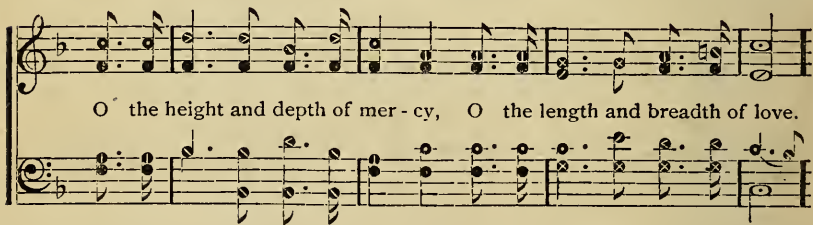
JNO. R. SWENEY.



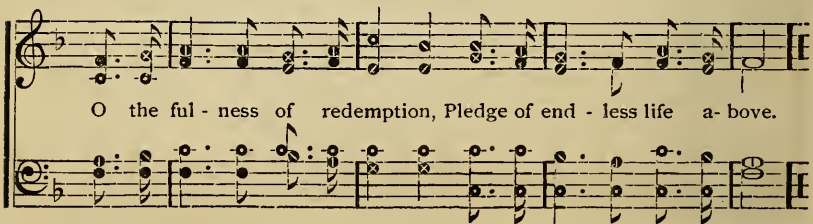
1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
 2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
 3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
 4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In his cross my trust shall be,



But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e - ter - nal years the same.
 With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
 Then throughout my pil - grim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
 Till, with clear - er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.



O' the height and depth of mer - cy, O the length and breadth of love.



O the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a - bove.

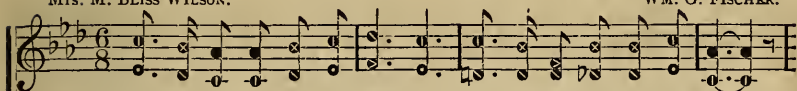
What of the Future?

49

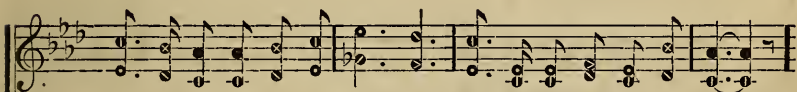
I asked a dear one, "What of the future?" He replied, "It is all dark."—M. B. W.

Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.

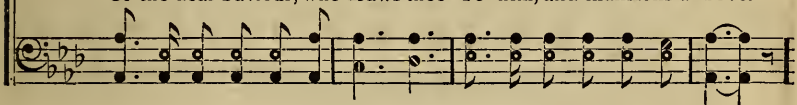
WM. G. FISCHER.



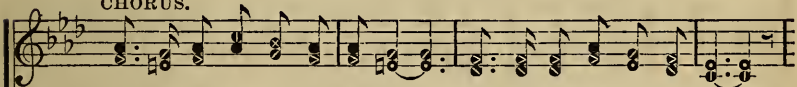
1. What of the future, my broth-er,— Af-ter this world and its strife?
2. What of the future, my broth-er? Can you not see thro' the gloom
3. What of the future, my broth-er? Get thyself read-y to-night,
4. What of the future, my broth-er? Turn not a-way from the love



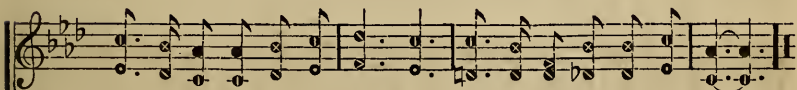
Is there no light for thee yon-der, Bright'ning the on-coming life?
 Veil-ing the pathway be-fore you? Is it all dark in the tomb?
 Fear-ing that God's Holy Spir-it, Griev-ed and sad, takes his flight.
 Of the dear Saviour, who draws thee To him, and mansions a-bove.



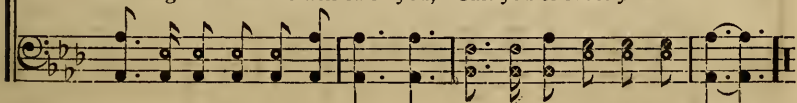
CHORUS.



Make thyself read-y, my broth-er, Read-y to meet the dear Lord,



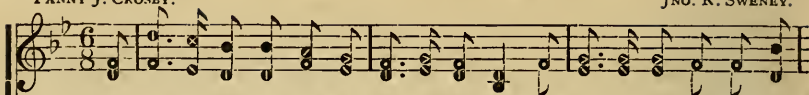
Knowing that soon he will call you,—Call you to meet your re-ward.



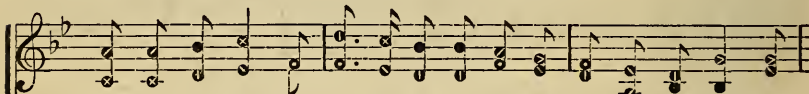
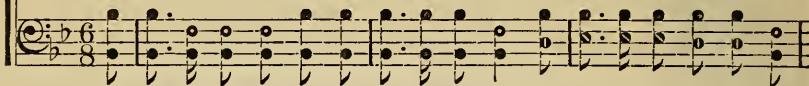
Pray for them Now.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

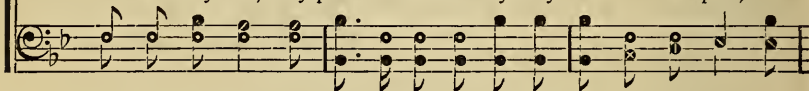
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O pray for the wretched and perishing souls, That firm in his fetters the
2. O pray for the mothers now weeping alone, Their poor hearts are broken, how
3. O pray for the millions that love not the Lord, And heed not the message that
4. O pray that the Spir-it on sinners may fall, That those who are vilest the



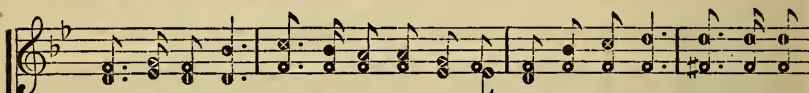
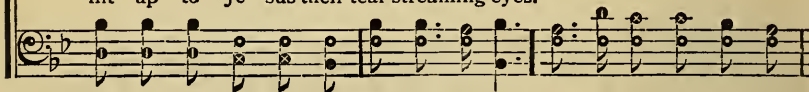
tempt-er controls, O pray that Je-ho-vah his arm will make bare, And
 sad-ly they moan; For those who in childhood so fond-ly they reared, A-
 comes from his word, O pray without ceasing that work may be done, Yes,
 loud-est may call, May plead for the mer-cy they dared to de-spise, And



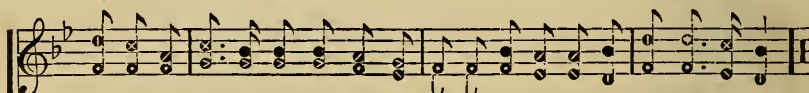
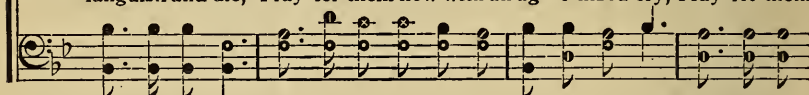
CHORUS.



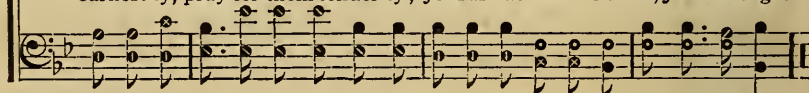
snatch them from ru-in, from wreck and despair. Pray for them now, lest they
 las! by the wine cup are blighted and seared!
 work in the name of the Cru-ci-fied One.
 lift up to Je-sus their tear streaming eyes.



languish and die, Pray for them now with an ag-o-nized cry, Pray for them



earnest-ly, pray for them tender-ly; Je-sus has died for them, Jesus is nigh.

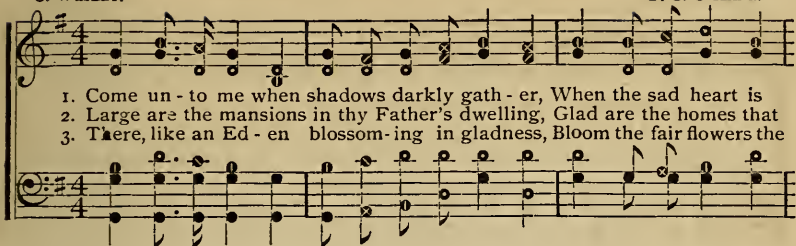


I will give you Rest.

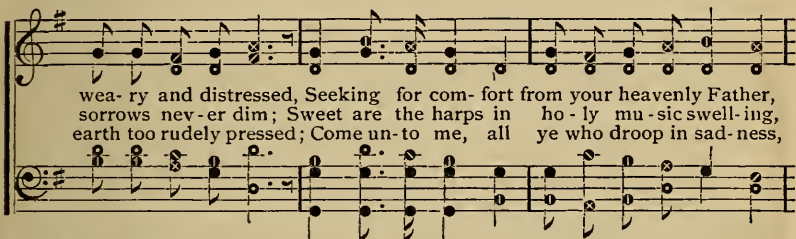
51

C. WESLEY.

T. C. O'KANE.

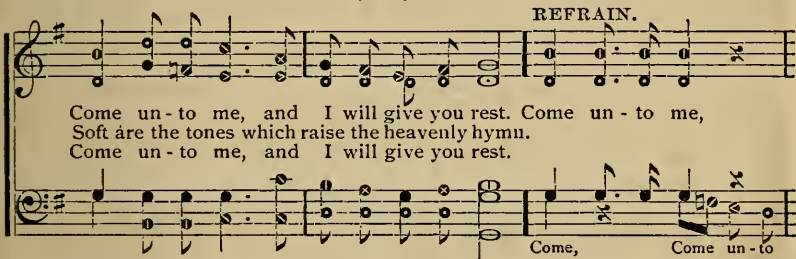


1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling, Glad are the homes that
3. There, like an Ed - en blossom - ing in gladness, Bloom the fair flowers the



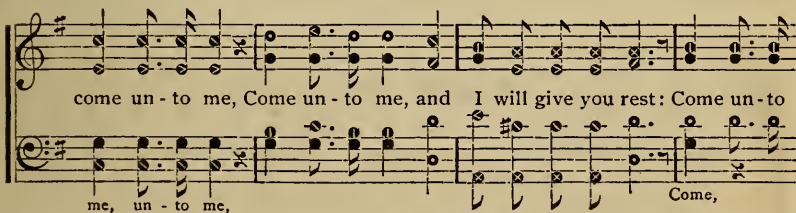
wea - ry and distressed, Seeking for com - fort from your heavenly Father,
sorrows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing,
earth too rudely pressed; Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - ness,

REFRAIN.

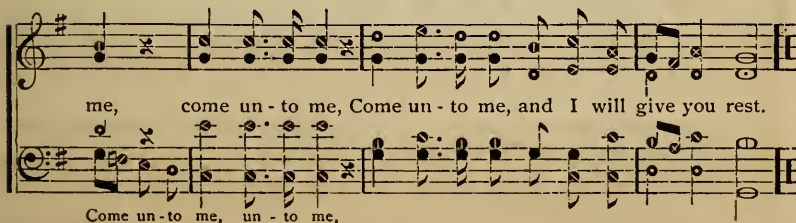


Come un - to me, and I will give you rest. Come un - to me,
Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

Come, Come un - to



come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest: Come un - to
me, un - to me, Come,



me, come un - to me, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
Come un - to me, un - to me,

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O tender Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee;

Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

mf E - ven me, *p* Yes, e - ven me, *mf* e - ven me, *p* yes, e - ven me,—

Show'rs, the thirsty land re - fresh - ing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rath - er Let thy mer - cy fall on me.—
 I am long - ing for thy fa - vor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—

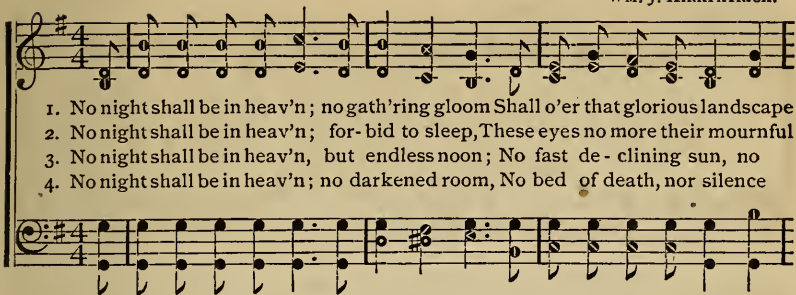
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou can'st make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me,—
 Even me, even me, etc.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,—
 Even me, even me, etc.

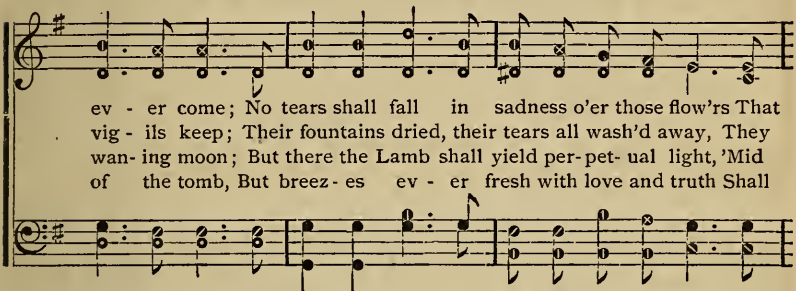
No Night in Heaven.

53

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

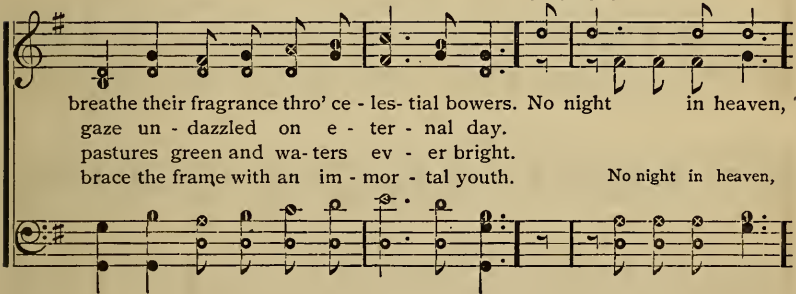


1. No night shall be in heav'n; no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape
 2. No night shall be in heav'n; for-bid to sleep, These eyes no more their mournful
 3. No night shall be in heav'n, but endless noon; No fast de- clining sun, no
 4. No night shall be in heav'n; no darkened room, No bed of death, nor silence

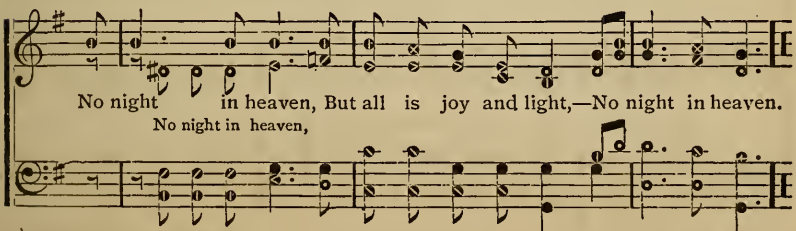


ev - er come; No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flow'rs That
 vig - ils keep; Their fountains dried, their tears all wash'd away, They
 wan - ing moon; But there the Lamb shall yield per - pet - ual light, 'Mid
 of the tomb, But breez - es ev - er fresh with love and truth Shall

CHORUS.



breathe their fragrance thro' ce - les - tial bowers. No night in heaven,
 gaze un - dazzled on e - ter - nal day.
 pastures green and wa - ters ev - er bright.
 brace the frame with an im - mor - tal youth. No night in heaven,



No night in heaven, But all is joy and light, — No night in heaven.
 No night in heaven,

1. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thou Lamb of God, On thee my sins were laid,
 2. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thy blood a - lone Can for the sinner's guilt
 3. Je - sus my Sav - iour, thy grace to me Fills all my soul with peace,
 4. Je - sus my Sav - iour, bought with thy blood, Living, my life is thine,

a mighty load, Now with a joy - ful heart by faith I see Thy precious
 ful - ly a - tone; This my redemption price, gladly I see Thy precious
 boundless and free, This is my steadfast hope, clearly I see Thy precious
 hid - den with God; Dy - ing, to thee I'll fly, ev - er to see Thy precious

REFRAIN.

blood was shed free - ly for me. Free - ly for me, free - ly for me,

Thy precious blood was shed free - ly for me: Free - ly for me,

free - ly for me, Thy precious blood was shed free - ly for me.

Sin No More.

55

C. C. McCABE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When did ev - er words so ten - der Fall on mor - tal ears be - fore,
 2. Je - sus spake, and then the pow - er Of his great sal - va - tion came;
 3. "I will know the way thou tak - est Till thou stand on Canaan's shore;

As the bless - ed words of Je - sus,—"Go thy way, and sin no more."
 All the bonds of sin were broken: Glo - ry! glo - ry! to his name.
 Nev - er, nev - er will I leave thee; Go thy way, and sin no more."

Pardoned! oh, that word of rap - ture! As I knelt at Mercy's door,
 "Rise, forgiven, O child of sor - row; Rise, for lo! thy light hath come;
 "From the world I will not take thee Till the bat - tle strife is o'er;

Burdened with my sin and sor - row,—“Go thy way, and sin no more.”
 Put thy beauteous garments on thee; Take thy staff, and journey home.”
 From its e - vil I will keep thee; Go thy way, and sin no more.”

4 O the fight! I've learned to love it,
 For the victory is mine;
 In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Triumphant in love divine.
 O the dawn of heaven's glory!
 O the day that has no night!
 O the sun that finds no zenith!
 O the host in raiment bright!

5 O, the King who dwells among them
 In his beauty I shall see;
 Heav'n shall ring with loud hosannas
 Unto him who died for me.
 But, 'mid all the joys of heaven,
 I will ne'er forget the hour
 When my Saviour said, "Forgiven!
 Go thy way, and sin no more."

1. There's a bright land of promise for the chil-dren of light, Just a-
 2. There's a song in that land, 'tis an old, rapturous song, It is
 3. Our King all vic - to - rious has cast up a way Of

cross Jordan's dark roll-ing flood, With its mansions e - ter - nal and its
 fill - ing all time with its strain; As it vi-brates for - ev - er through-
 life to that ev - er-green shore; Thro' which he is lead - ing the

CHORUS.

great tree of life, "'Tis the home of the ransomed of God." Our King has gone
 out all the throng, Singing, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain."
 righteous, and they Will reign with him there ev-ermore.

o-ver and purchased the land, Yes, Jesus has cross'd the dark flood, And

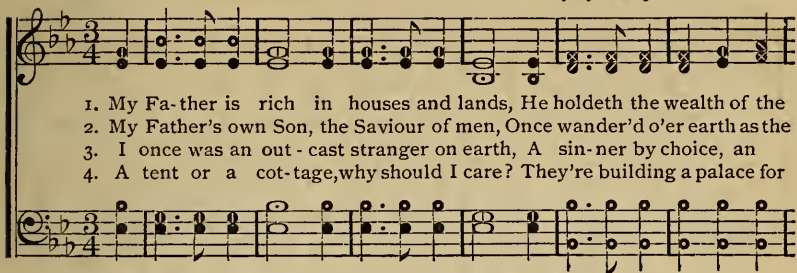
holds for us there the DEED in his hand, And 'tis seal'd with his own precious blood.

The Child of a King.

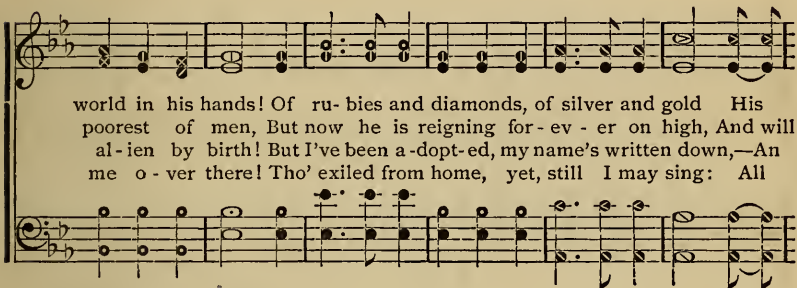
57

HATTIE E. BUELL.

Arr. from Melody by Rev. JOHN B. SUMNER.

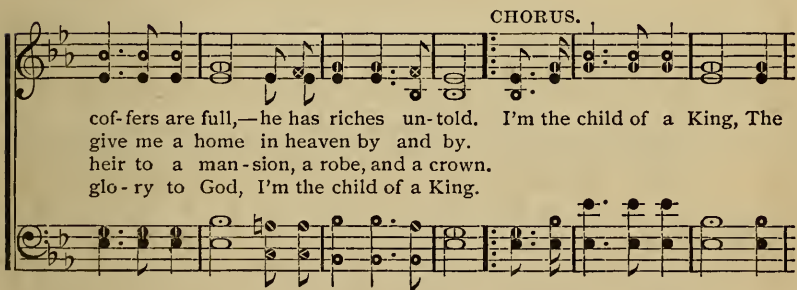


1. My Fa-ther is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
 2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
 3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
 4. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



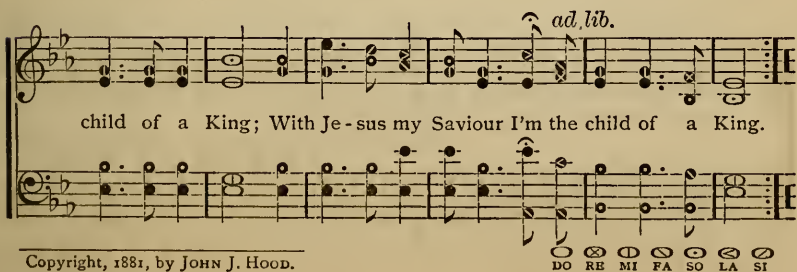
world in his hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of silver and gold His
 poorest of men, But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will
 al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, — An
 me o - ver there! Tho' exiled from home, yet, still I may sing: All

CHORUS.



cof - fers are full, — he has riches un - told. I'm the child of a King, The
 give me a home in heaven by and by.
 heir to a man - sion, a robe, and a crown.
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

ad lib.



child of a King; With Je - sus my Saviour I'm the child of a King.

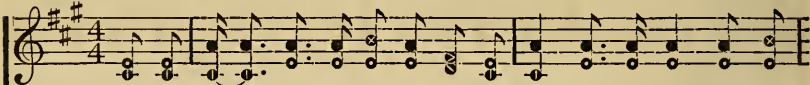
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Behold the Bridegroom.

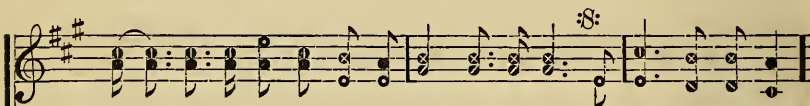
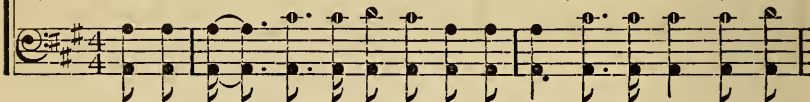
"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh: go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

R. E. H.

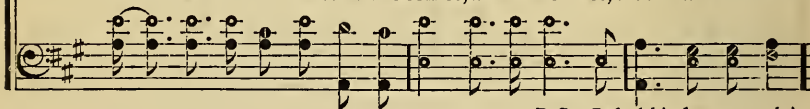
R. E. HUDSON.



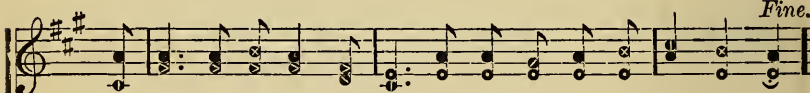
1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; We will



ready for the Bridegroom When he comes, when he comes, Behold! he cometh!
lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes, He quickly cometh!
all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; He surely cometh!
chant al - le - lu - ias When he comes, when he comes; Lo! now he cometh!

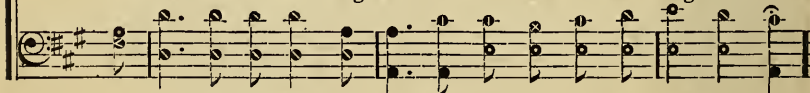


D.S.—Behold! he cometh!



Fine.

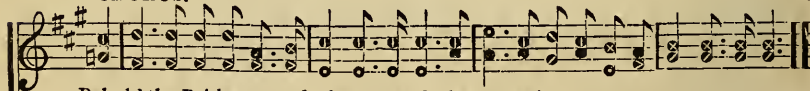
be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
he quick - ly cometh, O soul, be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
he sure - ly cometh! We'll go to meet him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now he cometh! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.



be - hold! he cometh! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.

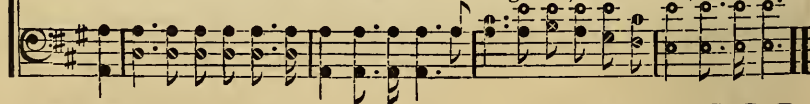
CHORUS.

D. S.



Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!

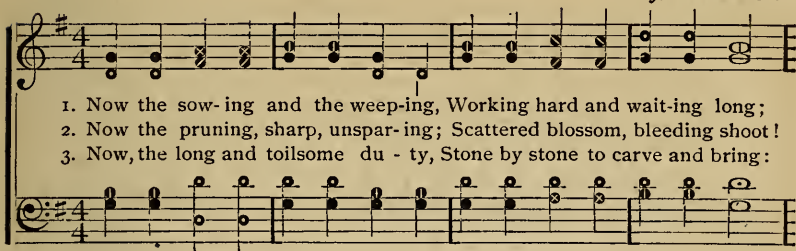
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!



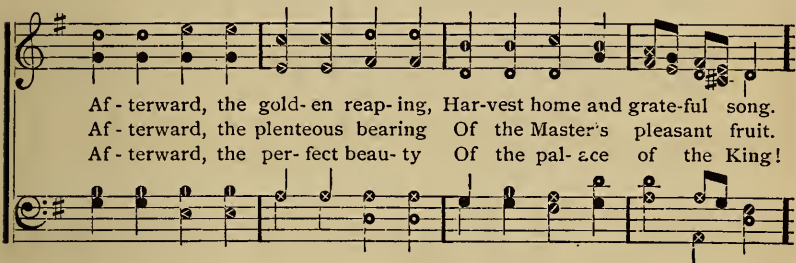
Now the Sowing and the Weeping. 59

F. R. HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

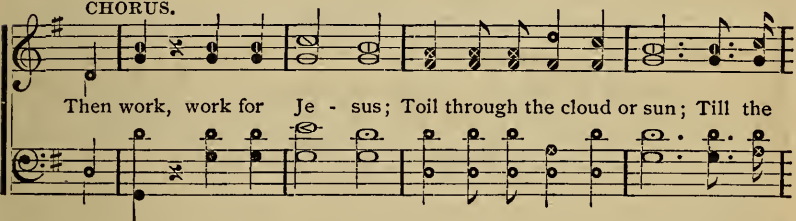


1. Now the sow-ing and the weep-ing, Working hard and wait-ing long;
 2. Now the pruning, sharp, unspar-ing; Scattered blossom, bleeding shoot!
 3. Now, the long and toilsome du - ty, Stone by stone to carve and bring:

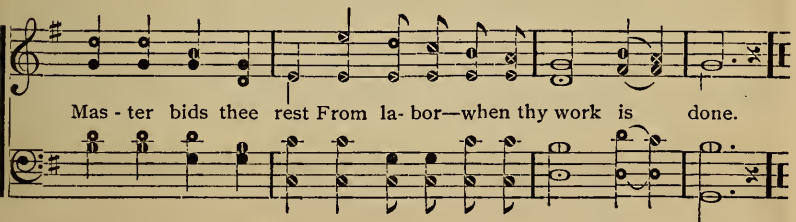


Af - terward, the gold-en reap-ing, Har-vest home and grate-ful song.
 Af - terward, the plenteous bearing Of the Master's pleasant fruit.
 Af - terward, the per-fect beau-ty Of the pal-ace of the King!

CHORUS.



Then work, work for Je - sus; Toil through the cloud or sun; Till the



Mas - ter bids thee rest From la-bor—when thy work is done.

4 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
 Wounded heart, unequal strife;
 Afterward, the triumph given,
 And the victor-crown of life!

5 Now, the training, strange and lowly,
 Unexplained and tedious now;
 Afterward, the service holy,
 And the Master's "Enter thou!"

1. They are looking down up-on us from the bat-tlements of light, Happy
 2. They have conquered in the battle and the race they no-bly run, Of their
 3. They are looking down up-on us,—our beloved are looking down; We have
 4. They are watching, they are waiting, and the time will not be long Till we

souls now at home with Je - sus; In the blood of his atonement they have
 faith not a link is broken; Thro' the might of him that loved them life e-
 friends in that roy-al ar-my; At the hand of their Redeemer they re-mee-
 meet by the crystal riv-er, There to praise our Lord and Saviour in a

Fine.
 wash'd their garments white, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
 ternal they have won, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
 ceiv'd a starry crown, And they rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.
 nev-er-ending song, There to rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.

D.S.—Saviour calls us home, There to rest with him in glo-ry ev-er-more.

CHORUS

O-ver Jor-dan, o-ver Jor-dan, They have anchored, safely

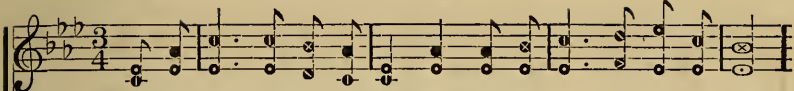
D.S.
 anchored on the shore; (*on the shore;*) In their footprints we will follow till the

Always with us.

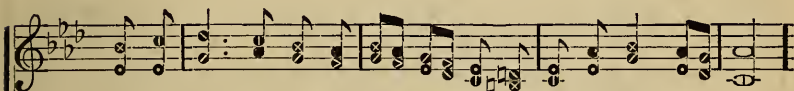
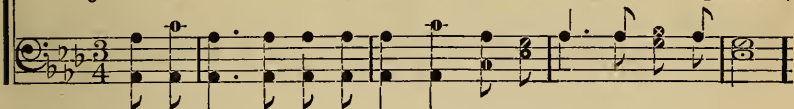
61

EDWIN H. NEVIN.

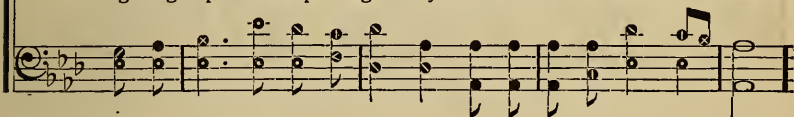
T. C. O'KANE.



1. With us when we toil in sadness,—Sowing much and reaping none,—
2. With us when the storm is sweeping O'er our pathway dark and drear;
3. With us in the lone-ly val-ley, When we cross the chilling stream;



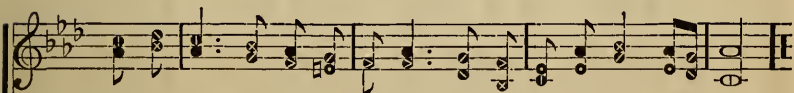
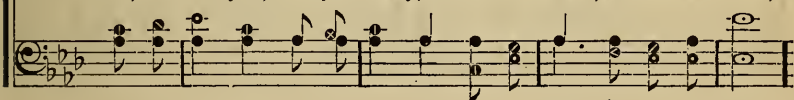
Telling us that in the fu-ture Gold-en harvests shall be 'won.
Waking hope with-in our bo-soms, Stilling ev-'ry anx-ious fear.
Lighting up the steps to glo-ry With sal-va-tion's ra-diant beam.



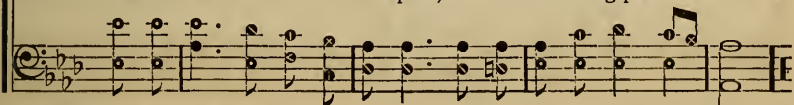
CHORUS.



"Lo, I'm with you, with you alway,"—Words of cheer, and words of love,—

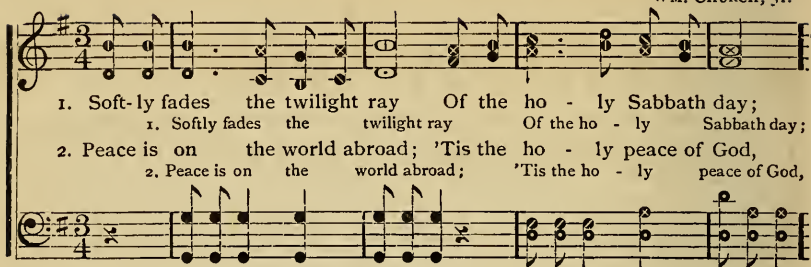


Thus the ris-en Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place a-bove.

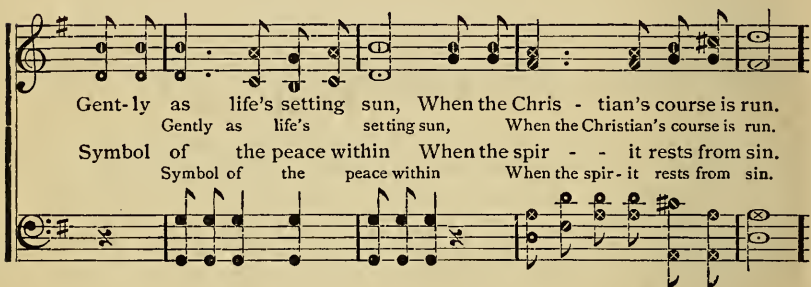


Softly fades the twilight ray.

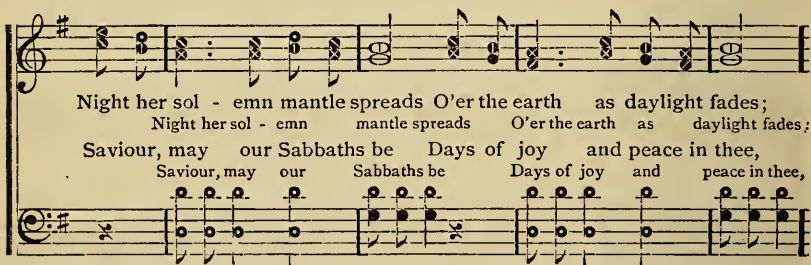
WM. CHURCH, Jr.



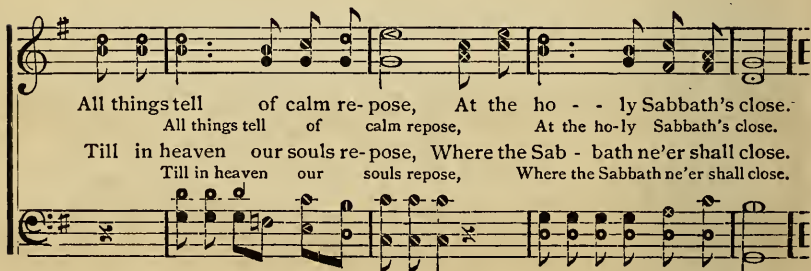
1. Soft-ly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
 1. Softly fades the twilight ray Of the ho - ly Sabbath day;
 2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,
 2. Peace is on the world abroad; 'Tis the ho - ly peace of God,



Gent-ly as life's setting sun, When the Chris - tian's course is run.
 Gently as life's setting sun, When the Christian's course is run.
 Symbol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.
 Symbol of the peace within When the spir - it rests from sin.



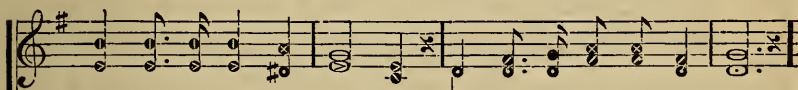
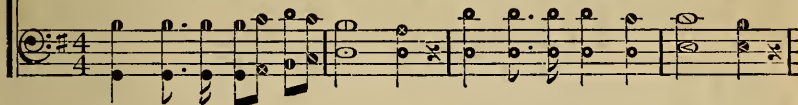
Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
 Night her sol - emn mantle spreads O'er the earth as daylight fades;
 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,
 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be Days of joy and peace in thee,



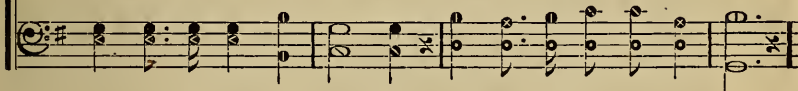
All things tell of calm re - pose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
 All things tell of calm repose, At the ho - ly Sabbath's close.
 Till in heaven our souls re - pose, Where the Sab - bath ne'er shall close.
 Till in heaven our souls repose, Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.



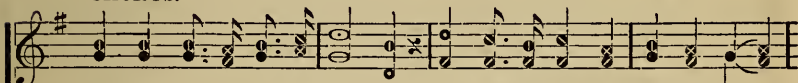
1. Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth,
2. "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir - it, "Come," saith the Holy Spir - it,
3. Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth, Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth,
4. Come, whoso - ev - er list - eth, Come, whoso - ev - er list - eth,



Ho! ev-'ry one that thirst-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
 "Come," saith the Ho-ly Spir - it, Come to the wa-ter of life.
 Come, ev-'ry one that hear-eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.
 Come, who-so - ev - er list - eth, Come to the wa-ter of life.



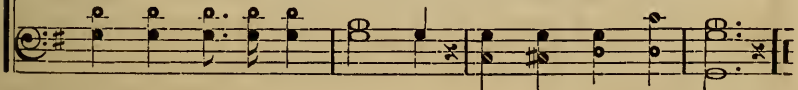
CHORUS.



Come, for ev-'rything is read - y,— Je - sus is waiting; hear him call,



"Come and buy with-out mon - ey,"—"Je - sus paid it all."



"Fling down your Gold for Jesus."

Miss P. J. OWENS. Last words of Dr. T. M. EDDY.

HARRY SANDERS.

Allegro.

1. E - ter - ni - ty is dawning In brightness round me pour'd, I see the Star of
 2. What treasures hath he given To fill your souls with light, For you the wealth of
 3. No earthly treasure heaping For time, the spoilers hoard, No tribute backward

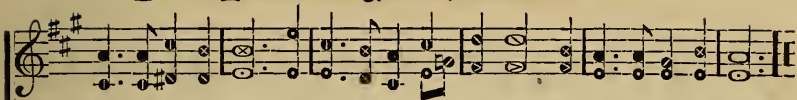
Morn - ing, My Je - sus! my Adored: Earth, take my latest warn - ing, In
 heav - en Is stored in mansions bright; For you his heart was riven With
 keep - ing, Thou ow - est to thy Lord; For heathen souls are weeping, In

earnest accents told; O souls that follow Jesus, For his cause spend your gold.
 grief and pain untold; Ah, men that follow Je - sus, Refuse him not your gold.
 sorrow unconsol'd; O Church, redeem'd by Jesus, For his sake give your gold.

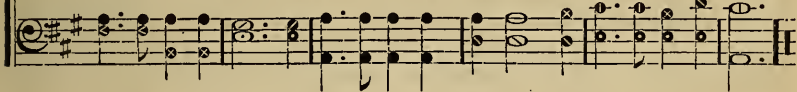
CHORUS.

Go, seek immortal treasure, That time can never dim, Fling down your gold for

Je - sus, And take the world for him; And bring no stinted measure, For



love so true and sweet, Fling down your gold for Jesus, Go, cast it at his feet.



Give Me Thy Heart.

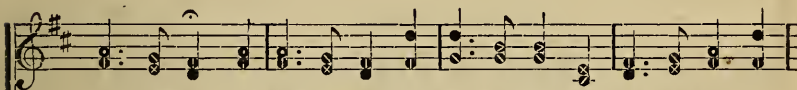
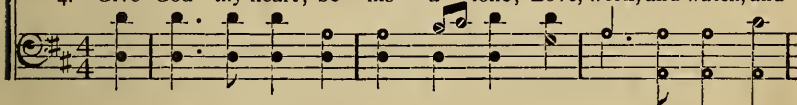
Mrs. B. A. PERRIGO.

H. SANDERS.

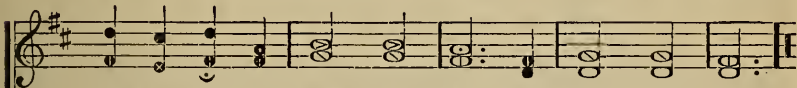
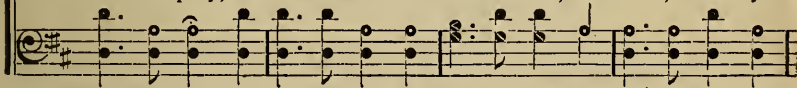
With expression.



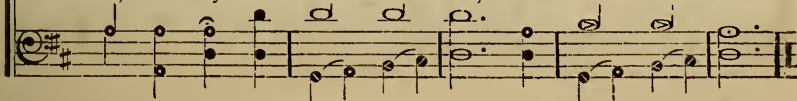
1. "Give me thy heart," the sweet words fall Like whisper'd mu - sic
2. And when the noon-tide scat - ters round Its gold - en tints, its
3. Oh, 'tis the Lord who speaks to thee So kind - ly, canst thou
4. Give God thy heart; be his a - lone; Love, work, and watch, and



on the ear; "Give me thy heart," the pleading call Floats like a harp-note - rich - est hues, Then, then is heard the self-same sound, "Give me thy heart," do from him stay? He woos thee yet more tender-ly: "Give me thy heart," with-
strive and pray, That when his will in thee is done, That heart, al-read-y



soft and clear; "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
not re - fuse; "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
out de - lay; "Give me thy heart," "Give me thy heart."
his, shall say:—Take thou thine own, Take thou thine own.



Gathering Home.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE.

R. N. M'INTOSH.

1. Up to the bounti-ful Giver of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
 3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
 Safe in the arms of his infi-nite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home!
 Gath-er-ing home!

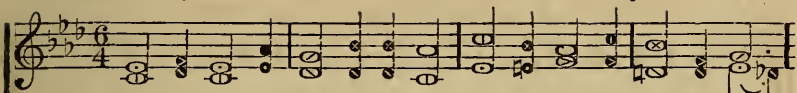
gath-er-ing home! God's children are gather-ing home.
 gath-er-ing home!

One by One.

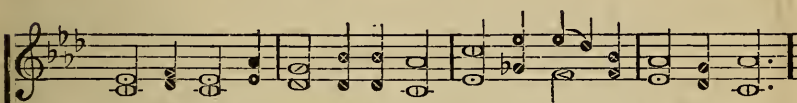
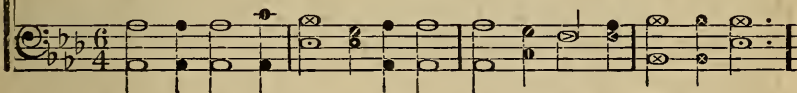
67

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

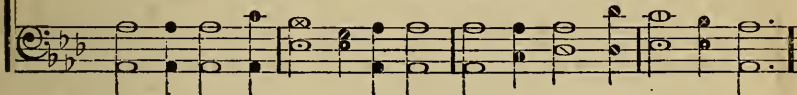
JNO. R. SWENEY.



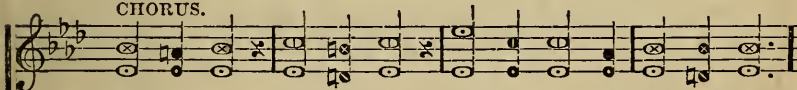
1. One by one, our loved ones slowly Pass beyond the bounds of time;
2. One by one, soon we shall gather, Not as we have gathered here—
3. One by one, our ranks are thinning, Thinning here but swelling there;
4. Good bye! hail! the fondly cherished, Tears and joy are ours to-day;



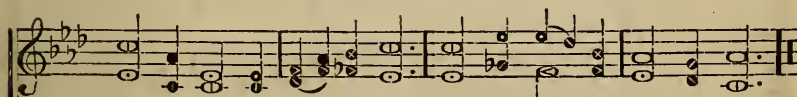
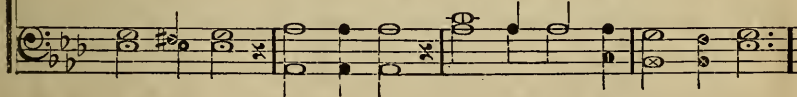
One by one, a-mong the ho-ly, Sing the vic-tor's song sublime.
Bowed and broken, but the rather, In e-ter-nal youth ap-pear.
One by one, bright crowns are winning, Crowns they shall forever wear.
Some have gone, and lo! the others Hast-en on the shortening way.



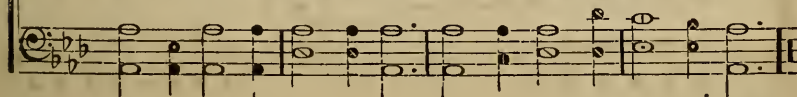
CHORUS.



One by one, one by one; We shall soon, yes, soon be there;



One by one, yes, one by one, We shall end-less glo-ry share.



What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. 1, 5.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
 2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
 3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the
 4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-

greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
 gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-gether, on the
 Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
 umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of

wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bright-ce-lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 bless-ed, to my right, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

CHORUS.

What a gath - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the
 What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an - oth - er,

sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
 ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

gath - - - 'ring, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
 dear ones meet each oth - er,

Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To thy cross, dear Christ I'm clinging, All my re - fuge and my plea;
 2. Long my heart hath heard thee calling, But I thrust a - side thy grace;
 3. Love e - ter - nal, light e - ter - nal, Close me safe - ly, sweetly in;

Matchless is thy lov - ing kindness, Else it had not stoop'd to me.
 Yet, O boundless con - de - scension, Love is shin - ing from thy face.
 Sav - iour, let thy balm of healing, Ev - er keep me free from sin.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'tis glo - ry! oh, 'tis glo - ry! Oh, 'tis glo - ry in my soul,

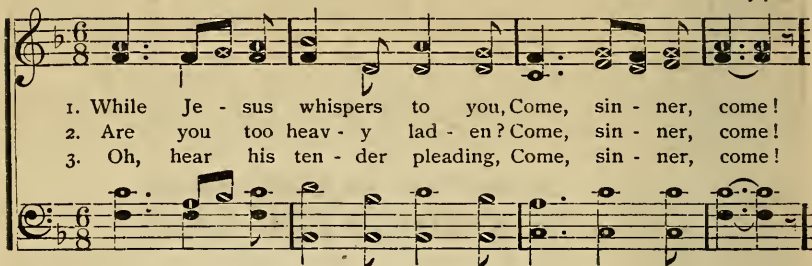
For I've touch'd the hem of his garment, And his pow'r doth make me whole.

Come, Sinner, Come.

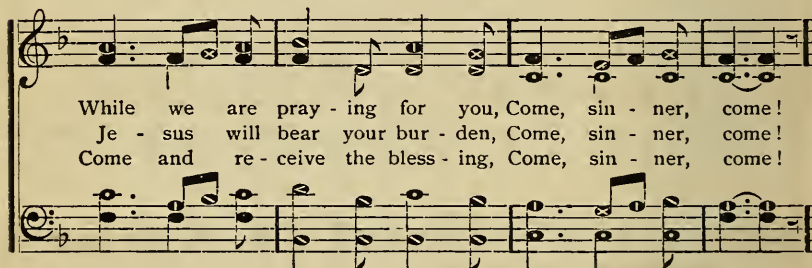
"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden."—Matt. xi. 28

WILL. E. WITTER.

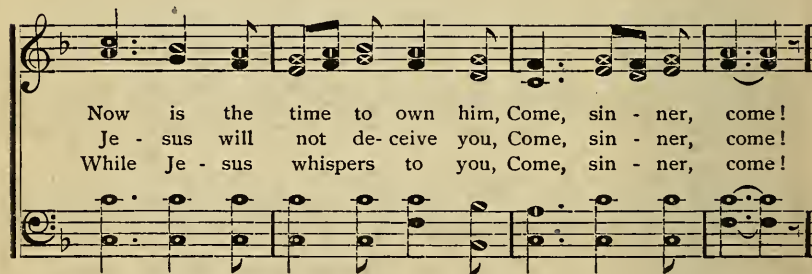
H. R. PALMER. By per.



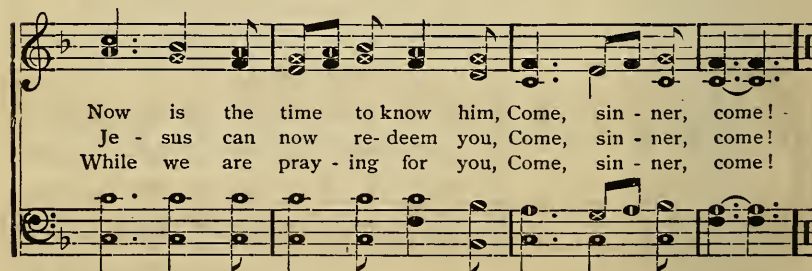
1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come!
 3. Oh, hear his ten - der pleading, Come, sin - ner, come!



While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Come and re - ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to own him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus will not de - ceive you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin - ner, come!



Now is the time to know him, Come, sin - ner, come!
 Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!
 While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

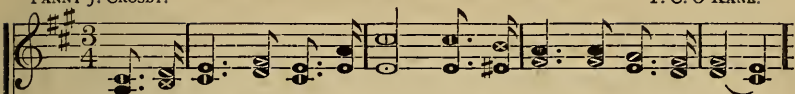
Cleft for Me.

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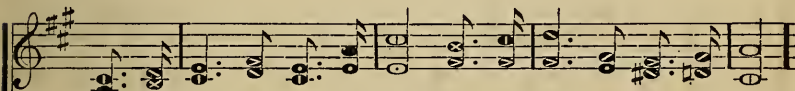
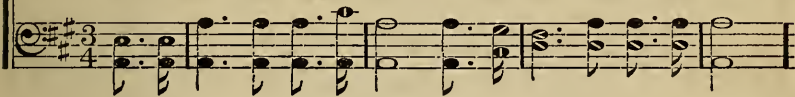
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

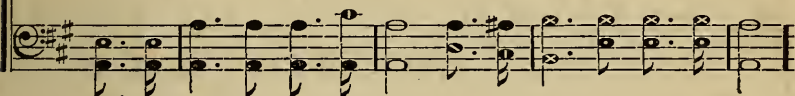
T. C. O'KANE.



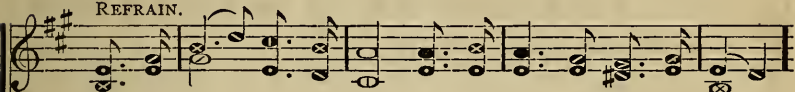
1. Mighty Rock, whose tow'ring form Looks above the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. Mighty Rock, the pilgrim's home, Re - fuge from the billow's foam,
4. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chil - ly breath,



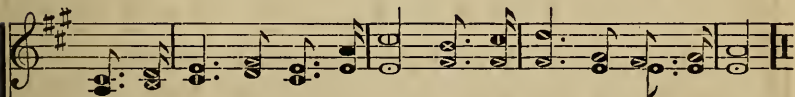
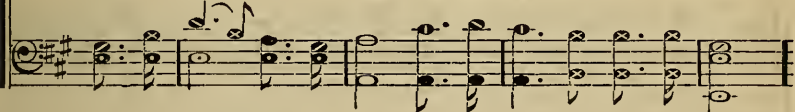
Rock a - mid the des - ert waste, To thy shad - ow now I haste.
Wea - ry, faint - ing, toil oppressed, In thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock, by countless millions blest, In thy shad - ow let me rest.
Rock, where all my hopes a - bide, In thy shad - ow let me hide.



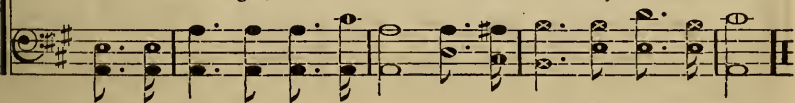
REFRAIN.



Un - to thee, un - to thee, Precious Sa - viour, now I flee;



"Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."



W. J. K.

WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the foot-steps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Saviour, Whose mer-ci - ful call Freely off-ers sal-
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
 4. Bless-ed Saviour, as-sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing

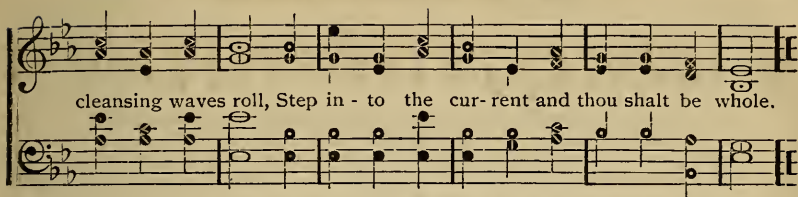
wounded, Healing all who ap - ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who
 va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each
 troubled Can you not en - ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To
 pow - er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take

lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 sin tainted soul, And lov-ing - ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 strengthen your soul, He is earnest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 per-fect con - trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

REFRAIN.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry

suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See, the

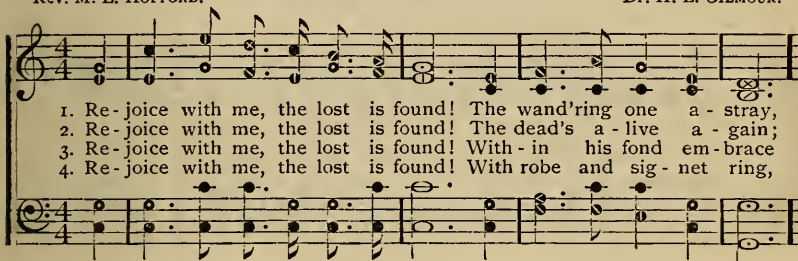


cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur - rent and thou shalt be whole.

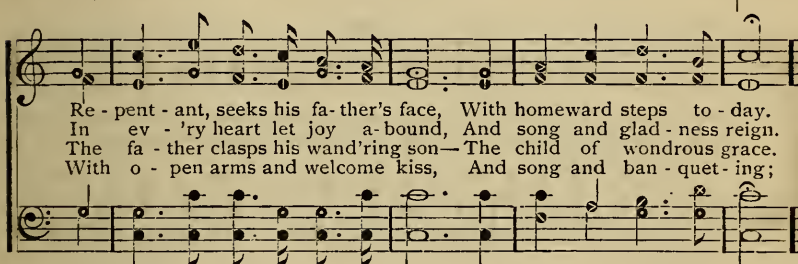
Rejoice with me.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

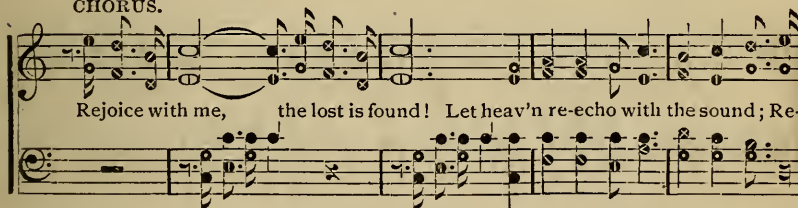


1. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! The wand'ring one a - stray;
 2. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! The dead's a - live a - gain;
 3. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! With - in his fond em - brace
 4. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! With robe and sig - net ring,

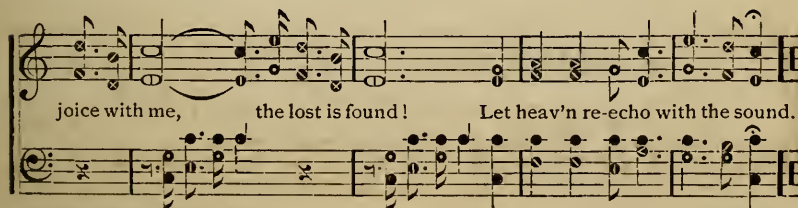


Re - pent - ant, seeks his fa - ther's face, With homeward steps to - day.
 In ev - 'ry heart let joy a - bound, And song and glad - ness reign.
 The fa - ther clasps his wand'ring son—The child of wondrous grace.
 With o - pen arms and welcome kiss, And song and ban - quet - ing;

CHORUS.



Rejoice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound; Re-



joice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound.

Mrs. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. { Oh! Land of the blessed, thy shadowless skies Sometimes in my dreaming I see: }
 I hear the glad songs that the glorified sing Steal over eterni- ty's sea. }
 2. { Oh! Land of the blessed, thy hills of delight Sometimes on my vision unfold; }
 Thy mansions celestial, thy pal- aces bright, Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold. }

Tho' dark are the shadows that gather between, I know that thy morning is fair;
 Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of praise, Dear eyes in thy sunlight are fair;

I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light, And whisper: would God I were there!
 I look from my valley of shadow below, And whisper: would God I were there!

CHORUS.

Oh! Saviour, prepare . . . My spirit to share . . . For- ev- er with

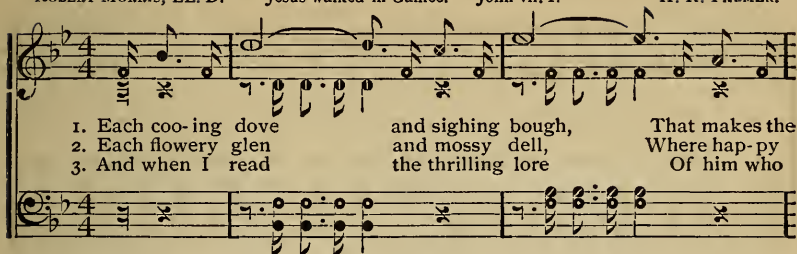
3 thee . those mansions fair.
 Dear home of my Father, fair city, whose peace
 No shadow of changing can mar!
 How glad are the souls that have tasted thy joy,
 How blest thine inhabitants are!
 When weary with toiling, I think of the day—
 Who knows if its dawning be near?
 When he who hath loved me shall call me away
 From all that hath burdened me here.

Memories of Galilee.

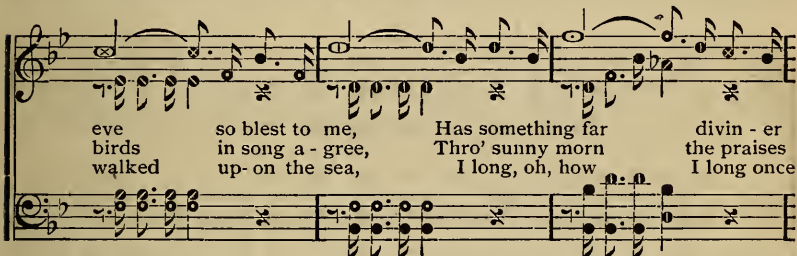
75

ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. "Jesus walked in Galilee."—John vii. 1.

H. R. PALMER.



1. Each coo-ing dove and sighing bough, That makes the
2. Each flowery glen and mossy dell, Where hap-py
3. And when I read the thrilling lore Of him who

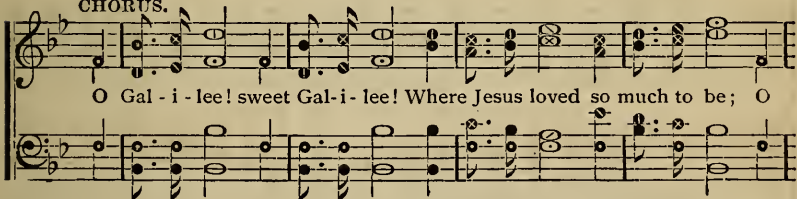


eye so blest to me, Has something far divin - er
birds in song a - gree, Thro' sunny morn the praises
walked up-on the sea, I long, oh, how I long once

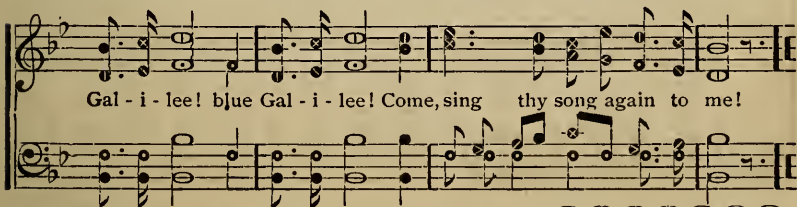


now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
tell Of sights and sounds in Gal - i - lee.
more To follow him in Gal - i - lee.

CHORUS.



O Gal - i - lee! sweet Gal-i- lee! Where Jesus loved so much to be; O



Gal - i - lee! blue Gal - i - lee! Come, sing thy song again to me!

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau-ty of the hills,
 2. If we err, in hu-man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
 3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Fath-er knows his own,

And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss-es on the rills,
 If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shining let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray,—
 Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a-way,—
 Love, beyond the o-rient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day,

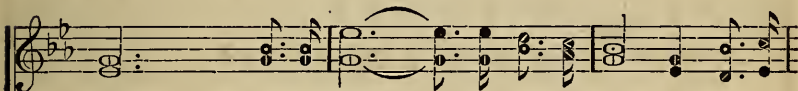
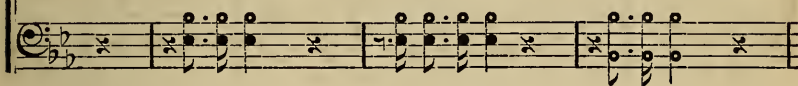
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have cleared away.
 When the wea-ry watch is o-ver, And the mists have cleared away.
 Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.



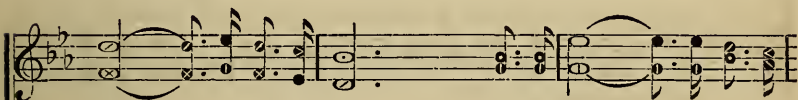
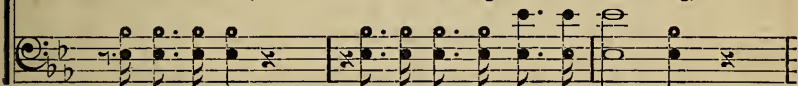
We shall know . . as we are known, Never more . . to walk a-

We shall know as we are known, Never-more



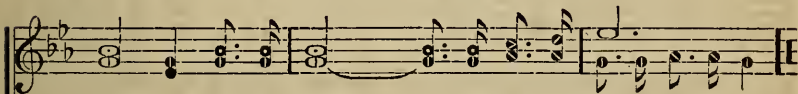
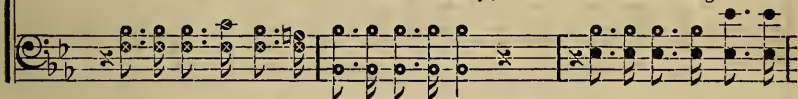
lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the

to walk a - lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing,



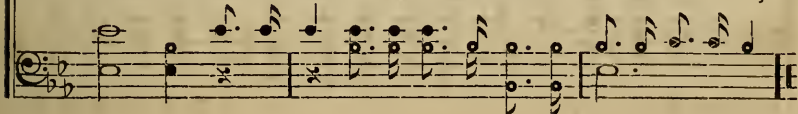
mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - - ing of the

When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning



morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared away.

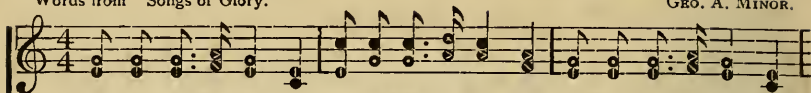
When the mists have cleared a-way.



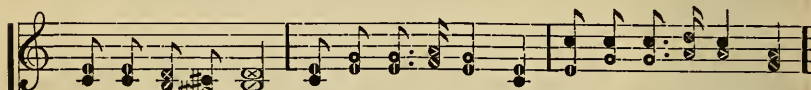
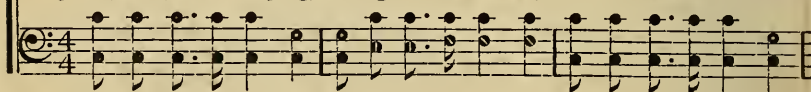
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Words from "Songs of Glory."

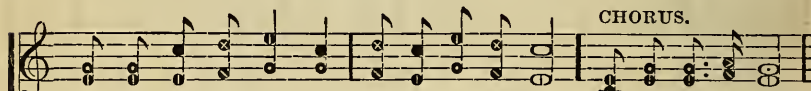
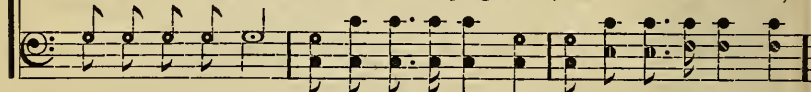
GEO. A. MINOR.



1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide,
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor
3. Go, then, ev-er weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our

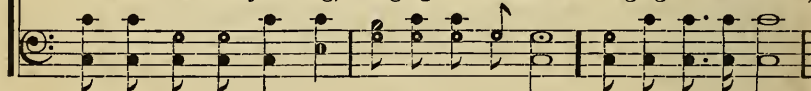


and the dew-y eves; Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
winter's chilling breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-bor end-ed,
spir-it oft-en grieves; When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome,

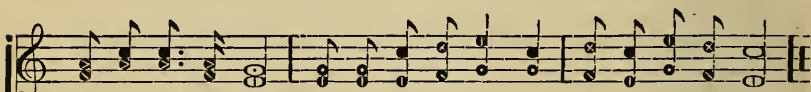
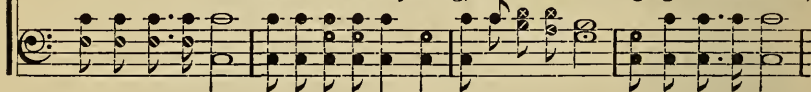


CHORUS.

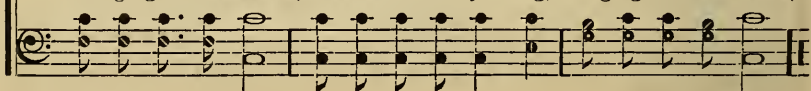
We shall come re-joic-ing, bringing in the sheaves. Bringing in the sheaves,



bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves,



bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoic-ing, bringing in the sheaves,



Take me as I am.

79

ANON.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je-sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove;
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew,
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat-tle o'er, the vic-t'ry won,

Oh, bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou can'st make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 But since to thee I can-not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me, too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a-lone, Oh, take me as I am!

D. S.— bring thy free sal-va-tion nigh, And take me as I am!

REFRAIN. *D. S.*
 Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,
 Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;

Copyright, 1878, by JOHN J. HOOD

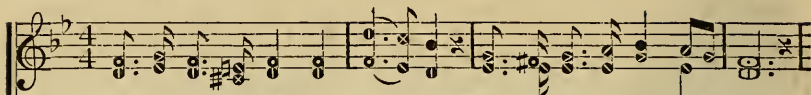
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

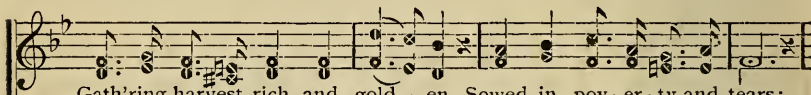
JUST AS I AM.

Tune and Chorus above.

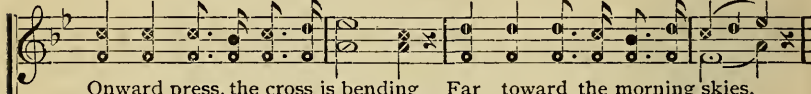
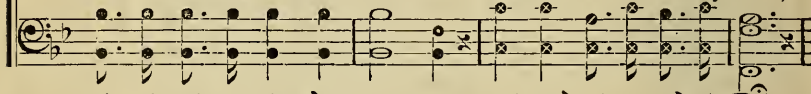
- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each
 O Lamb of God, I come! [spot,
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down,
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come!



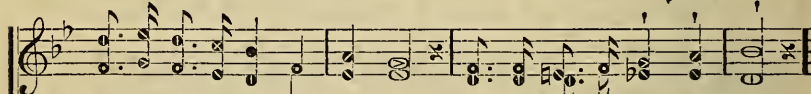
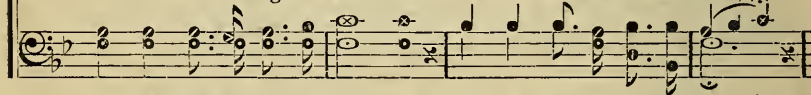
1. Church of God, whose conq'ring banners Float a-long the glorious years,
2. In your cost-ly tem-ples pray-ing, "Let thy kingdom come," ye pray,
3. Grace and glo-ry he hath sent you, Cast your lines in pla-ces fair,
4. Shake the earth and rend the heav-en, Wake thy sleeping children, Lord,



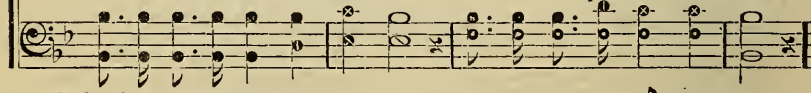
Gath'ring harvest rich and gold-en, Sowed in pov-er-ty and tears;
 Are but words of i-dle mean-ing, If with these ye turn a-way;
 Scat-ter blessing now he bids you, O'er his green earth everywhere;
 Till the measure full and e-ven Has been rendered at thy word;



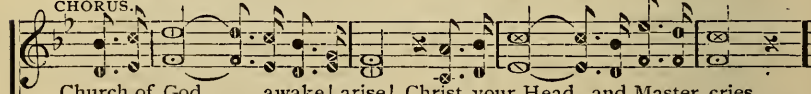
Onward press, the cross is bending Far toward the morning skies,
 Boundless wealth to you is giv-en, From his hand who owns it all,
 Till the millions in the twi-light Of the far-off O-rient land,
 Then from out her night of sor-row Shall the earth redeemed arise,



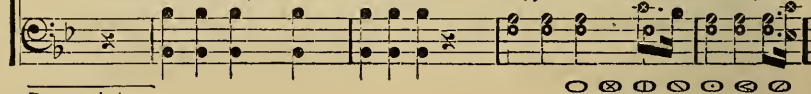
Speedy dawn of light portend-ing;—Church of God, a-wake, a-rise!
 And his eye beholds in heav-en What ye ren-der back for all.
 In the gracious morning splend-or Of the gos-pel light shall stand.
 And the fair millen-nial mor-row Dawn with o-pal-tint-ed skies.



CHORUS.



Church of God, awake! arise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,
 Church of God, a-wake! a-rise! Christ, your Head and Master, cries,



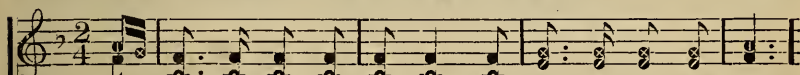


Send the Gos - pel's joy - ful sound Un-to earth's remot-est bound.
Oh, send the Gos - pel's joy-ful sound


Words arranged.

The happy Pilgrim.


By per.



1. { I saw a hap - py pil - grim, In shin - ing garments clad,
He had no cares nor bur - dens, He'd laid them at the cross,



And trav-'ling up the mountain, His coun - tenance was glad;
The blood of Christ, his Sav-iour, Had wash'd him from all dross. }

CHORUS.


Then palms of vic-to-ry, Crowns of glory, Palms of vic-to-ry We shall wear.

2 The summer sun was sinking,
The sweat was on his brow;
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home,
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing all the day.
He found a store of honey
And wine upon the lees,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance will come.

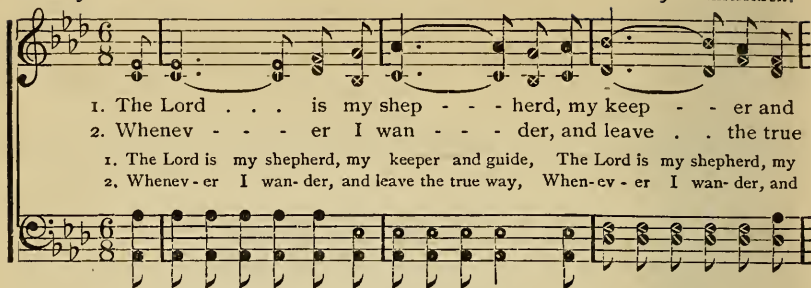
5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

My Shepherd.

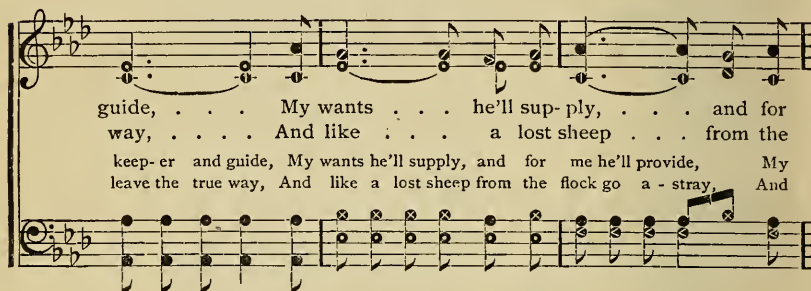
Rev. JOSEPH H. MARTIN.

Ps. xxiii.

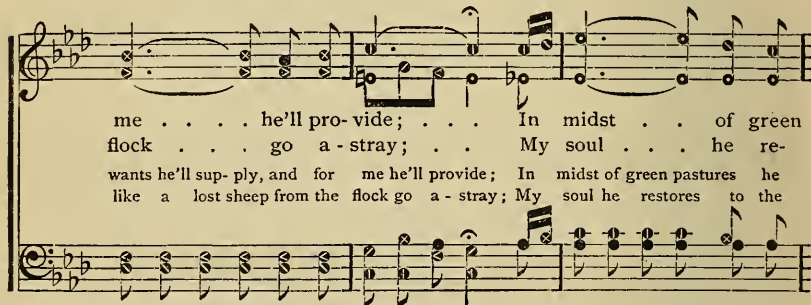
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



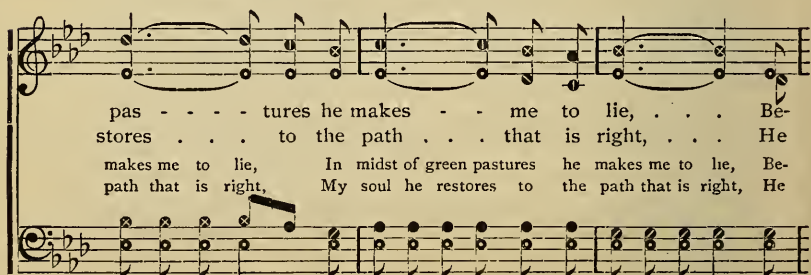
1. The Lord . . . is my shep - - herd, my keep - - er and
 2. Whenev - - - er I wan - - - der, and leave . . the true
 1. The Lord is my shepherd, my keeper and guide, The Lord is my shepherd, my
 2. Whenev - er I wan - der, and leave the true way, When - ev - er I wan - der, and



guide, . . . My wants . . . he'll sup - ply, . . . and for
 way, And like . . . a lost sheep . . . from the
 keep - er and guide, My wants he'll supply, and for me he'll provide, My
 leave the true way, And like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray, And



me he'll pro - vide; . . . In midst . . of green
 flock . . . go a - stray; . . . My soul . . . he re -
 wants he'll sup - ply, and for me he'll provide; In midst of green pastures he
 like a lost sheep from the flock go a - stray; My soul he restores to the



pas - - - - tures he makes - - me to lie, . . . Be -
 stores . . . to the path . . . that is right, . . . He
 makes me to lie, In midst of green pastures he makes me to lie, Be -
 path that is right, My soul he restores to the path that is right, He

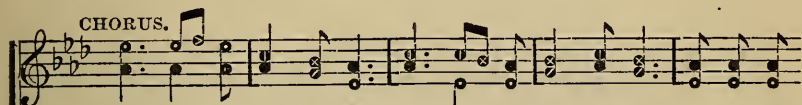


side . . the still wa - - ters that gen - - tly pass by. . .
 leads . . me in safe - - ty, I walk - - in his light. .

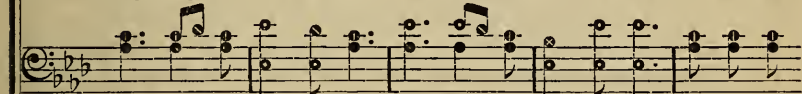
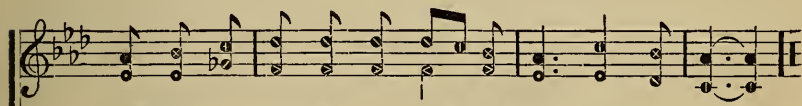
side the still waters that gently pass by, That gently, that gently pass by.
 leads me in safe-ty, I walk in his light, In safety I walk in his light.




CHORUS.



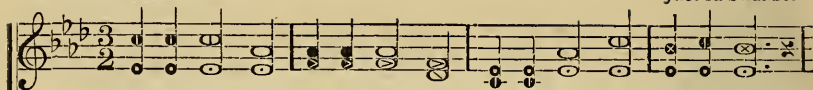
My Shepherd will provide, what - ev - er may be-tide; I am se-

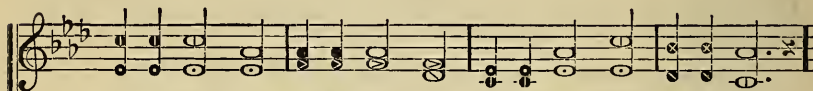
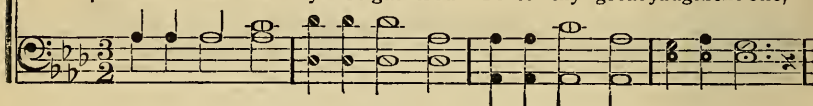
cure, For his promise is sure, The Lord will pro - vide.



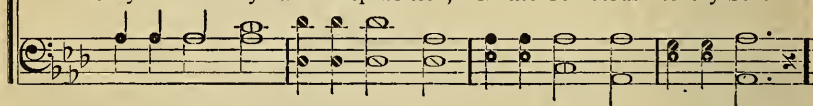
- 3 When called to surrender my faltering breath,
 And pass through the vale of the shadow of death,
 The presence of Jesus will brighten the tomb,
 With hope and with gladness dispelling its gloom.
 With gladness dispelling its gloom.
- 4 For me his free bounty a table has spread;
 And blessings unmeasured he pours on my head;
 My cup with abundance and joy overflows;
 He dries all my tears, and he heals all my woes.
 He heals all my woes, all my woes.
- 5 His goodness and mercy shall crown all my days,
 My mouth shall be filled with thanksgiving and praise;
 I'll dwell in his temple of glory above,
 And sing evermore of his grace and his love.
 And sing of his grace and his love.



1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,



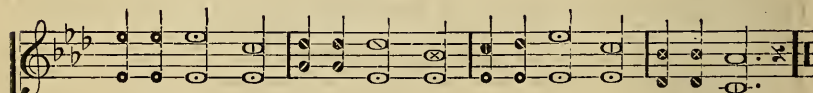
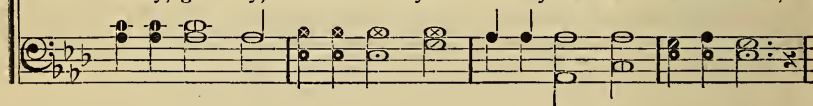
I have tast - ed God's sal-va - tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dew.
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev - er Under thy pro - tecting eyes.
 Un-til each dis - eas-ed na - tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
 May I find my name deep written, In the re - cords of thy Son.



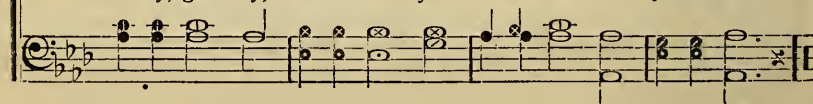
CHORUS.



Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I re-joice sal - vation came;



Glo-ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I am saved in Jesus' name.



Jesus Saves.

85

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

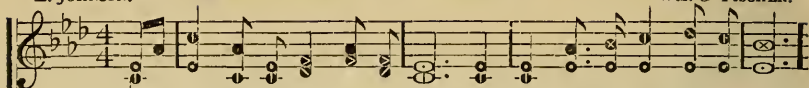
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By his death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steepes and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves,

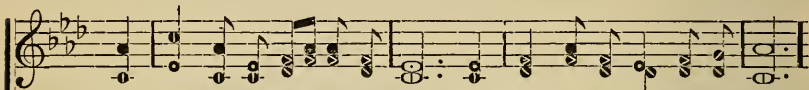
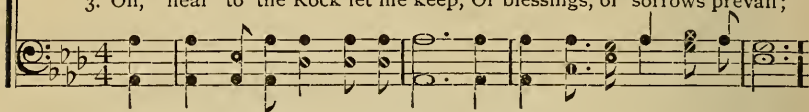
Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

E. JOHNSON.

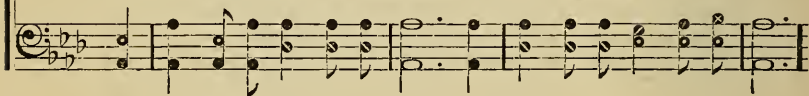
WM. G. FISCHER.



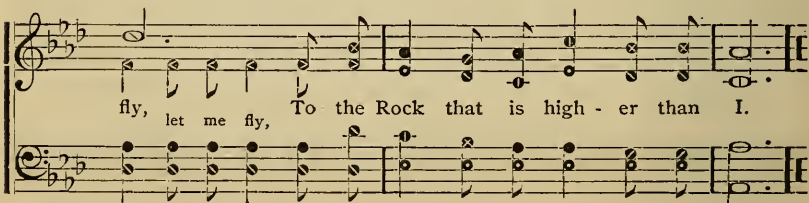
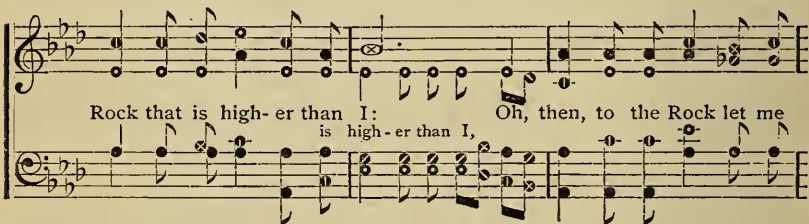
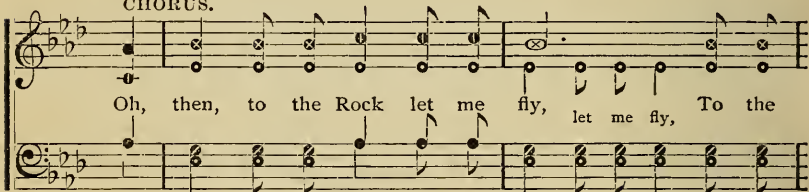
1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal,
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;



And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
 But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
 Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow- y vale.



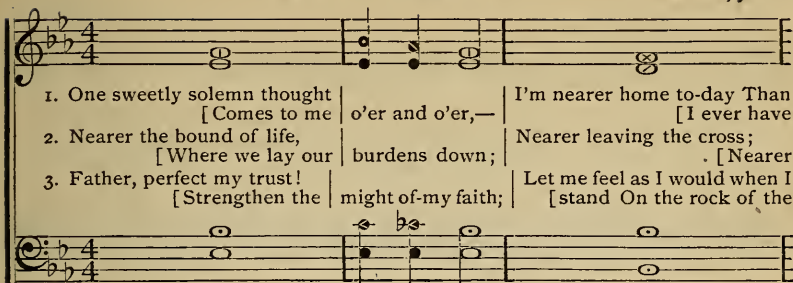
CHORUS.



Nearer Home.

87

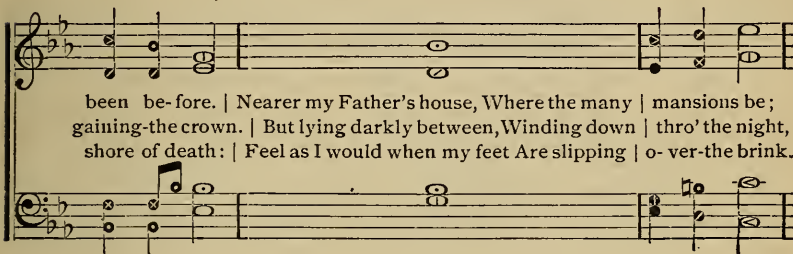
WM. CHURCH, Jr.



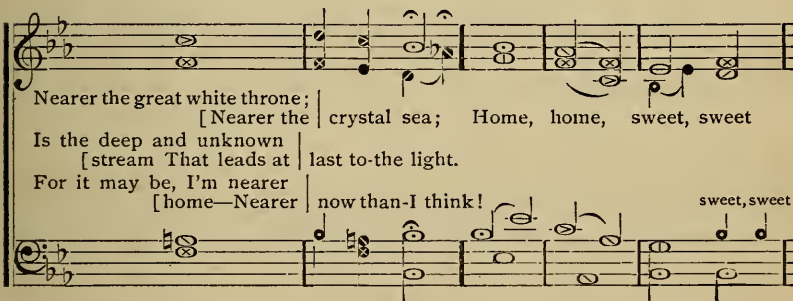
1. One sweetly solemn thought | I'm nearer home to-day Than
[Comes to me o'er and o'er,— [I ever have

2. Nearer the bound of life, | Nearer leaving the cross;
[Where we lay our burdens down; [Nearer

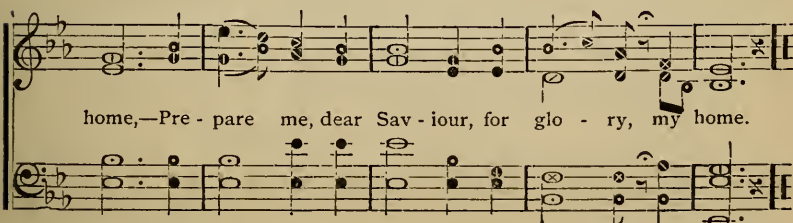
3. Father, perfect my trust! | Let me feel as I would when I
[Strengthen the might of-my faith; [stand On the rock of the



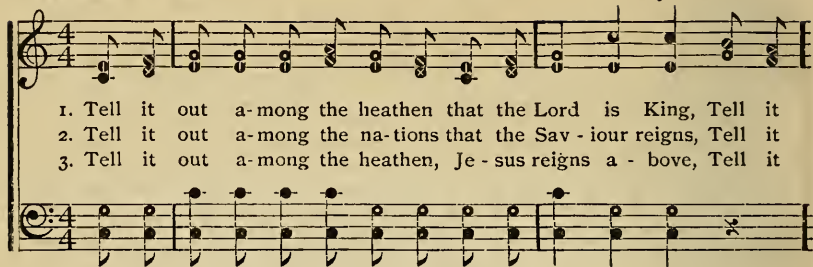
been be-fore. | Nearer my Father's house, Where the many | mansions be;
gaining-the crown. | But lying darkly between, Winding down | thro' the night,
shore of death: | Feel as I would when my feet Are slipping | o- ver-the brink.



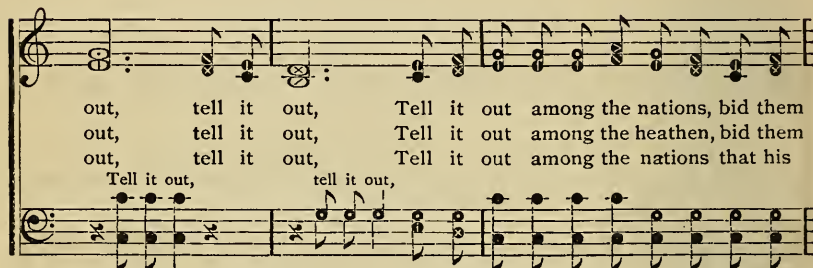
Nearer the great white throne; |
[Nearer the crystal sea; Home, home, sweet, sweet
Is the deep and unknown |
[stream That leads at last to-the light.
For it may be, I'm nearer
[home—Nearer now than-I think! sweet, sweet



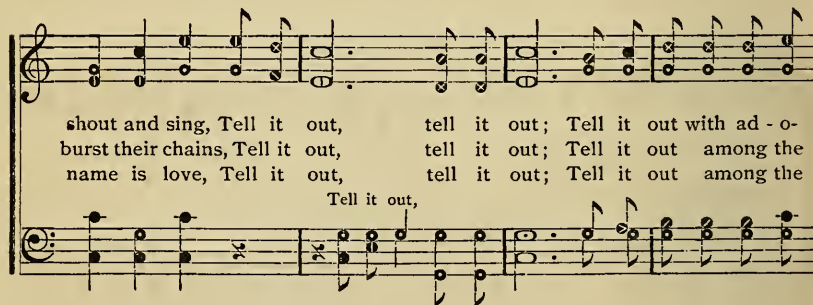
home,—Pre- pare me, dear Sav- iour, for glo- ry, my home.



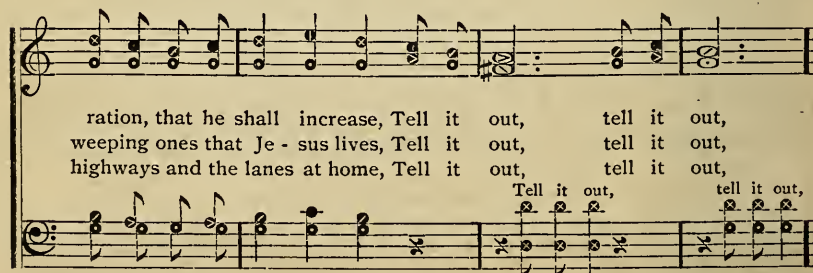
1. Tell it out a-mong the heathen that the Lord is King, Tell it
 2. Tell it out a-mong the na-tions that the Sav - iour reigns, Tell it
 3. Tell it out a-mong the heathen, Je - sus reigns a - bove, Tell it



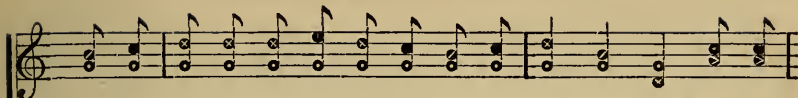
out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations, bid them
 out, tell it out, Tell it out among the heathen, bid them
 out, tell it out, Tell it out among the nations that his
 Tell it out, tell it out,



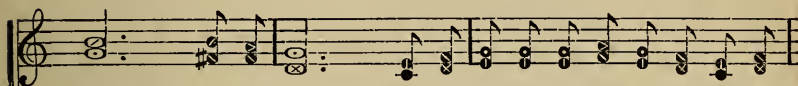
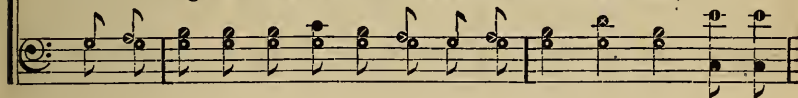
shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out with ad - o-
 burst their chains, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
 name is love, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
 Tell it out,



ration, that he shall increase, Tell it out, tell it out,
 weeping ones that Je - sus lives, Tell it out, tell it out,
 highways and the lanes at home, Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out, tell it out,

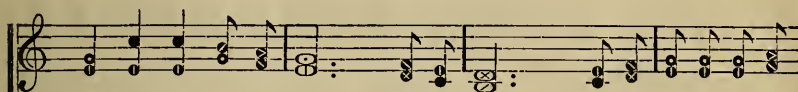
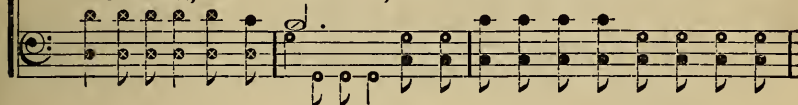


That the might-y King of Glo-ry is the King of Peace, Tell it
 Tell it out a-mong the wea-ry ones what rest he gives, Tell it
 Let it ring a-cross the mountains and the o - cean foam, Tell it



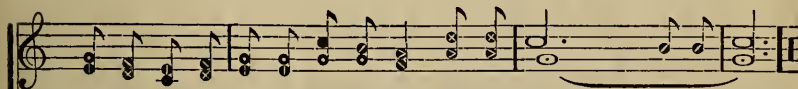
out, tell it out; Tell it out with ju - bi - lation, though the
 out, tell it out; Tell it out among the sinners that he
 out, tell it out, Like the sound of many waters let our

Tell it out, tell it out,



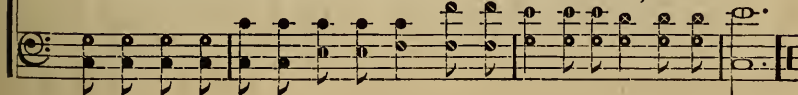
waves may roar, Tell it out, tell it out, That he sitteth on the
 came to save, Tell it out, tell it out; Tell it out among the
 glad shout be, Tell it out, tell it out, Till it e-cho and re-

Tell it out, tell it out,



water-floods, Our King forev-ermore, Tell it out, tell it out.
 dying that he triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out, tell it out.
 e-cho from the islands of the sea, Tell it out, tell it out.

Tell it out,



Let me Cling to Thee.

Rev EDWIN H. NEVIN, D.D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When the
 2. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my
 3. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When my
 4. O, let me cling to thee, My Saviour, Let me cling to thee! When I'm

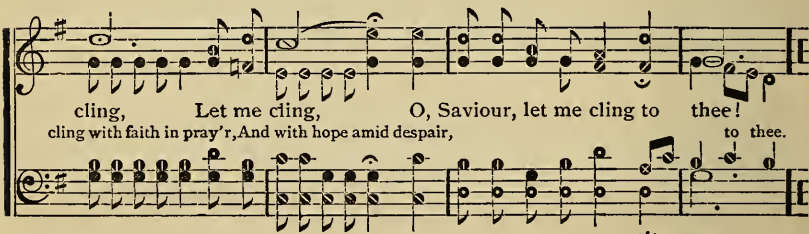


winds are blowing, When the tears are flowing, O, let me cling to thee!
 friends are leaving, When my heart is grieving, O, let me cling to thee!
 sins are pressing, And my soul distress-ing, O, let me cling to thee!
 weak and wea-ry, And my path is dreary, O, let me cling to thee!

REFRAIN.



Let me ev - er cling to thee, Let me ev - er cling to thee! Let me
 my Saviour, Let me



cling, Let me cling, O, Saviour, let me cling to thee!
 cling with faith in pray'r, And with hope amid despair, to thee.

5 O, let me cling to thee,
 My Saviour,
 Let me cling to thee!
 When the cloud is o'er me,
 And the storm before me,
 O, let me cling to thee!

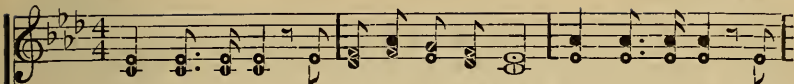
6 O, let me cling to thee,
 My Saviour,
 Let me cling to thee!
 When I cross the river,
 Which from earth doth sever,
 O, let me cling to thee!

Come unto Me.

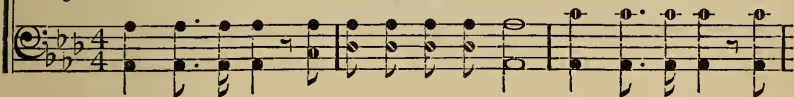
91

J. P. MILLS.

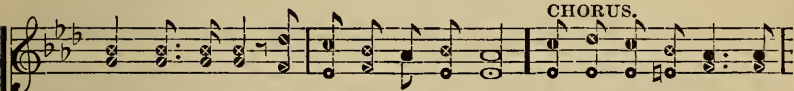
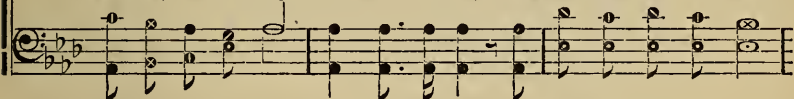
T. C. O'KANE.



1. "Come un - to me,"—in measured tones and slow, "Come unto me," how
2. "Come un - to me,"—the lips with mercy stream, "Come unto me,"—the
3. "Come un - to me," dear toiling ones, o - bey, "Come unto me," oh,

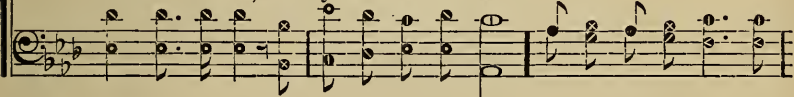


sweet the accents flow, "Come un - to me," oh, gen - tle voice di - vine!
eyes with love-light beam; "Come unto me," the out-held hands implore,
sinners, hear to - day! "Come un - to me,"—the welcome is to all.

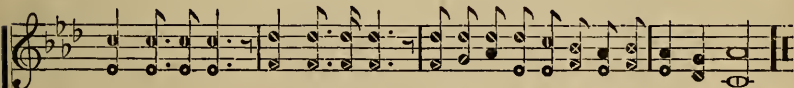
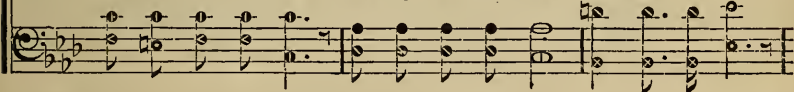


CHORUS.

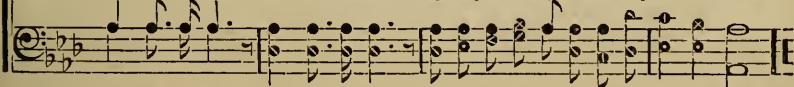
"Come un - to me," de - sire and love combine. Weary - lad-en souls, what-
"Come un - to me," such words none spake before.
"Come un - to me,"—'tis Jesus makes the call.



e'er your bur - den be, Seeking af - ter rest, Come un - to me,



Come un - to me, come unto me, I will give you rest, whate'er your burdens be.

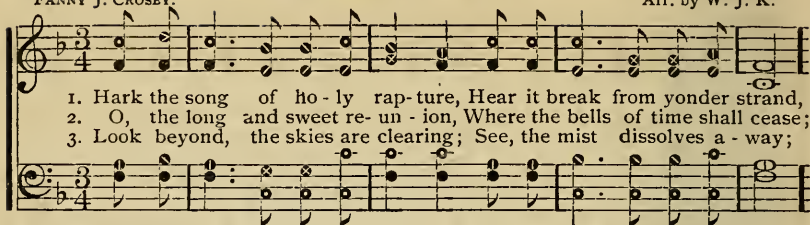


Home at Last.

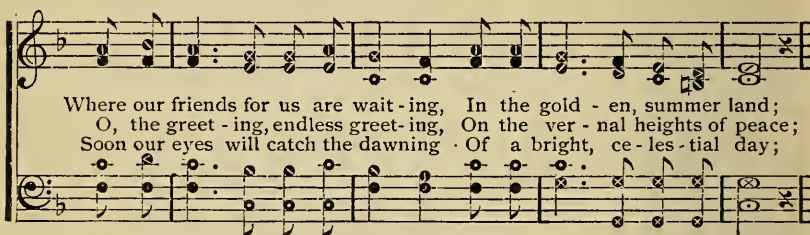
Melody by M. LINDSAY.

Arr. by W. J. K.

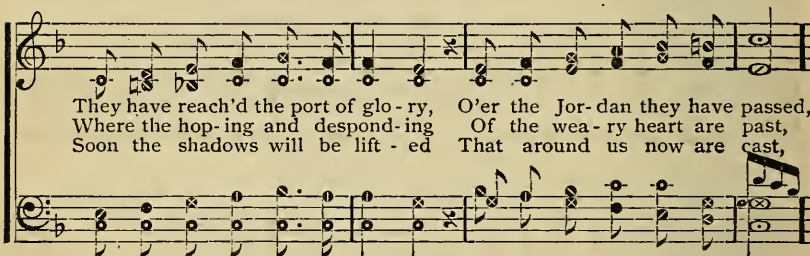
FANNY J. CROSEY.



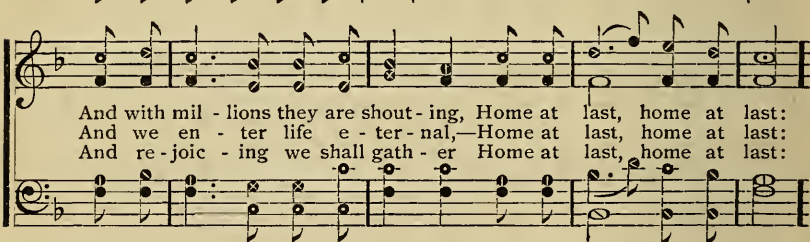
1. Hark the song of ho-ly rap-ture, Hear it break from yonder strand;
 2. O, the long and sweet re-un-ion, Where the bells of time shall cease;
 3. Look beyond, the skies are clearing; See, the mist dissolves a-way;



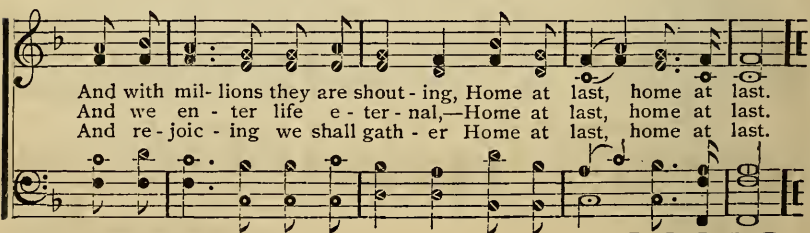
Where our friends for us are wait-ing, In the gold-en, summer land;
 O, the greet-ing, endless greet-ing, On the ver-nal heights of peace;
 Soon our eyes will catch the dawning Of a bright, ce-les-tial day;



They have reach'd the port of glo-ry, O'er the Jor-dan they have passed,
 Where the hop-ing and respond-ing Of the wea-ry heart are past,
 Soon the shadows will be lift-ed That around us now are cast,



And with mil-lions they are shout-ing, Home at last, home at last:
 And we en-ter life e-ter-nal, Home at last, home at last:
 And re-joic-ing we shall gath-er Home at last, home at last:



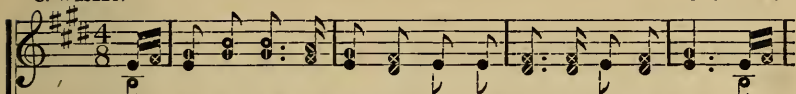
And with mil-lions they are shout-ing, Home at last, home at last.
 And we en-ter life e-ter-nal, Home at last, home at last.
 And re-joic-ing we shall gath-er Home at last, home at last.

I will Trust in the Blood.

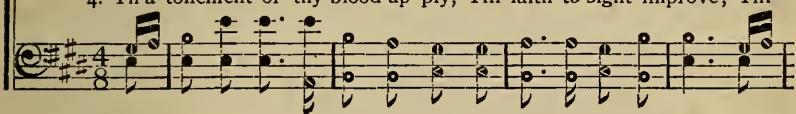
93

C. WESLEY.

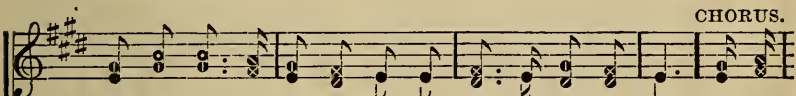
T. C. O'KANE.



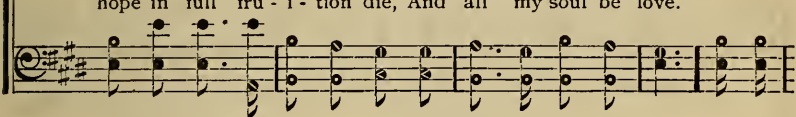
1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This
 2. My dy- ing Saviour and my God,—Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprink-
 3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash
 4. Th'a-tonement of thy blood ap- ply, Till faith to sight improve; Till




CHORUS.



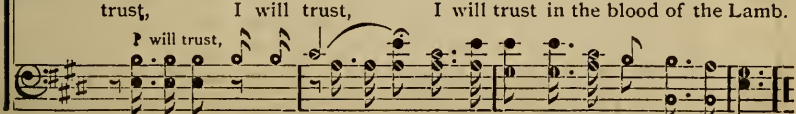
all my hope and all my plea,—“For me the Sav- iour died.” I will
 le me ev - er with thy blood, And cleanse and keep me clean.
 me, but not my feet a - lone,—My hands, my head, my heart.
 hope in full fru - i - tion die, And all my soul be love.




trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb: I will

trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.



Arise and Shine.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Out of darkness in - to light Je - sus calls the sons of night,
 2. From this world's alluring snares, From its per - ils and its cares,
 3. From the van - i - ties of youth, In - to rest, and love, and truth,

Out of midnight in - to day Je - sus bids us come a - way.
 From its van - i - ty and strife, Je - sus beckons us to life.
 In - to joy that nev - er palls, Je - sus in his mer - cy calls.

CHORUS.

A-rise, a - rise, a-rise and shine; A-rise, a -
 A-rise, a-rise, a-rise and shine;

rise, thy light is come; Arise and shine, thy light is
 Arise, arise, thy light is come; Arise and shine,

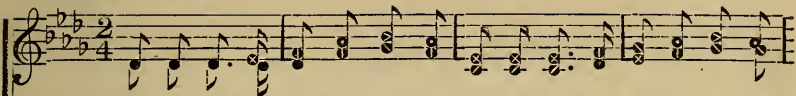
come, The glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on our gloom.
 thy light is come,

Jesus Comes.

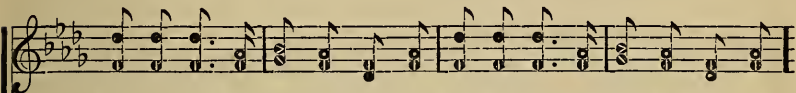
95

Mrs. PHCEPE PALMER.

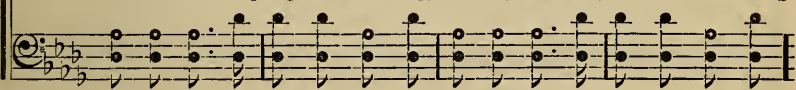
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



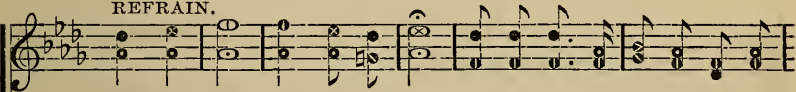
1. Watch, ye saints, with eyelids waking, Lo, the pow'rs of heav'n are shaking,
2. Lo! the promise of your Saviour, Pardoned sin and purchased favor,
3. Kingdoms at their base are crumbling, Hark, his chariot wheels are rumbling,
4. Nations wane, tho' proud and stately, Christ his kingdom hasteneth greatly,



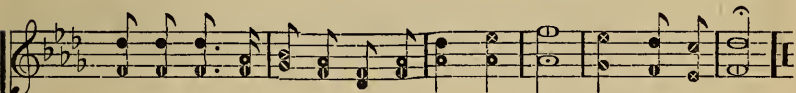
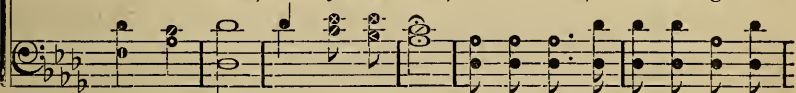
Keep your lamps all trimm'd and burning, Ready for your Lord's return-ing.
Blood-wash'd robes and crowns of glory; Haste to tell redemption's sto - ry.
Tell, O, tell of grace abound-ing, Whilst the seventh trump is sounding.
Earth her latest pangs is summing, Shout, ye saints, your Lord is coming.



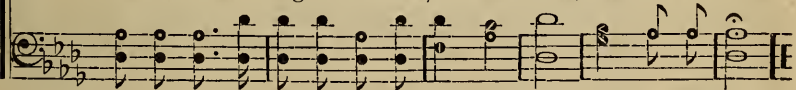
REFRAIN.



Lo! he comes, lo! Jesus comes; Lo! he comes, he comes all glorious!



Je-sus comes to reign victo-rious, Lo! he comes, yes, Je-sus comes.

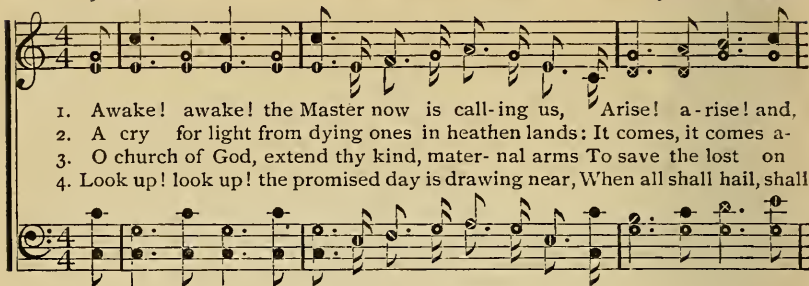


- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>5 Lamb of God!—thou meek and lowly,
Judah's Lion!—high and holy,
Lo! thy Bride comes forth to meet thee,
All in blood-washed robes to greet thee,</p> | <p>6 Sinners, come, while Christ is pleading,
Now for you he's interceding;
Haste, ere grace and time diminished
Shall proclaim the mystery finished.</p> |
|--|---|

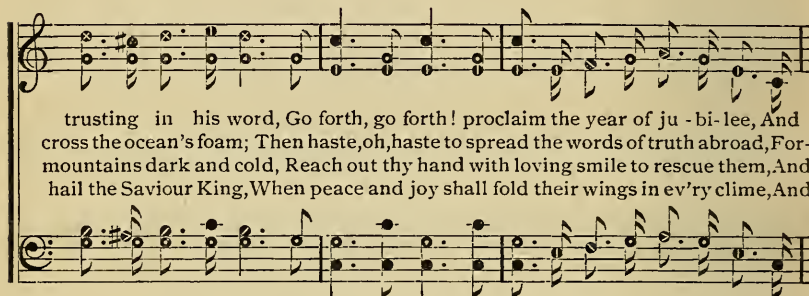
Church Rallying Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

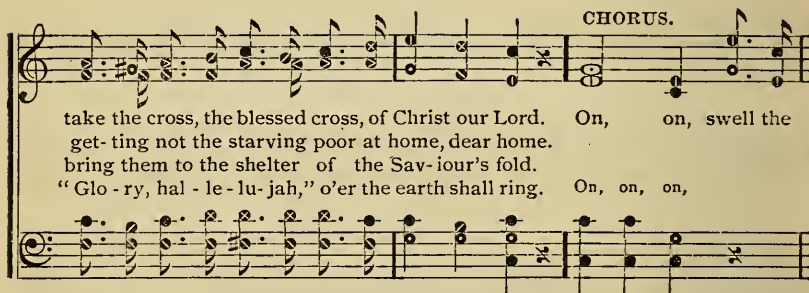
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Awake! awake! the Master now is call-ing us, Arise! a-rise! and,
 2. A cry for light from dying ones in heathen lands: It comes, it comes a-
 3. O church of God, extend thy kind, mater- nal arms To save the lost on
 4. Look up! look up! the promised day is drawing near, When all shall hail, shall

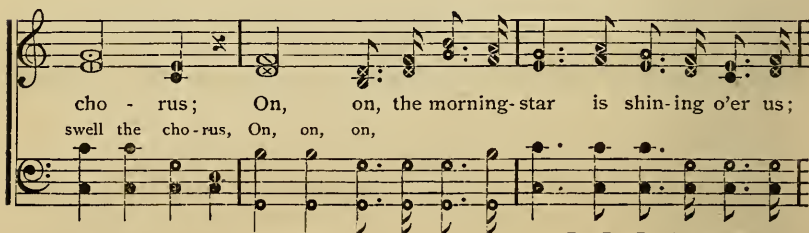


trusting in his word, Go forth, go forth! proclaim the year of ju-bi-lee, And
 cross the ocean's foam; Then haste, oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For-
 mountains dark and cold, Reach out thy hand with loving smile to rescue them, And
 hail the Saviour King, When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And

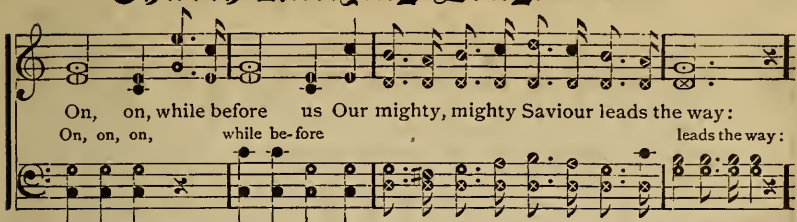


CHORUS.

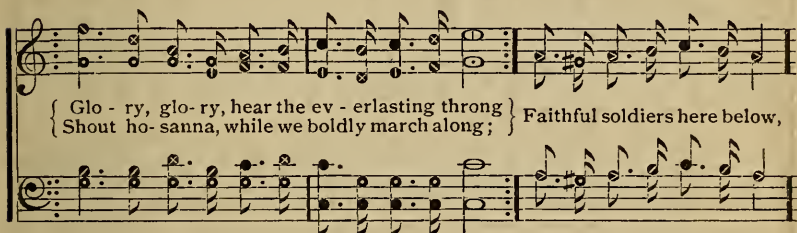
take the cross, the blessed cross, of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
 get-ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
 bring them to the shelter of the Sav-iour's fold.
 "Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah," o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,



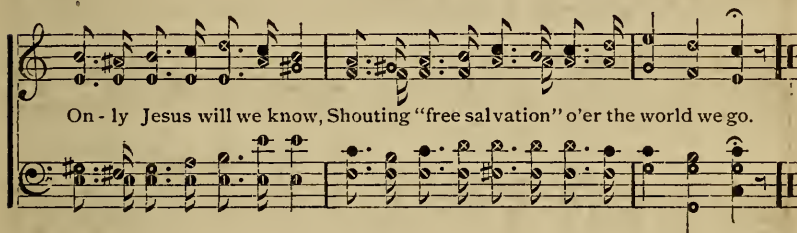
cho-rus; On, on, the morning-star is shin-ing o'er us;
 swell the cho-rus, On, on, on,



On, on, while before us Our mighty, mighty Saviour leads the way:
On, on, on, while be-fore leads the way:



{ Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev - erlasting throng } Faithful soldiers here below,
{ Shout ho - sanna, while we boldly march along; }



On - ly Jesus will we know, Shouting "free salvation" o'er the world we go.

F. J. C.

Christmas Carol.—Awake! awake!

Tune above.

1 Awake! awake! our festive day is
dawning now,
Awake! awake! and hail its golden
light;
Rejoice! rejoice! behold the Sun of
Righteousness
Arising in its beauty o'er a long, long
night.

Cho.—Come, come, join the chorus,
Come, come, the angel hosts are bend-
ing o'er us;
Come, come, join the chorus,—
All glory be to God, to God above.
Oh, the rapture of the bright angelic
form,
Oh, the rapture while the anthem rolls
along.
Hark! the merry, merry bells,
Everywhere their music swells;

Hark! the merry chiming of the grand
old bells.

3 Good news, good news resounding o'er
the earth again,
Good news, good news: behold a Sav-
iour born;
Make room, make room in every heart
to welcome him,
And shout aloud, hosanna! on his birth-
day morn.

4 He comes, he comes, the captive's cruel
chain to break,
He comes, he comes to give his people
rest;
Break forth, break forth, his mighty,
mighty love proclaim;
In him shall every nation, every clime,
be blessed.

1. Sav-our, though long I have slighted thee, Still thou hast kind-ly in-
 2. No more the night com-eth drear-i-ly, No more my feet wan-der
 3. Sav-our, how gent-ly thou guidest me, How in thy mer-cy thou
 4. Saved by thy grace, and so ten-der-ly, Glo-ry and praise I will

vit-ed me, Praise for the love that united me To thy precious, precious fold.
 wear-i-ly, Sweet is thy voice and how cheerily It has led me to thy fold.
 hidest me, All that I need thou providest me, In thy precious, precious fold.
 render thee, Thou in thy mercy remembered me, Thou hast brought me to thy fold.

REFRAIN.

I am hap-py now, I am hap-py now, How my

heart is swell-ing, all his mer-cy tell-ing; I am

hap-py now, I am hap-py now, In thy precious, precious fold.

Joy cometh in the morning.

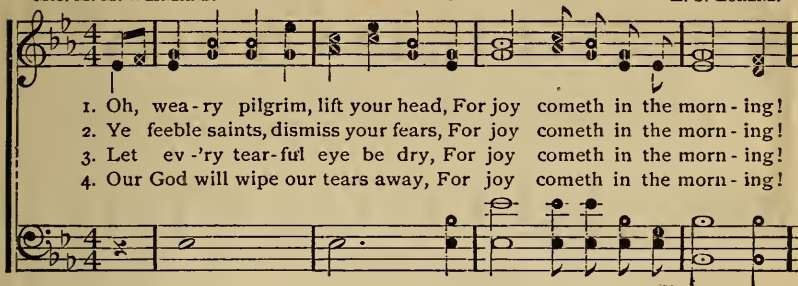
99

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."—

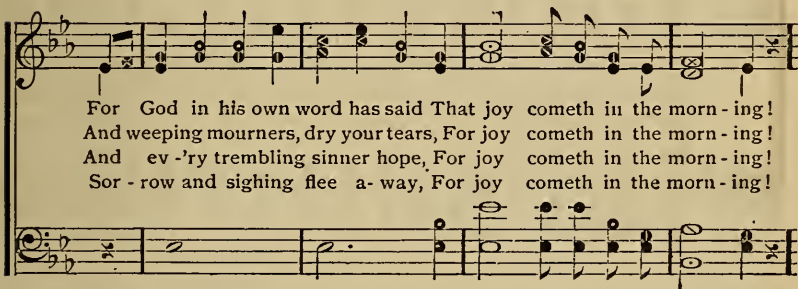
Mrs. M. M. WEINLAND.

Psalm xxx. 5.

E. S. LORENZ.

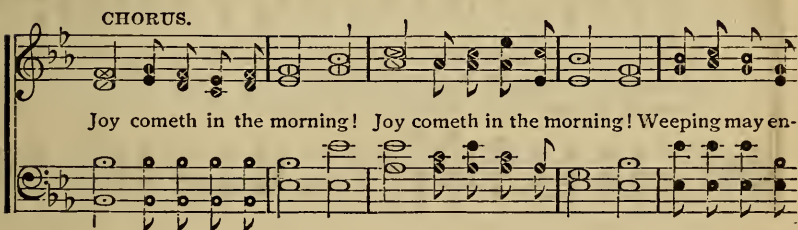


1. Oh, wea-ry pilgrim, lift your head, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 2. Ye feeble saints, dismiss your fears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 3. Let ev-'ry tear-ful eye be dry, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 4. Our God will wipe our tears away, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!

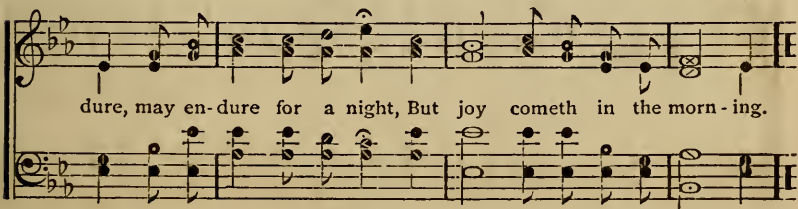


For God in his own word has said That joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 And weeping mourners, dry your tears, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 And ev-'ry trembling sinner hope, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!
 Sor-row and sighing flee a-way, For joy cometh in the morn-ing!

CHORUS.



Joy cometh in the morning! Joy cometh in the morning! Weeping may en-

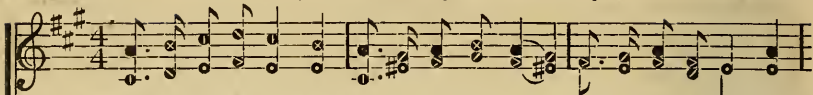


dure, may en-dure for a night, But joy cometh in the morn-ing.

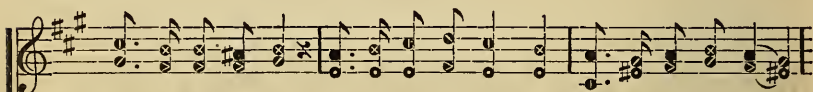
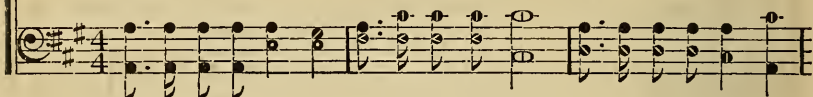
On the Lord's Side.

HAVERGAL.

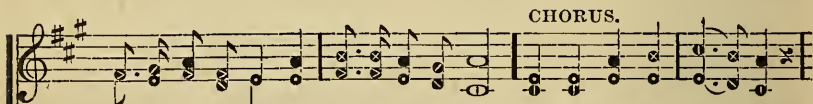
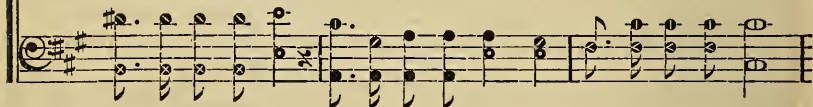
"Thine are we, David, and on thy side, thou son of Jesse." T. C. O'KANE.



1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his helpers,
2. Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, En-ter we the arm-y
3. Cho-sen to be soldiers In an alien land, "Chosen, called, and faithful,

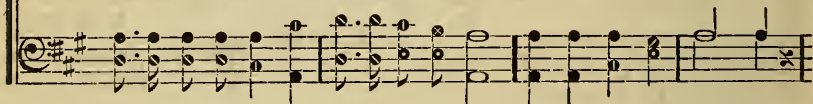


Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior-psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom he died,
 "For our Captain's band; In the service roy - al Let us not grow cold;

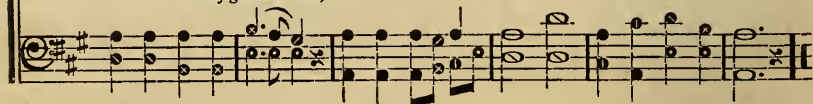


CHORUS.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? Joy-ful - ly en - list - ing,
 He whom Je-sus nameth Must be on his side.
 Let us be right loyal, Noble, true, and bold.



By thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side; Saviour, we are thine.
 thy grace divine,

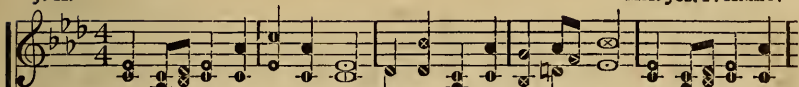


Soldiers of th' Eternal King.

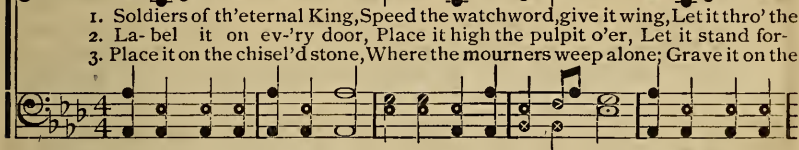
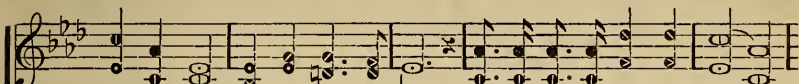
101

J. H.

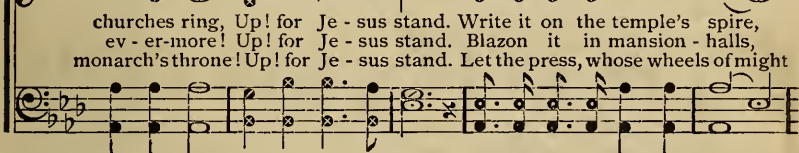
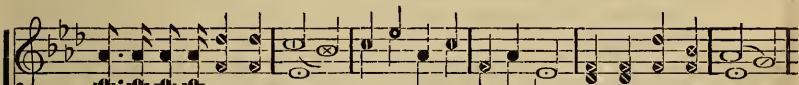
Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP.



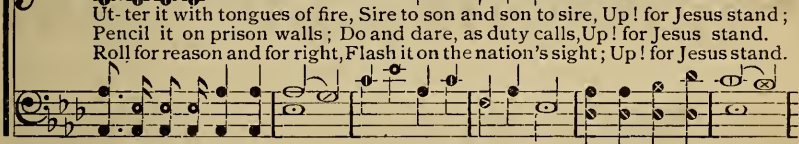
1. Soldiers of th' eternal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it thro' the
2. La- bel it on ev-'ry door, Place it high the pulpit o'er, Let it stand for-
3. Place it on the chisel'd stone, Where the mourners weep alone; Grave it on the


churches ring, Up! for Je - sus stand. Write it on the temple's spire,
ev - er-more! Up! for Je - sus stand. Blazon it in mansion - halls,
monarch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might

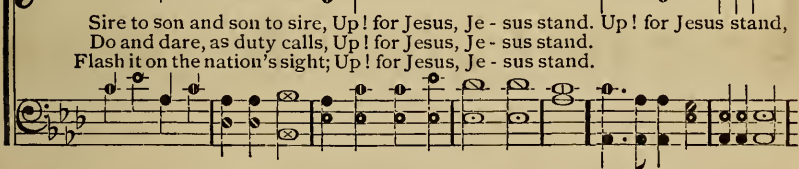
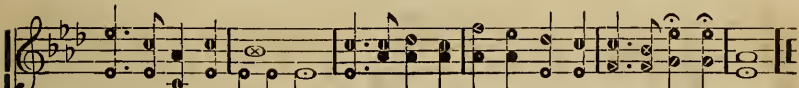
Ut-ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus stand;
Pencil it on prison walls; Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus stand.
Roll for reason and for right, Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus stand.



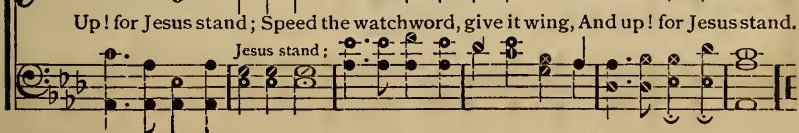
CHORUS.



Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand. Up! for Jesus stand,
Do and dare, as duty calls, Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.
Flash it on the nation's sight; Up! for Jesus, Je - sus stand.

Up! for Jesus stand; Speed the watchword, give it wing, And up! for Jesus stand.
Jesus stand;



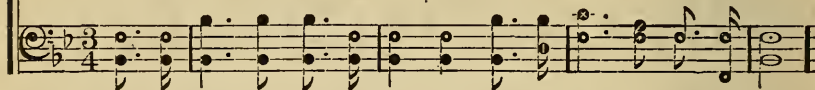
It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES.

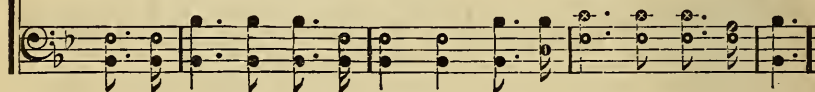
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a fountain full and free,
2. How a - maz - ing God's compassion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Saviour, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will proclaim,



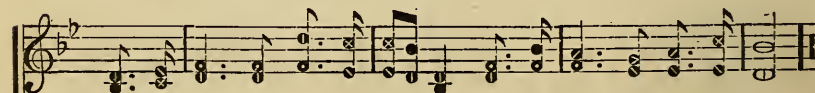
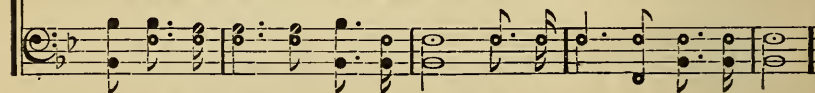
Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!
 This stupend - ous bliss of Heav - en, This un-measured wealth of love!
 I will tell the blessed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!



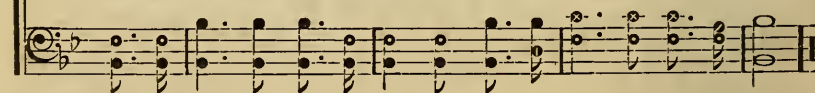
CHORUS.



It reaches me! it reaches me! Wondrous grace! it reaches me!



Pure, ex-haustless, ev - er flowing, Wondrous grace! it reaches me!

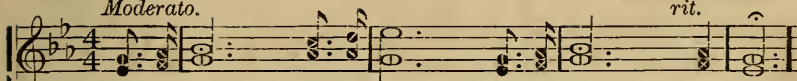


Joy in Heaven.

103

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
Moderato.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
rit.

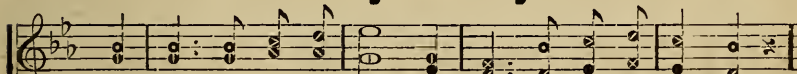


There is joy, there is joy, There is joy in heaven:

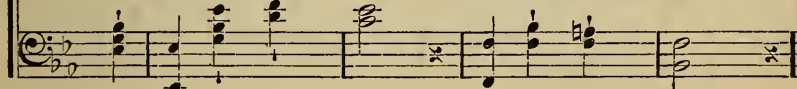
Andante.




1. A ransomed soul re - turns, The paths of sin for-sak - ing,
2. A weep - ing sin-ner kneels, The chains of death are bro - ken,
3. No news of pain or care, The jas - per sea o'er-reach-ing,
4. O then to God re - turn,—Come back and be for- giv - en,

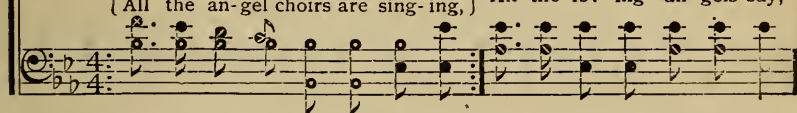
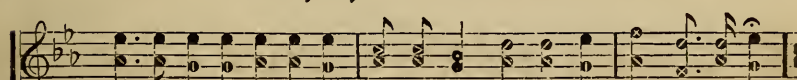
And while his sad heart mourns, The harps of God are wak - ing.
And soon his glad heart feels The Sav-iour's welcome spok - en.
But sweet is echoed there The con - trite heart's beseech-ing.
And soon thy heart shall learn To know the joy of heav - en.




CHORUS. *Allegro.*



{ All the gold-en bells are ring-ing, } All the lov-ing an-gels say,
{ All the an-gel choirs are sing-ing, }

"There is joy in heav'n to-day, There is joy, there is joy, joy, joy to-day."



Washed in the Blood.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I am bowed at the cross, Washed from sin and its dross, In the all-cleansing
 2. I have come to the blood; And the Spir- it of God Pours the sin- cleansing
 3. Oh, the wonderful fount Ope'd on Calvary's mount! There believing and

blood of the Lamb; Joy and rapture are mine, Peace and comfort divine. Fully
 tide thro' my soul, Till it burns with pure love To the Saviour above, By whose
 wait- ing I am. Lo! the all-cleansing tide To my heart is applied; I am

REFRAIN.

saved thro' his mercy I am. I am washed in the blood,
 grace I am saved and made whole.
 washed in the blood of the Lamb. I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,

In the blood of the Lamb; Lo! the all-cleansing
 I am washed in the blood of the Lamb;

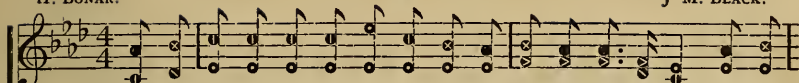
tide To my heart is applied, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

Rest Ponder.

105

H. BONAR.

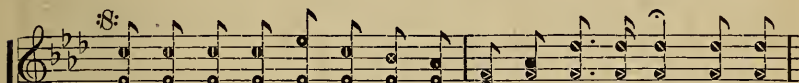
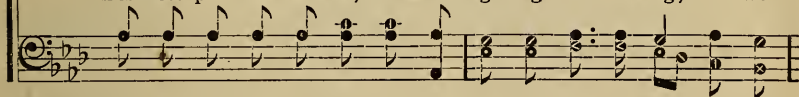
J M. BLACK.



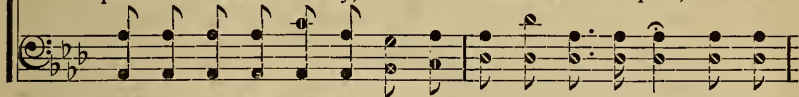
1. This is not my place of resting,—Mine's a ci - ty yet to come; Onward
2. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life along, On the



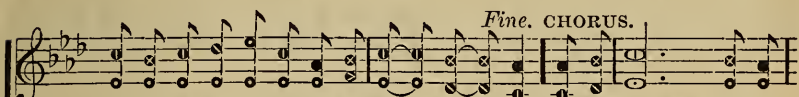
to it I am hast-ing, On to my e - ter - nal home; In it
fresh-est pastures feeds us, Turns our sigh-ing in - to song; Soon we'll



all is light and glo - ry, O'er it shines a nightless day; Ev -'ry
pass this des-ert drea-ry,—Soon we'll bid farewell to pain,—Nev-er

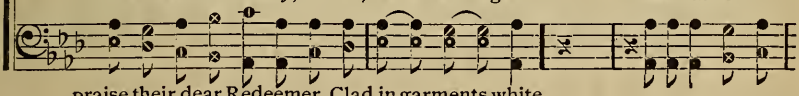


D. S.—saved of earth shall gather In that ci - ty of de-light, There to

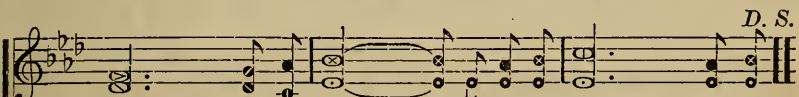


Fine. CHORUS.

trace of sin's sad story, All the curse has pass'd away. Blessed home bright and
more be sad or weary, Never, never sin again. blessed home

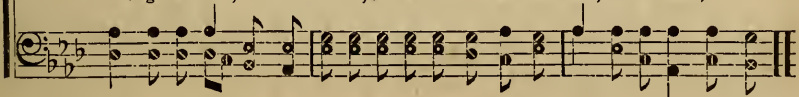


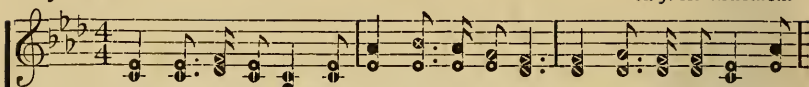
praise their dear Redeemer, Clad in garments white.



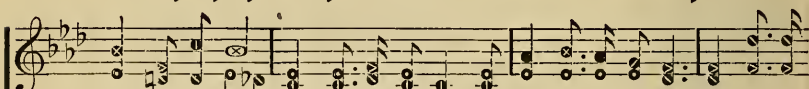
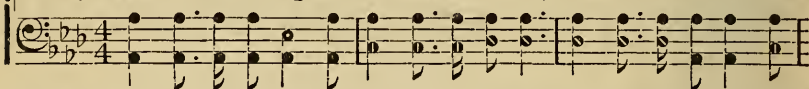
D. S.

fair, Sin can nev - - - er en-ter there; All the
bright and fair, Sin can nev-er, sin can nev-er en-ter there, en-ter there;





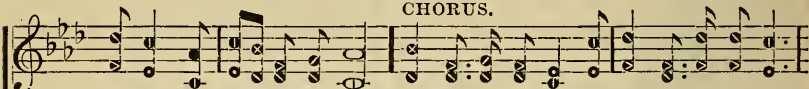
1. Peace in believ-ing the words of my Saviour, Peace in believing each
2. Peace in believ-ing each moment he saves me, Peace in believing his
3. Peace in believ-ing I dwell in his presence, Peace in believing I
4. Peace in believ-ing when tri - als are o - ver, When in his likeness made



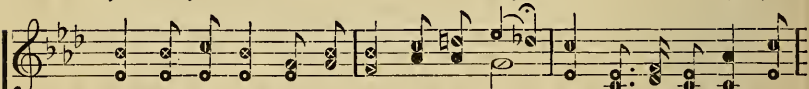
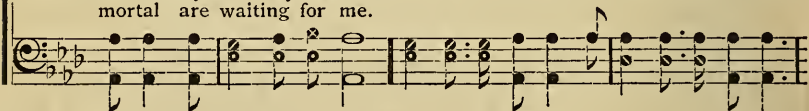
prom-ise di-vine, Peace in believ-ing the Lord is my Shepherd; Glory to
gar-ment I wear, Peace in believ-ing, whatev - er befall me, Je-sus is
walk by his side, Peace in believ-ing he will not forsake me, Tho' in the
pure I shall be; There, where no sorrow nor darkness can enter, Pleasures im-



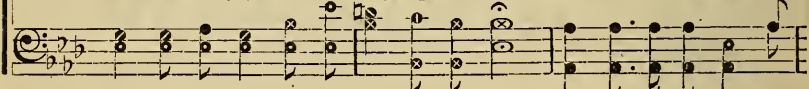
CHORUS.



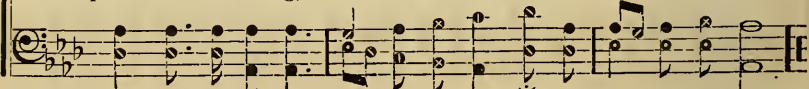
Jesus! I know he is mine. Peace in believing, sweet peace in believing—
waiting to answer my prayer.
furnace my soul may be tried.
mortal are waiting for me.



Precious en-joyment, no language can tell; Peace in believ-ing, sweet



peace in believing,—Grace has redeemed me; I know it full well.

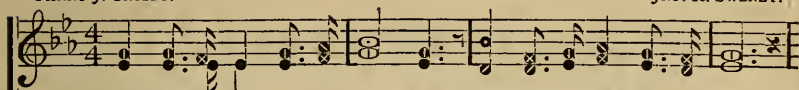


Tell Me the Story of Jesus.

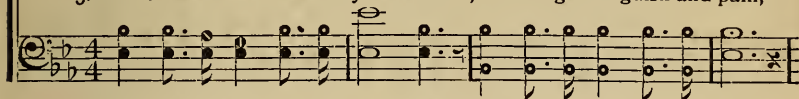
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

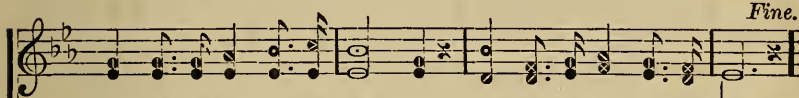
JNO. R. SWENBY.



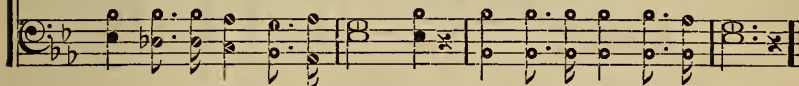
1. Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,
2. Fast-ing, a-lone in the des - ert, Tell of the days that he passed,
3. Tell of the cross where they nailed him, Writhing in anguish and pain,



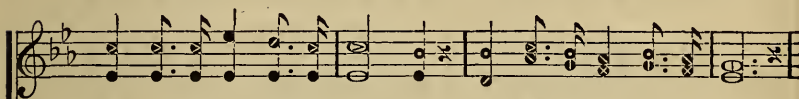
Chorus.—Tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus, Write on my heart ev-'ry word,



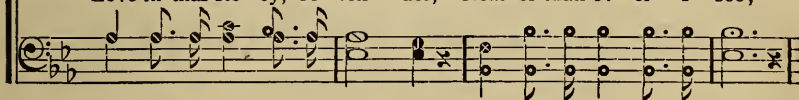
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard;
How for our sins he was tempt - ed, Yet was triumphant at last;
Tell of the grave where they laid him, Tell how he liv - eth a - gain;



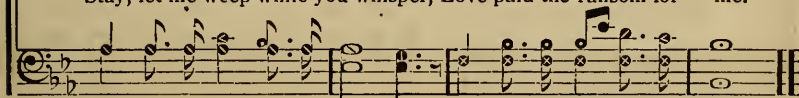
Tell me the sto - ry most pre - cious, Sweetest that ev - er was heard.



Tell how the an - gels, in cho - rus, Sang as they welcomed his birth,—
Tell of the years of his la - bor, Tell of the sorrows he bore,
Love in that sto - ry, so ten - der, Clear-er than ev - er I see;



Glo - ry to God in the high - est! Peace and good tidings to earth.
He was despised and af - flict - ed, Homeless, re - ject - ed and poor.
Stay, let me weep while you whisper, Love paid the ransom for me.



Happy in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Gen - tle Saviour mine, oh, the joy di - vine, — Trusting in thy mer - cy
 2. Gen - tle Saviour mine, all my love is thine, Love that now is cling - ing,
 3. Toil - ing here be - low, wheresoe'er I go, Tar - ry, O my Sav - iour
 4. When my spirit flies homeward to the skies, When thy face in glo - ry

flow - ing for me; 'Tis thy tender voice bids my heart rejoice; Lord, I am
 clinging to thee; All my journey 'long this shall be my song, Lord, I am
 tar - ry with me; On - ly safe am I 'neath thy watchful eye, There I am
 smil - ing I see, How my harp will ring, how my voice will sing, Lord, I am

CHORUS.

hap - py, so hap - py in thee. Leaning on thy breast sweetly now I rest,

Since, my Redeem - er, thou car - est for me; All the livelong day


still my heart can say, Lord, I am hap - py, so hap - py in thee.

Walking with Jesus.

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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.
Allegretto.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

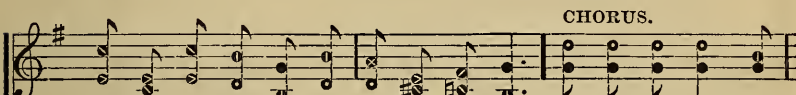


1. Walking with Je - sus, my Sav - iour di - vine; Walking with Je - sus, what
2. Walking with Je - sus, in him I a - bide, Fearing no e - vil while
3. Walking with Je - sus, my faith growing strong; Walking with Je - sus, O

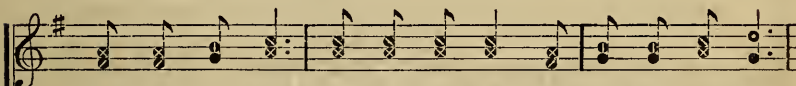


com - fort is mine; Led by his Spir - it, redeemed by his love,
close to his side; Grace for each mo - ment my Sav - iour be - stows,
sweet is my song; Bless - ed com - mun - ion with Him I a - dore;

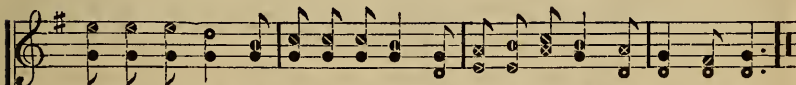
CHORUS.



Heir to his Kingdom of glo - ry a - bove. Walking with Je - sus,
Peace like a riv - er con - tin - ual - ly flows.
He is my re - fuge, I ask for no more.



how can I stray; Walk - ing with Je - sus, bright is my way;



Walking with Je - sus, walking with Jesus, Home to the realms of endless day.

When the King comes in.

J. E. LANDOR.

Rev. E. S. LORENZ.

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his
 2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once
 3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hidden long from both
 4. Joy - ful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding

peo - ple be: How will it fare, then, with thee and me,
 died for men; Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then,
 friend and foe, Just what we are ev - 'ry one will know,
 gar - ments dressed—Ah! well for us if we stand the test,

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in? When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes

in! How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

Sacred Rest.

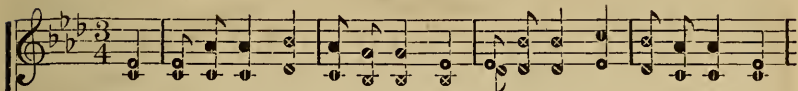
111

"For we who have believed do enter into rest."

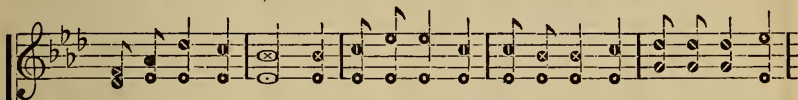
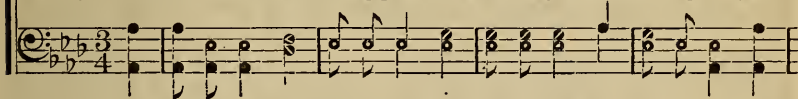
Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

Heb. iv. 3.

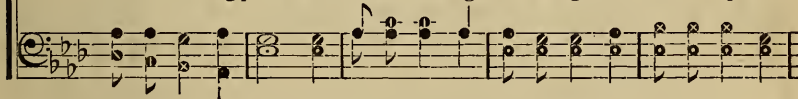
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



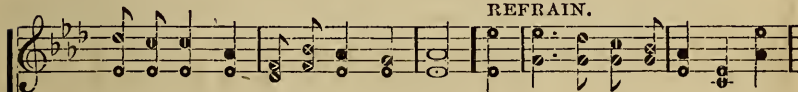
1. How sweet the sacred rest it brings To nestle 'neath his shelt'ring wings,—The
2. 'Tis rest no angel's tongue can tell; 'Tis joy untold, unspeak-a-ble, My
3. Oh, full salvation, hallowed bliss! No creature joys compare with this Di-
4. Oh, wondrous, condescending grace! That we may bask in his bright rays, His



Lover of my soul! "A covert" from the pelting storms, "A refuge" from life's Saviour's love to know; To see him smile, and hear him say, "I'll guide thro' all the vine, unbroken rest:—The sacred calm the soul receives, The peace of God which wealth of blessing prove! And lifted to the glorious height Of fellowship with

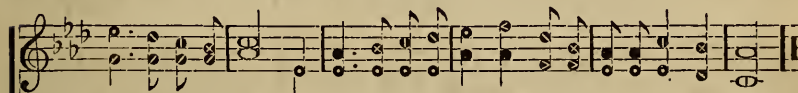
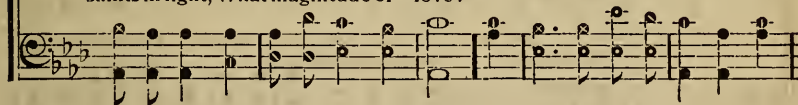


REFRAIN.

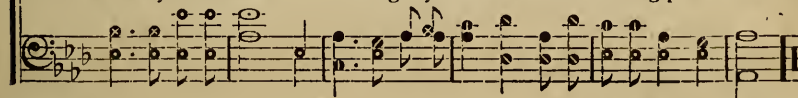


dread alarms, When raging billows roll. Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus! How dang'rous way Each step that thou shalt go."

Jesus gives, While leaning on his breast.
saints in light, What magnitude of love!

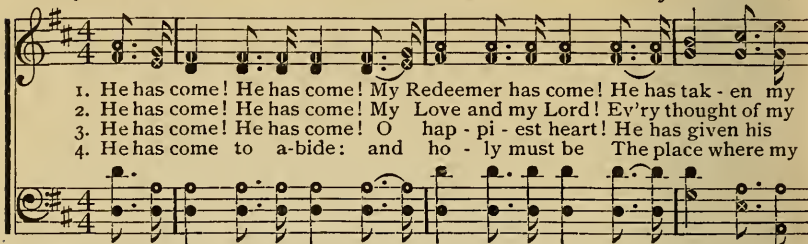


sweetly I am blest!—In trusting my Redeemer I am finding perfect rest.

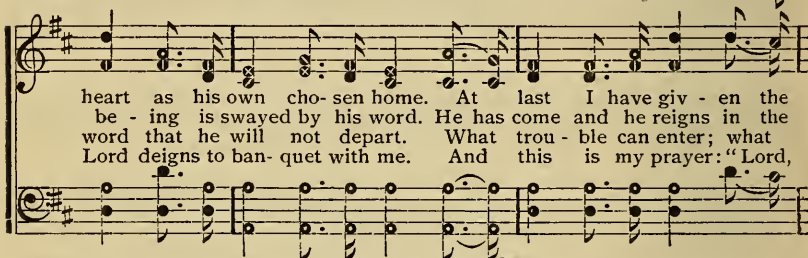


He has Come.

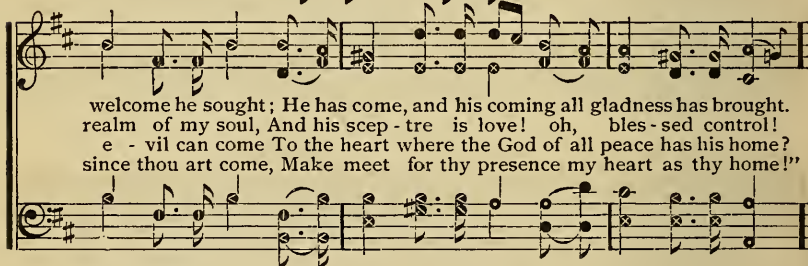
[Written after hearing a sermon from Chaplain McCabe, from the text, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion! Behold, thy King cometh!"]
 Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come! He has tak - en my
 2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord! Ev'ry thought of my
 3. He has come! He has come! O hap - pi - est heart! He has given his
 4. He has come to a-bide: and ho - ly must be The place where my

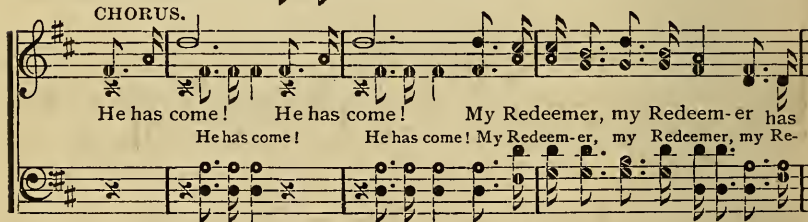


heart as his own cho - sen home. At last I have giv - en the
 be - ing is swayed by his word. He has come and he reigns in the
 word that he will not depart. What trou - ble can enter; what
 Lord deigns to ban - quet with me. And this is my prayer: "Lord,

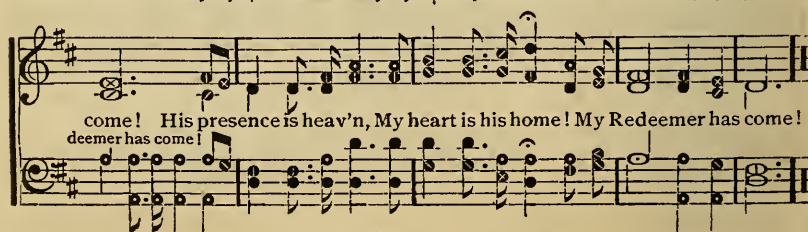


welcome he sought; He has come, and his coming all gladness has brought.
 realm of my soul, And his scep - tre is love! oh, bles - sed control!
 e - vil can come To the heart where the God of all peace has his home?
 since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home!"

CHORUS.



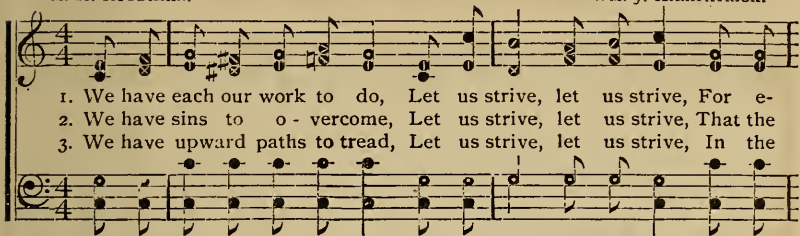
He has come! He has come! My Redeemer, my Redeem-er has
 He has come! He has come! My Redeem-er, my Redeemer, my Re-



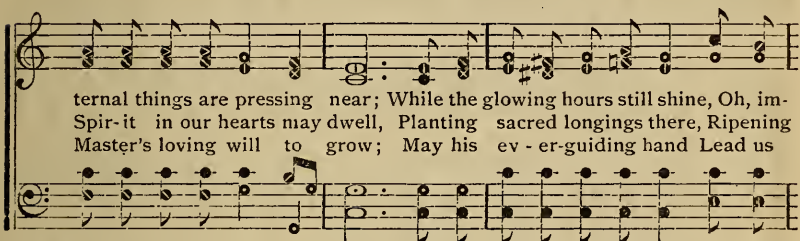
come! His presence is heav'n, My heart is his home! My Redeemer has come!
 deemer has come!

WM. H. RUDDIMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

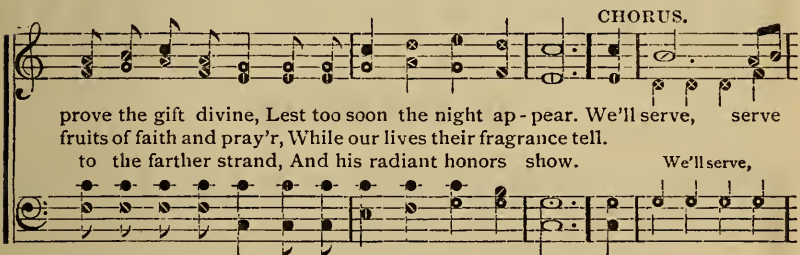


1. We have each our work to do, Let us strive, let us strive, For e-
 2. We have sins to o-vercome, Let us strive, let us strive, That the
 3. We have upward paths to tread, Let us strive, let us strive, In the

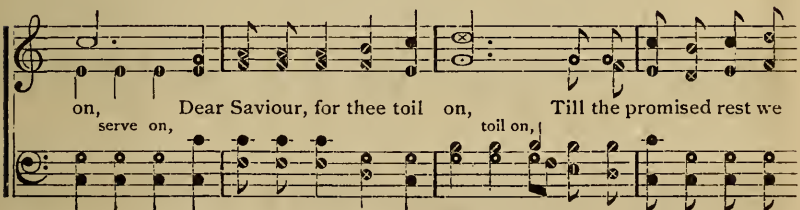


ternal things are pressing near; While the glowing hours still shine, Oh, im-
 Spir-it in our hearts may dwell, Planting sacred longings there, Ripening
 Master's loving will to grow; May his ev-er-guiding hand Lead us

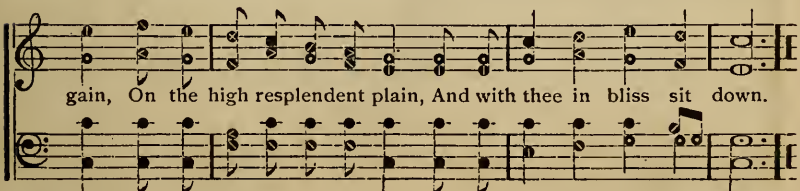
CHORUS.



prove the gift divine, Lest too soon the night ap-pear. We'll serve, serve
 fruits of faith and pray'r, While our lives their fragrance tell.
 to the farther strand, And his radiant honors show. We'll serve,



on, Dear Saviour, for thee toil on, Till the promised rest we
 serve on, toil on,



gain, On the high resplendent plain, And with thee in bliss sit down.

By per.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. In the dark and cloud-y day, When earth's riches flee a-way,
 2. When the se-cret i-dol's gone That my poor heart yearned upon,
 3. Thou who wast so sore-ly tried, In the dark-ness cru-ci-fied,
 4. So it shall be good for me Much af-flict-ed now to be,

And the last hope will not stay, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 Des-o-late, be-reft, a-lone, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 Bid me in thy love con-fide, Sav-iour, com-fort me.
 If thou wilt but ten-der-ly, Sav-iour, com-fort me.

In Thy Hand.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. I take my pil-grim staff a-new, Life's path untrodden to pur-sue,
 2. Thy smile alone makes moments bright, That smile turns darkness into light;
 3. A few more days, a few more years: Oh, then a bright reverse appears;
 4. That hand my steps will gently guide To the dark brink of Jordan's tide,

Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 This thought will soothe grief's saddest night, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 Then I shall no more say, with tears, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,
 Then bear me to the heavenward side, My times are in thy hand. In thy hand,

in thy hand, Thy guiding eye, my Lord, I view, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, This thought will soothe grief's saddest night, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, When I shall no more say, with tears, My times are in thy hand.
 in thy hand, Then bear me to the heavenward side, My times are in thy hand.

Jesus Loves the Little Ones.

H. W. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Calls them to come near; Watches o'er them
 2. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Gives them food and friends; Grace for lifetime
 3. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones, Guides their steps aright; Shields them all the

CHORUS.

ev-'ry day, On from year to year. Je-sus loves the lit-tle ones,
 while it lasts, Glo-ry when it ends.
 bu-sy day, Guards their bed at night.

Yes, yes, yes; All who come to him by prayer He loves to bless.

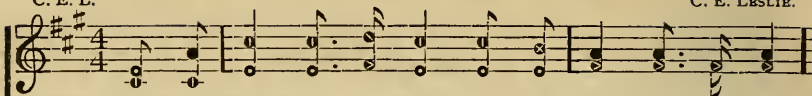
4 Jesus loves the little ones,
 Bears their sin and care;
 Loves to hear them lisp his name
 In his praise or prayer.

5 Jesus loves the little ones,
 Wheresoe'er they roam;
 Then he takes them when they die
 To his heavenly home.

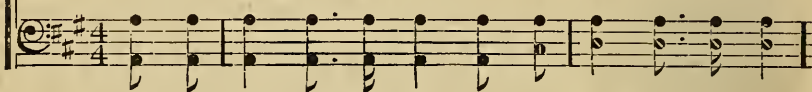

He invites You to-day.

C. E. L.


C. E. LESLIE.



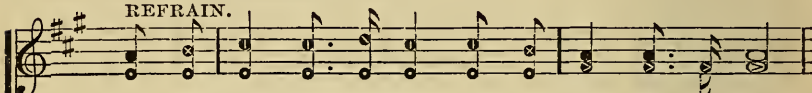
1. Sin - ner, come, will you come, To the Lamb that was slain,
 2. There's a work to be done, There's a cross you should bear;
 3. You have friends who have gone To that ha - ven of rest,


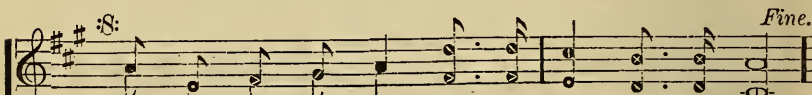
Will you come to his arms, He will cleanse ev - 'ry stain.
 There's a crown to be won, There's a glo - ry to share.
 Whom you promised to meet In the land of the blest.



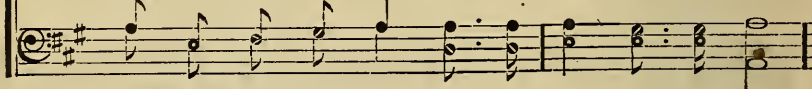
REFRAIN.



He in - vites you to - day, Do not, then, stay a - way,

Bless - ed be the Lord! He in - vites you to - day.




Bless - ed be the Lord! Bless - ed be the Lord!

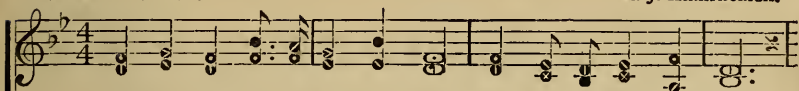


Jesus will Save You now.

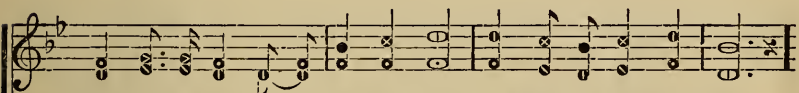
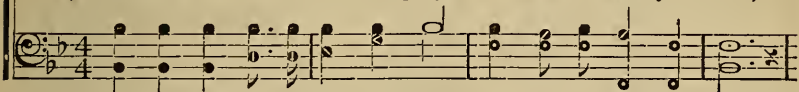
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HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

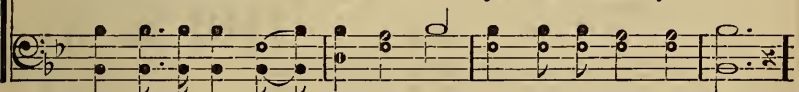
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



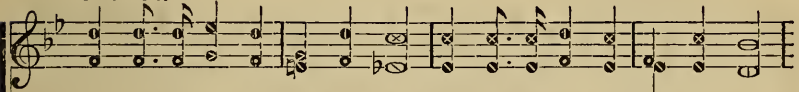
1. Come, oh, come to the ark of rest,— Je - sus will save you now;
2. Come, oh, come to the ark of grace,— Je - sus will save you now;
3. Come, oh, come to the ark of love,— Je - sus will save you now;
4. Who'll be first to a-rise for prayer? Je - sus will save you now;



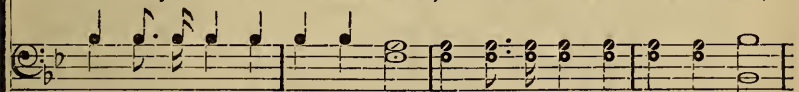
Come, with the weight of your guilt oppressed, Je- sus will save you now.
 Haste to his arms and his dear embrace, Je - sus will save you now.
 Come, like the worn and wea - ry dove, Je - sus will save you now.
 Who'll be the first the cross to bear? Je - sus will save you now.



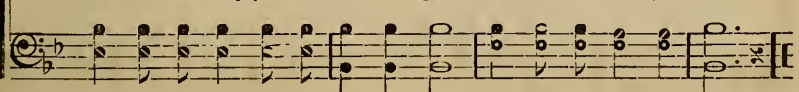
CHORUS.



Come while your cheeks with tears are wet, Come ere the star of life shall set,

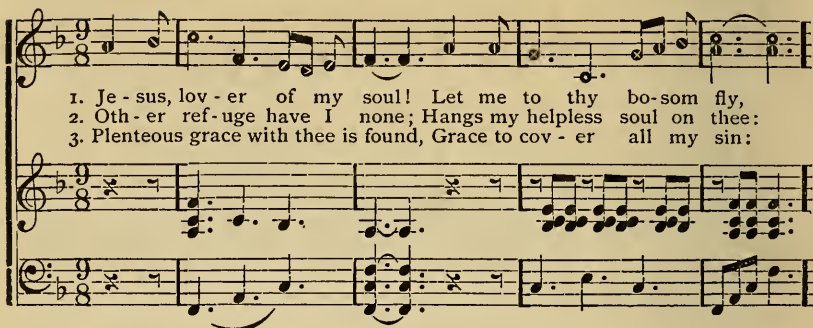


Come, and the step you will ne'er re-gret, Je - sus will save you now.

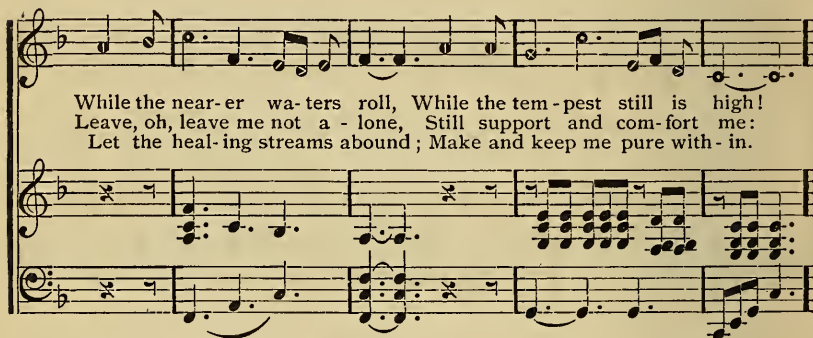


Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul! Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

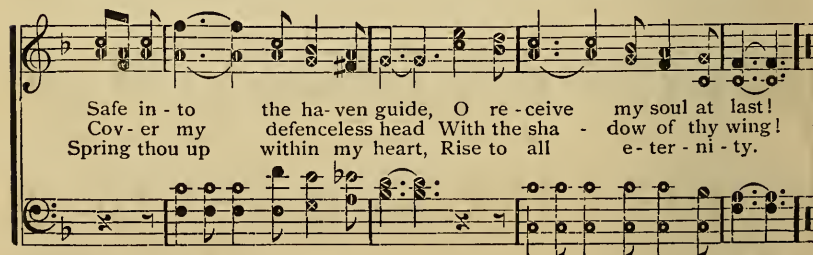


While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me:
 Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

QUARTETTE.



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
 Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee:

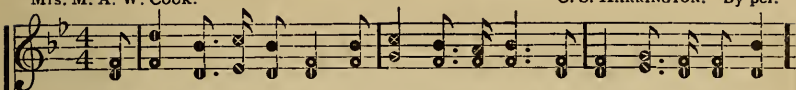


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my defenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing!
 Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

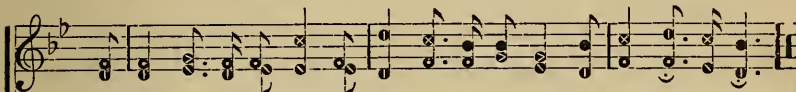
The Lord will Provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

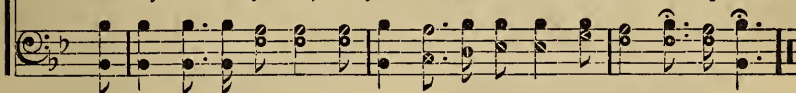
C. S. HARRINGTON. By per.



1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will provide; It may not be my time,



It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."



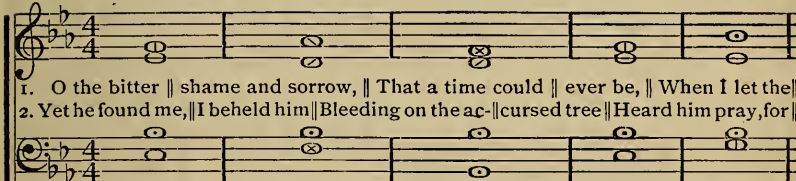
- 3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

- 4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

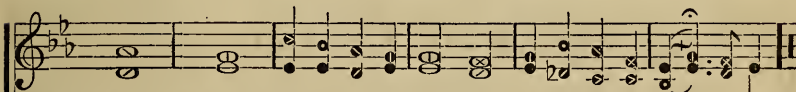
The Altered Motto.

REV. THEO. MONOD.

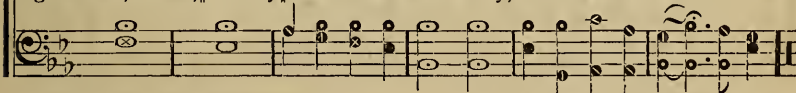
J. G. ROBINSON.



1. O the bitter || shame and sorrow, || That a time could || ever be, || When I let the ||
2. Yet he found me, || I beheld him || Bleeding on the ac- || cursed tree || Heard him pray, for ||



Saviour's pity || Plead in || vain, and proudly answer'd, All of self and none of thee.
give them, Father, || And my || wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of thee.



- 3 Day by day his || tender mercy, ||
Healing, helping, || full and free, ||
Sweet, and strong, || and, oh, so patient, ||
Brought me || lower while I whispered,
Less of self and more of thee.
- 4 Higher than the || highest heaven, ||
Deeper than the || deepest sea. ||
Lord, thy love || at last has conquer'd, ||
Grant me || now my soul's desire,
None of self and all of thee.

He is Calling.

Arr by S. J. VAN.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea :
There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li-ber-ty.

CHORUS.

He is call-ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
There is healing in his blood.

- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;

And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderful and kind.

- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night." J. R. S.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours ;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

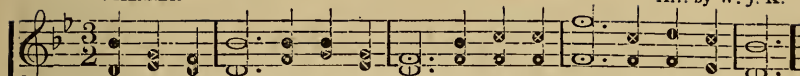
See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like per-fume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

- 4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

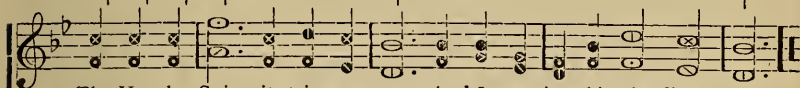
- 5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more :
Life's tears shall be wiped away
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathe for aye.

W. KENNEY.

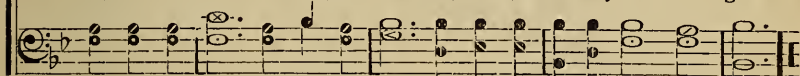
Arr. by W. J. K.



1. Stay, sinner, stay! the night comes on, When slighted mercy is withdrawn;
2. Stay, sinner, stay! the Father's call Now bids you come, for- saking all;



The Ho - ly Spir - it strives no more, And Jesus gives his pleadings o'er.
Oh, come, and he will bid you live, Oh, come, and freely he'll for - give.

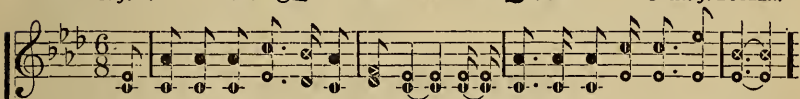


- 3 Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads,
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds;
Oh, let his love your heart constrain,
Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.
- 4 Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries,
Awake, and from the dead arise;
Arise and plead for mercy now,
And at the cross repenting bow.
- 5 Come, sinner, come! though guilty now,
At Jesus' feet submissive bow,
And freely all shall be forgiven;—
Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.
- 6 See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven—a happy band;
Oh, come, and join them on that shore,
Where death and parting are no more.

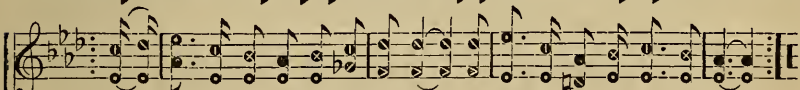
C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

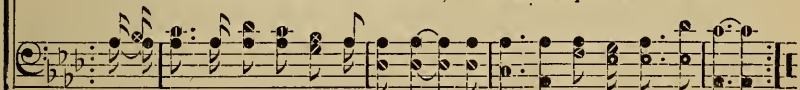
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



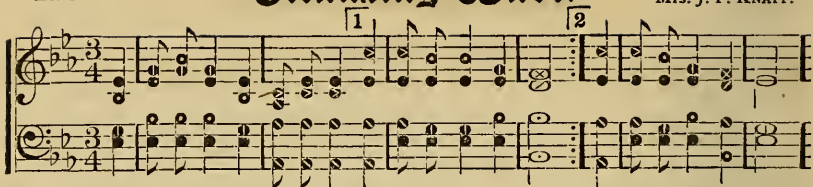
1. I was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,



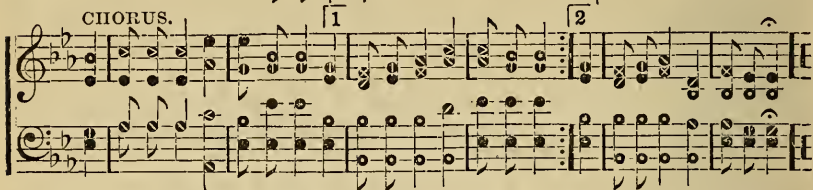
I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.



- 2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.
- 4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
- 5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.



CHORUS.



1 OH, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deed and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

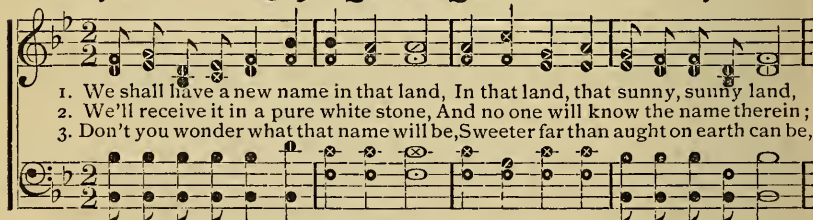
3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved to sin no more.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

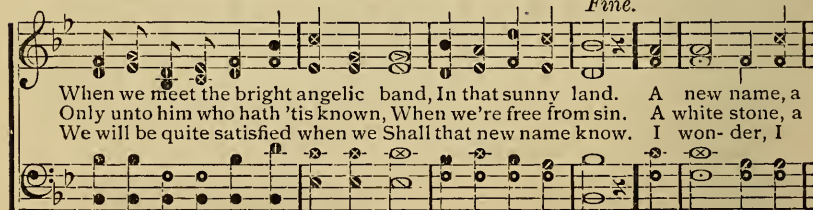
4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue



1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, And no one will know the name therein;
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,

Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,

Fine.



When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land. A new name, a
Only unto him who hath 'tis known, When we're free from sin. A white stone, a
We will be quite satisfied when we Shall that new name know. I won- der, I

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land.

The New Name.—CONCLUDED.

D. C.

new name We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who enter there.
white stone We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who enter there.
won- der What that name will be, I wonder, I wonder, What he'll give to me.

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E. H. STOKES, D.D.

Fill Me Now.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Fine.

D.S.—Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now,

1 HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide, The darkness deepens—Lord, with
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories
 3. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy grace can foil the

me abide! When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh,
 pass a-way; Change and decay in all around I see; O thou who changest not
 tempter's pow'r? Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun-
 shine, Lord,

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
 Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me!
 a-bide with me!
 5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
 Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me! [flee;

1. The tran- qu'il hours steal by On drow - sy wings and slow, And
 2. No gath - ring clouds I see, I hear no ris - ing blast, I
 3. Yet wheth - er so or not, O Lord, thou knowest best, This

ad lib.

o - ver all the peace-ful sky The stars of even-ing glow.
 fold my tired hands rest-ful - ly, As though all storms were past.
 night let ev - 'ry anxious thought And trem-bling fear have rest.

4 This night I will lie down
 In peace beneath thine eye;
 Nor heed what ills unseen may frown,
 Since thou art ever nigh.

5 I will lie down to sleep,
 From every terror free;
 Nor wake to tremble or to weep,
 Secure, O Lord, in thee!

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY. L.M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent-ly steep,

O may no earthborn cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev-er on my Saviour's breast.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.</p> <p>4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.</p> | <p>5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.</p> <p>6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.</p> |
|---|--|

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Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

1. Of him who did sal-vation bring, I could for-ev-er think and sing;

A-rise, ye need-y,—he'll relieve; A-rise, ye guilt-y,—he'll forgive.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.</p> <p>3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.</p> | <p>4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.</p> <p>5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?</p> |
|---|--|

Words arr. by B. M. A.

Melody by J. R. S.

Harmony by W. J. K.

Slow, with dignity.

Glo - ry be to the FA - THER, Glo - ry be to the SON,

Glo - ry be to the HO - LY GHOST; As it was in the be - gin - ning,

Is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men, a - men.

- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love!
I love to tell the Story!
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.
- Cho.*—I love to tell the Story!
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story
Of Jesus and his love.
- 2 I love to tell the Story!
More wonderful it seems,
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the Story!
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason,
I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it, like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.

- 1 STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer:
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

PRaise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

52

HYMNS OF THE HEART

SELECTED BY

C. C. McCABE,

PREFACE.

HOW shall our church music be improved? This is an unsettled question. From the meaningless chords played by the organist at the beginning of the service till the congregation rises to sing the doxology the music is unsatisfactory, almost everywhere. Why? Because it lacks heart. It lacks enthusiasm. It lacks volume. It lacks the joyful spirit of praise. Try an experiment,—Give out from the Church Hymnal, as part of the Sabbath-school lesson, “How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.” Let every member of the Sabbath-school learn it *by heart*. Let the pastor announce it as one of his hymns on Sabbath morning. Request the organist to omit all flourishes,—all *preludes* and *interludes*. Let not the leader be over anxious about the time. The people will sing much better with *heart* beat than with *hand* beat or *baton* beat. One blast on the organ to get the pitch. Then let choir, congregation, and Sabbath-school “sing unto the Lord.” The question is answered at last. The music is majestic. The holy tide of song bears the congregation heavenward. Watch the old saints. Long ago they hung their harps on the willows. They are all singing now. Such music will attract sinners. It will help to fill up the empty pews. It will help you to preach. Try another hymn in the same way, till you have packed fifty-two of the grand old hymns of Zion into the memories of the children,—and after while you will have a singing church.

C. C. McCABE.

HYMNS OF THE HEART.

1

Soldiers of the Cross.

J. B. WATERBURY.

Tune, CALEDONIA. 7, 7, 7, 6.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Lo! your Lead-er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin.

Waves be-fore you glo-ry's prize, The prize of vic-tor-y.
Strive the vic-tor's palm to win, Trust-ing in the Lord:

Seize your ar-mor, gird it on; Now the bat-tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, Warriors of the King of Light,

See, the strife will soon be done; Then struggle man-ful-ly.
Nev-er yield, nor lose by flight Your di-vine re-ward.

3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain,
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

Enthroned is Jesus Now.

T. J. JUDKIN.

Theme of Chorus from Webster.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. En - throned is Je - sus now, Up - on his heavenly seat; The
 2. In shin - ing white they stand, A great and countless throng; A
 3. They sing the Lamb of God, Once slain on earth for them; The
 4. Thy grace, O Ho - ly Ghost, Thy blessed help sup - ply, That

king - ly crown is on his brow, The saints are at his feet.
 palm - y sceptre in each hand, On ev - 'ry lip a song.
 Lamb, thro' whose a - ton - ing blood, Each wears his di - a - dem.
 we may join that ra - dian host, Tri - umphant in the sky.

CHORUS.

There with the glo - ri - fied, Safe by our Saviour's side,

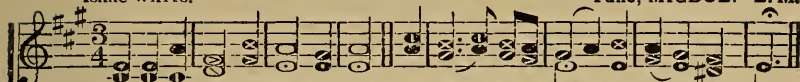
We shall be sat - is - fied By and by; By and by,
 There, there, with the glorified,

By and by; We shall be sat - is - fied By and by.
 Safe, safe, by our Saviour's side,

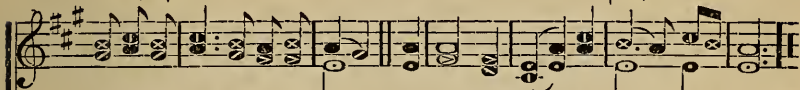
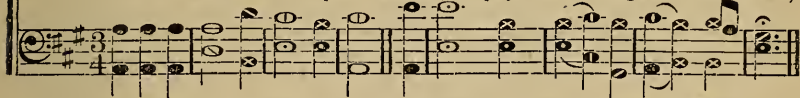
Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

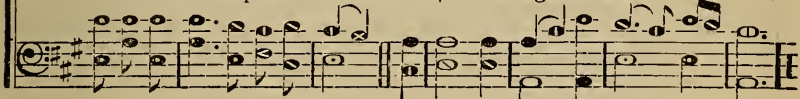
Tune, MIGDOL. L. M.



1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their homage at his feet;



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend his word.



- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4

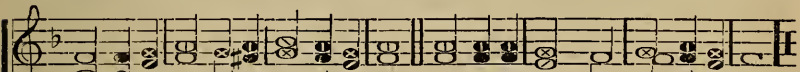
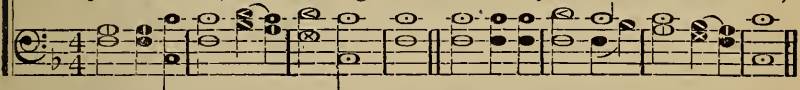
Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

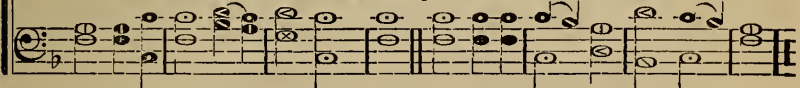
Tune, HAMBURG. L. M.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,



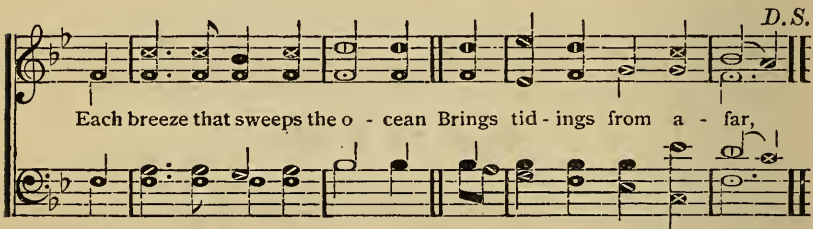
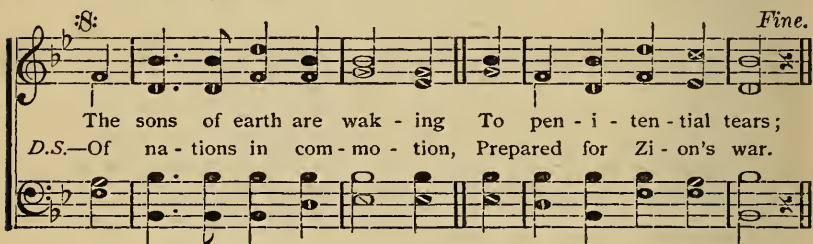
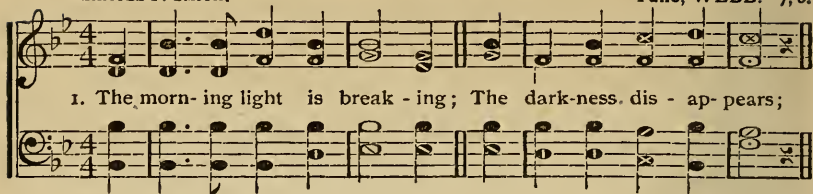
And that thou bids't me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.



2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

6

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

7, 6

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer:
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

1. Of him who did sal - vation bring, I could forev - er think and sing;

A - rise, ye need - y,—he'll relieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y,—he'll forgive.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.</p> <p>3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.</p> | <p>4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.</p> <p>5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?</p> |
|---|--|

Come, O my Soul.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

Tune, LUTON. L. M.

1. Come, O my soul, in sacred lays, Attempt thy great Crea - tor's praise:
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spheres, He glory, like a gar - ment, wears;

But oh! what tongue can speak his fame? What mortal verse can reach the theme?
To for m a robe of light di-vine, Ten thousand suns around him shine.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence, with wisdom, shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.</p> | <p>4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.</p> |
|---|--|

C. WESLEY.

Fine.

1. { And can it be that I should gain An interest in the Saviour's blood?
Died he for me, who caused his pain? For me, who him to death pursued?

D.C.—A - maz - ing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

A - mazing love! how can it be That thou, my Lord, shouldst die for me?

2 'Tis mystery all! the immortal dies!
Who can explore his strange design?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine;
'Tis mercy all! let earth adore:
Let angel minds inquire no more.

3 He left his Father's throne above,—
So free, so infinite his grace!—
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out me!

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay,
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray,
I woke, the dungeon flamed with light:
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, with all in him, is mine;
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne, [own.
And claim the crown, thro' Christ, my

Thou to Whose.

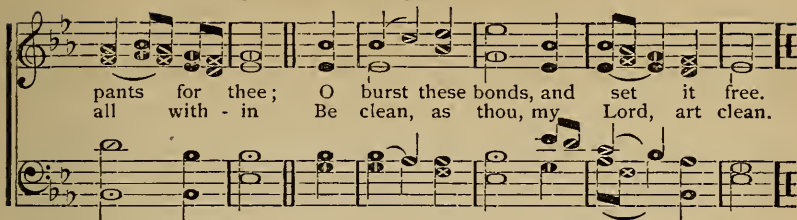
Tr. by J. WESLEY.

Tune, STONEFIELD. L. M.

1. O thou, to whose all - search - ing sight The dark - ness
2. Wash out its stains, re - fine its dross, Nail my af -

shin - eth as the light, Search, prove my heart, it
fec - tions to the cross; Hal - low each thought; let

Thou to whose.—CONCLUDED.



pants for thee; O burst these bonds, and set it free.
all with - in Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

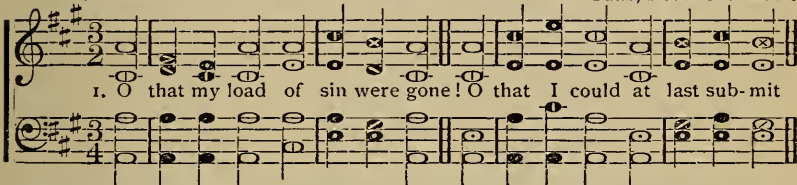
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way :
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.</p> <p>4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.</p> | <p>5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.</p> <p>6 If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.</p> |
|--|---|

11

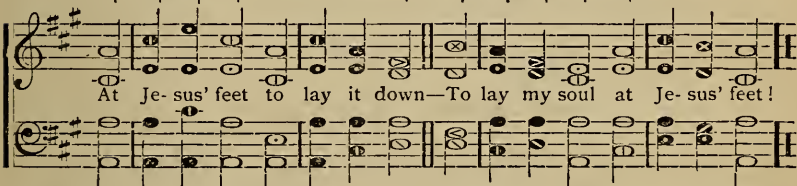
that My Load.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, FOREST. L. M.



I. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last sub-mit



At Je-sus' feet to lay it down—To lay my soul at Je-sus' feet!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Rest for my soul I long to find :
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.</p> <p>3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.</p> | <p>4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.</p> <p>5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.</p> |
|--|--|

12

O LORD, THY HEAVENLY GRACE.

L. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be
To dedicate myself to thee.</p> <p>2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy :
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fixed on thee.</p> | <p>3 Thy glorious eye pervadeth space;
Thy presence, Lord, fills every place;
And wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee.</p> <p>4 Renouncing every worldly thing,
And safe beneath thy spreading wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee.</p> |
|---|---|

Jesus, Thou Joy.

Tr. by R. PALMER.

Tune, WELTON. L. M.

I. Jesus, thou Joy of loving hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!

From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn un-filled to thee a - gain.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill!

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

14 From Every Stormy Wind.

H. STOWELL.

Tune, RETREAT. L. M.

I. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,

There is a calm, a sure retreat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy - seat.

2 There is a scene where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet:
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend:
Though Sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, CORONATION. C. M.

1. Je - sus! the name high o - ver all, In hell, or earth, or sky;
2. Je - sus! the name to sin - ners dear, The name to sinners given;

An - gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

An gels and men be - fore it fall, And dev - ils fear and fly.
It scatters all their guilt - y fear; It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls he speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below,
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

16

CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

I. O Friend of souls! how blest the time When in thy love I rest,

When from my wea - ri - ness I climb E'en to thy ten - der breast!

The night of sor - row end - eth there, Thy rays outshine the sun,

And in thy par - don and thy care The heaven of heavens is won.

2 The world may call itself my foe,
Or flatter and allure:
I care not for the world; I go
To this tried Friend and sure.
And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident,
Because it holdeth thee.

3 To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me:
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.
Nay, rather, with a joyful heart
I welcome the release
From this dark desert, and depart
To thy eternal peace.

Father, whate'er.

ANNE STEELE.

Tune, NAOMI. C. M.

1. Father, whate'er of earth-ly bliss Thy sovereign will de-nies,

Ac-cepted at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-ti-tion rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

19 My Saviour, my almighty Friend.

Tune, EMMONS. C. M.

1. My Saviour, my al-mighty Friend, When I be-gin thy praise,
2. I trust in thy e-ter-nal word; Thy goodness I a-dore:

Where will the grow-ing numbers end, The numbers of thy grace,
Send down thy grace, O blessed Lord, That I may love thee more,

The numbers of thy grace?
That I may love thee more.

3 My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march, with courage in thy strength,
To see the Lord my God.

4 Awake! awake! my tuneful powers,
With this delightful song;
And entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

Eternal Father, Thou.

R. PALMER.

Tune, ROLLAND. L. M.

1. E - ter - nal Fa - ther, thou hast said, That Christ all glory shall ob - tain ;
2. We wait thy triumph, Saviour King ; Long a - ges have prepared thy way ;

That he who once a sufferer bled Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign,
Now all a - broad thy banner fling, Set time's great battle in ar - ray,

Shall o'er the world a conqueror reign.
Set time's great battle in ar - ray.

4 On mountain tops the watch-fires glow,
Where scattered wide the watchmen stand ;
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow
The joyous shouts from land to land.

5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease ;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.

3 Thy hosts are mustered to the field ;
"The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
The old grim towers of darkness yield,
And soon shall totter to their fall.

6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree ;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.

The Solid Rock.

E. MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. { My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ; }
{ I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name : }

The Solid Rock.—CONCLUDED.

On Christ, the Sol - id Rock, I stand ; All oth - er ground is sinking sand,

All oth - er ground is sinking sand.

2 When darkness seems to veil his face,
I rest on his unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale.

3 His oath, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood :
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

22

He Dies! the Friend.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, DUANE STREET. L. M. d.

1. He dies! the Friend of sinners dies! Lo! Salem's daughters weep around; A

Fine.

sol - emn darkness veils the skies, A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

D.S.—shed a thousand drops for you,—A thousand drops of rich - er blood. *D.S.*

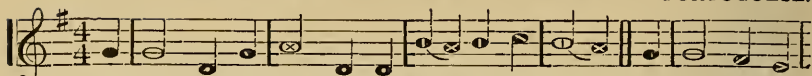
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two For him who groaned beneath your load; He

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for man!
But lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, the dead, revives again!
The rising God forsakes the tomb;
In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

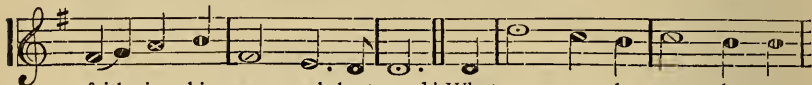
3 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high your great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell
And led the monster Death in chains:
Say, "Live forever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save;"
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
And, Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

How Firm a Foundation.

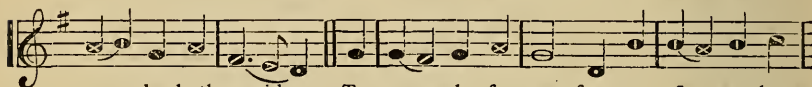
Tune,
PORTUGUESE.



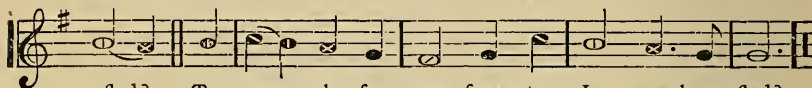
1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy



faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say than to
God; I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and



you he hath said, To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have
cause thee to stand, Up-held by my gracious, om-nip-o-tent



fled? To you, who for re-fuge to Je-sus have fled?
hand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only de-
sign

Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to re-
fine.

5 "E'en down to old age all my people
shall prove

My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn, [borne."

Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose,

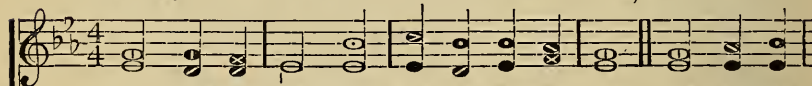
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, tho' all hell should endeavor to
shake,

I'll never, no never, no never forsake!"

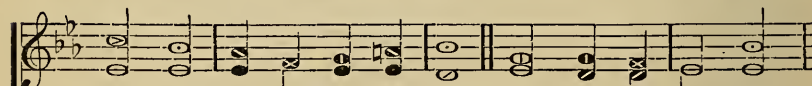
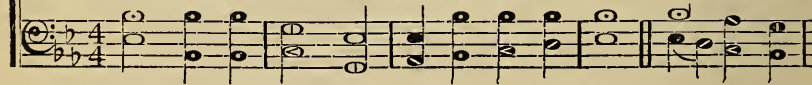
Abide with Me.

H. F. LYTE.

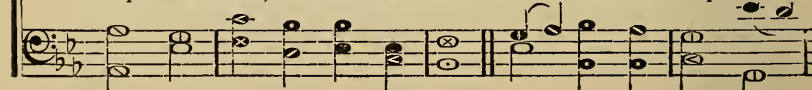
Tune, EVENTIDE. 10.



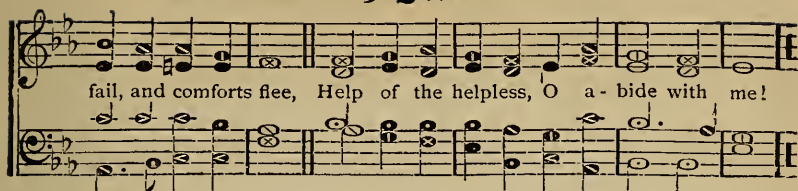
1. A-bide with me! Fast falls the e-ven-tide, The darkness



deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide! When oth-er help-ers



Abide with Me.—CONCLUDED.



2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's
power?
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide
with me!

4 I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where grave, thy
victory?

I triumph still, if thou abide with me!

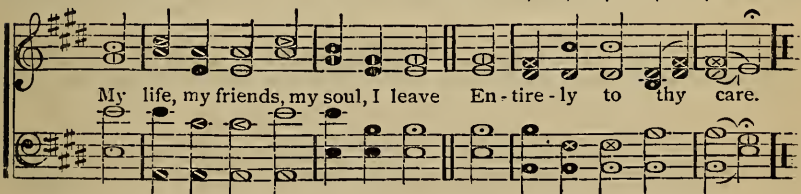
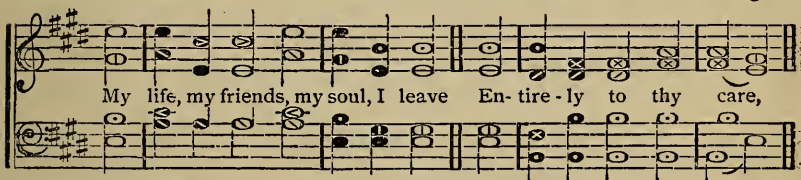
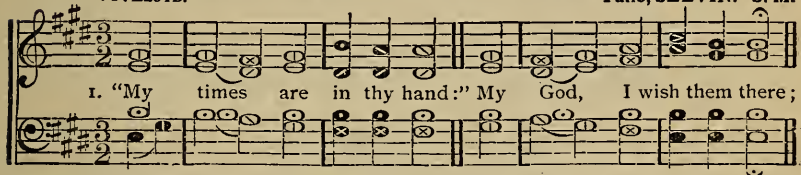
5 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to the
skies; [shadows flee;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

25

My Times are in Thy Hand.

W. F. LLOYD.

Tune, SELVIN. S. M.



2 "My times are in thy hand,"
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father's hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 "My times are in thy hand,"
Jesus, the crucified!
The hand my cruel sins had pierced
Is now my guard and guide.

5 "My times are in thy hand;"
I'll always trust in thee;
And, after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be

Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. CASWALL.

Tune, EVAN. C. M.

1. Je - sus, the ve - ry thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast ;
But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art !
How good, to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show :
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be ;
In thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

O for a Heart.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, AVON. C. M.

1. O for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free !
A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me !

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within !

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

My God, the Spring.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, PEORIA. C. M.

1. My God, the Spring of all my joys, The life of my delights,
The glo - ry of my bright - est days, And com - fort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Would bear me conqueror through.

While Thee I Seek.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

Tune, CADDO. C. M.

1. While thee I seek, pro - tect - ing Power, Be my vain wish - es stilled;
2. Thy love the power of thought bestowed; To thee my thoughts would soar:
And may this con - se - cra - ted hour With bet - ter hopes be filled.
Thy mer - cy o'er my life has flowed; That mer - cy I a - dore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

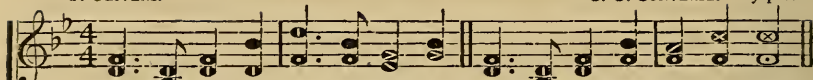
4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

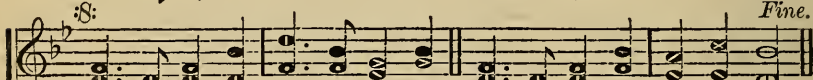
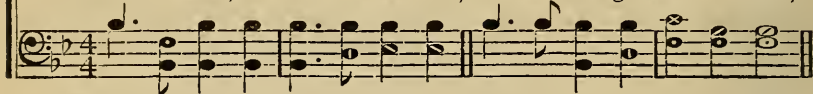
6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see:
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

T. OLIVERS.

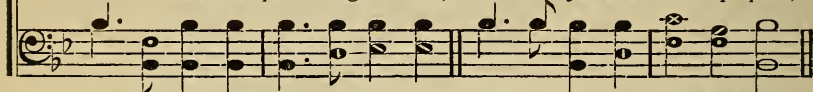
C. C. CONVERSE. By per.



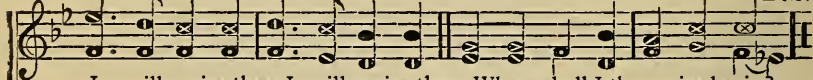
1. O thou God of my sal-va-tion, My Re-dee-mer from all sin;
 2. Tho' un-seen, I love the Sa-viour; He hath brought salvation near;

*Fine.*

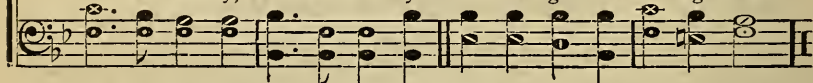
Moved by thy di-vine com-pas-sion, Who hast died my heart to win,
 Man-i-fests his pardoning fa-vor; And when Je-sus doth ap-pear,



D.S.—I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise be-gin?
 Soul and bod-y, soul and bod-y Shall his glorious im-age bear,

D.S.

I will praise thee, I will praise thee; Where shall I thy praise begin?
 Soul and bod-y, soul and bod-y Shall his glorious im-age bear?



3 While the angel choirs are crying,
 "Glory to the great I AM,"

I with them will still be vying—
 Glory! glory to the Lamb!
 O how precious
 Is the sound of Jesus' name!

4 Angels now are hovering round us,
 Unperceived amid the throng;
 Wondering at the love that crowned us,
 Glad to join the holy song:
 Hallelujah,
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

31

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

6, 4, 6

1 NEARER, my God, to thee!
 Nearer to thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

What a priv-i-lege to car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—All because we do not car-ry Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer!

O what peace we of-ten for-feit, O what needless pain we bear,

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?—
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

C. WESLEY.

O for a Closer Walk.

Tune,
ORTONVILLE.

1. O for a clos-er walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to
 2. Where is the blessed-ness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the

shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
 soul refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY. L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sa- viour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kind- ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gent- ly steep,

O may no earthborn cloud a- rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forev- er on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Great God, Attend.

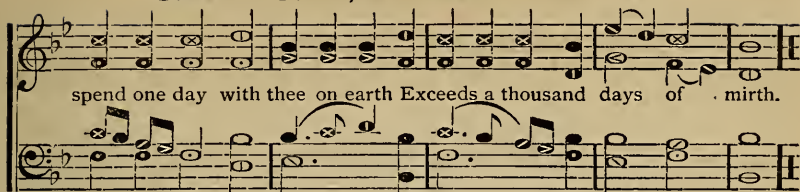
ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, BRIDGEWATER. L. M.

1. Great God, attend, while Zi-on sings The joy that from thy presence springs;

To spend one day, To spend one day with thee on earth, To
To spend one day with thee on earth, To spend one day with

Great God, Attend.—CONCLUDED.



thee on earth Ex - ceeds . . . a thou - - - sand days of mirth.

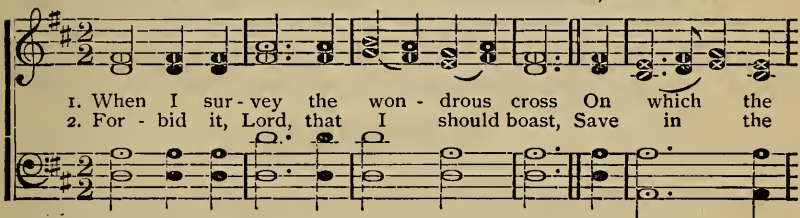
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.</p> <p>3 God is our sun, he makes our day,
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without, and foes within.</p> | <p>4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withhold
No real good from upright souls.</p> <p>5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.</p> |
|--|---|

36

Glorying in the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune, EUCHARIST. L. M.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?</p> | <p>4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.</p> |
|---|--|

Sir, J. BOWRING.

Tune, RATHBUN. 8, 7.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

O Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE

Tune, HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! }
{ Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all a - broad. }

8: CHORUS. *Fine.*

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. *D.S.*

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoic - ing ev - 'ry day;

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee;
D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

D.C.
 Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my zeal no languor know,
 These for sin could not atone;
 Thou must save, and thou alone:
 In my hand no price I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold thee on thy throne,
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

1. Vain, de - lu - sive world, a - dieu, With all of crea - ture good!

Fine.

On - ly Je - sus I pur - sue, Who bought me with his blood:
D.S.—On - ly Je - sus will I know, And Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

D.S.

All thy pleasures I fore-go; I tram - ple on thy wealth and pride;

2 Other knowledge I disdain;
 'Tis all but vanity:
 Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
 He tasted death for me.
 Me to save from endless woe
 The sin-atoning Victim died:
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 Here will I set up my rest;
 My fluctuating heart
 From the haven of his breast
 Shall never more depart:
 Whither should a sinner go?
 His wounds for me stand open wide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

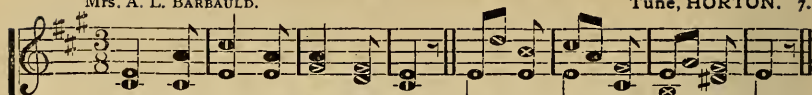
4 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;
 Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

5 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

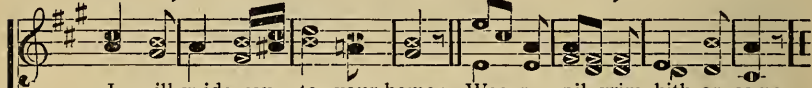
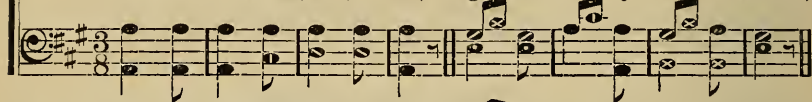
Come, Said Jesus.

Mrs. A. L. BARBAULD.

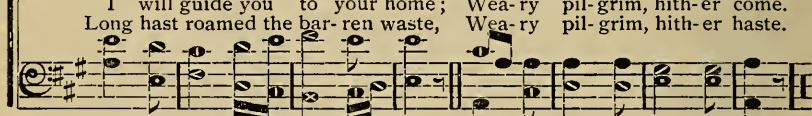
Tune, HORTON. 7.



1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice, Come, and make my path your choice;
 2. Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,



I will guide you to your home; Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
 Long hast roamed the bar - ren waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er haste.



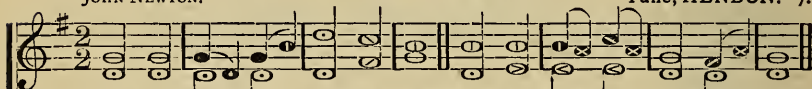
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
 Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 In remorse for guilt who mourn;

- 4 Hither come, for here is found
 Balm that flows for every wound,
 Peace that ever shall endure,
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

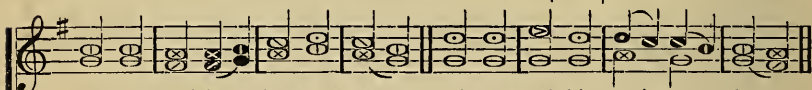
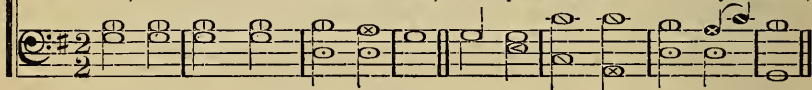
Come, My Soul.

JOHN NEWTON.

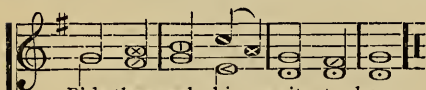
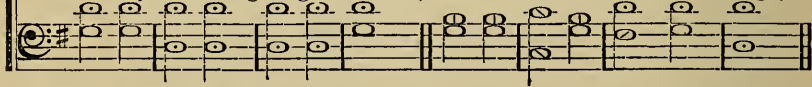
Tune, HENDON. 7.



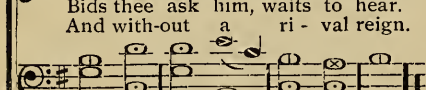
1. Come, my soul, thy suit pre - pare, Je - sus loves to an - swer prayer;
 2. Lord, I come to thee for rest; Take pos - ses - sion of my breast;



He him - self in - vites thee near, Bids thee ask him, waits to hear,
 There thy blood - bought right maintain, And with - out a ri - val reign,



Bids thee ask him, waits to hear.
 And with - out a ri - val reign.



- 3 While I am a pilgrim here,
 Let thy love my spirit cheer;
 As my guide, my guard, my friend,
 Lead me to my journey's end.

- 4 Show me what I have to do;
 Every hour my strength renew;
 Let me live a life of faith,
 Let me die thy people's death.

C. WRSLEY.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high ! }
D.C.— Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last !

D.C. 2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, O leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me ;
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing !

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness :
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

1. Come un - to me when shadows darkly gath - er, When the sad heart is
D.S.— Come un - to me, and

Fine. wea - ry and distressed, Seeking for com - fort from your heavenly Father,
 I' will give you rest. *D.S.*

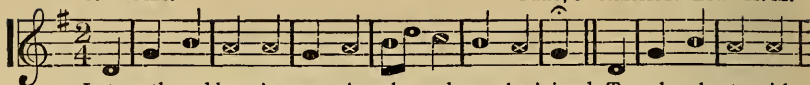
2 Large are the mansions in thy Father's
 dwelling, [dim ;
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swell - ing, [only hymn.
 Soft are the tones which raise the heav -

3 There, like an Eden blossoming in glad -
 ness, [ly pressed ;
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rude -
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

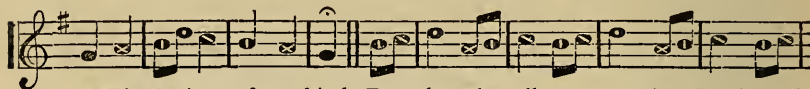
45 Let Earth and Heaven Agree.

C. WESLEY.

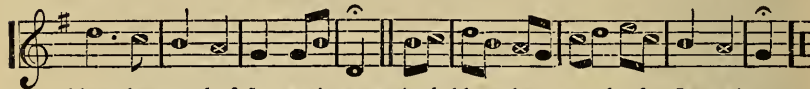
Tune, CARMARTHEN. H. M.



1. Let earth and heav'n agree, Angels and men be joined, To cel - ebrate with
2. Jesus! transporting sound! The joy of earth and heav'n; No oth-er help is



me The Saviour of mankind: To-a-dore the all-a - ton-ing Lamb, And
fouri'd, No oth-er name is given, By which we can sal - va - tion have; But



bless the sound of Je - sus' name, And bless the sound of Je - sus' name.
Je - sus came the world to save, But Je - sus came the world to save.

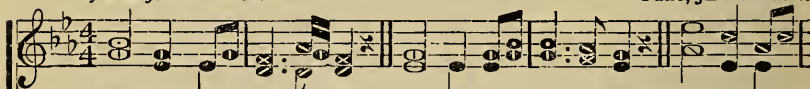
- 3 Jesus! harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love:
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,—
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.
- 4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears;
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart with joy.

- 5 O unexampled love!
O all-redeeming grace!
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race!
What shall I do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done?
- 6 O for a trumpet voice,
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In him who died for all!
For all my Lord was crucified;
For all, for all, my Saviour died.

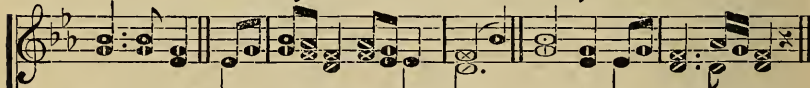
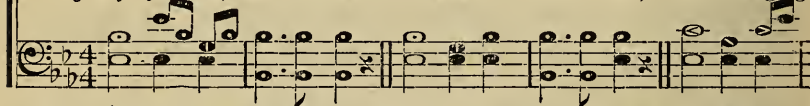
46 My Jesus, as Thou wilt.

Tr. by Miss J. BORTHWICK.

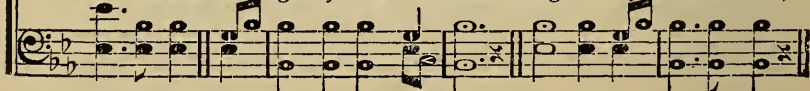
Tune, JEWETT. 6.



1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: O may thy will be mine; In - to thy
2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my
3. My Je - sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each changing



hand of love I would my all re - sign. Thro' sor-row or thro' joy,
star of hope Grow dim or dis - ap - pear. Since thou on earth hast wept
fu - ture scene I gladly trust with thee. Straight to my home a - bove,



My Jesus, as Thou wilt.—CONCLUDED.

Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, thy will be done."
 And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done.
 I travel calmly on, And sing in life or death, "My Lord, thy will be done."

47

O Day of Rest and Gladness

C. WORDSWORTH.

Tune, MENDEBRAS. 7, 6.

1. { O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright : }
 2. { On thee, at the cre-a-tion, The light first had its birth ; }
 { On thee, for our sal-va-tion, Christ rose from depths of earth ; }

On thee, the high and low-ly, Through a-ges joined in tune,
 On thee, our Lord, vic-to-rious, The Spir-it sent from heaven ;

Sing "Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly," To the great God Tri-une.
 And thus on thee, most glo-rious, A tri-ple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls ;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

Light of the Lonely.

Tune, NEWBOLD. C. M.

1. Light of the lone-ly pilgrim's heart, Star of the com - ing day,

A - rise, and with thy morning beams Chase all our griefs a - way!

Chase all our griefs a - way!

- 2 Come, blessed Lord, let every shore
And answering island sing
The praises of thy royal name,
And own thee as their King.

- 3 Bid the whole earth, responsive now
To the bright world above,
Break forth in sweetest strains of joy,
In memory of thy love.

- 4 Jesus, thy fair creation groans,
The air, the earth, the sea,
In unison with all our hearts,
And calls aloud for thee.

- 5 Thine was the cross, with all its fruits
Of grace and peace divine:
Be thine the crown of glory now,
The palm of victory thine!

O Thou, in Whose Presence.

Tune, MEDITATION. 11, 8.

1. O thou, in whose pre - sence my soul takes de - light,
2. Where dost thou, at noon - tide re - sort with thy sheep,

On whom in af - flic - tion I call, My com - fort by day, and my
To feed them in pastures of love? Say, why in the val - ley of

O Thou, in Whose, etc.—CONCLUDED.

song in the night, My hope, my sal - va - tion, my all!
death should I weep, Or alone in this wil - der-ness rove?

- 3 O why should I wander an alien from
Or cry in the desert for bread? [thee,
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
- 4 Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you
The star that on Israel shone? [seen
Say, if in your tents my Beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone.
- 5 His voice, as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,
Is heard 'mid the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet;
The air is perfumed with his breath.
- 6 He looks! and ten thousands of angels
And myriads wait for his word: [rejoice,
He speaks! and eternity, filled with his
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord. [voice,

50

Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul, in joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;

He just-ly claims a song from thee, His loving-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e - state, His loving-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

- 3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

1. Je - sus, thine all - vic - to - rious love Shed in my
 2. O that in me the sa - cred fire Might now be-
 3. O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my

heart a - broad: Then shall my feet no long - er rove,
 gin to glow, Burn up the dross of base de - sire,
 sins consume! Come, Ho - ly Ghost, for thee I call;

Root - ed and fixed in God.
 And make the mountains flow!
 Spir - it of burn - ing, come!

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
 Illuminate my soul;
 Scatter thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

5 My steadfast soul, from falling free,
 Shall then no longer move,
 While Christ is all the world to me,
 And all my heart is love.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mercy-seat,
 fer - vently kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n cannot
 heal. cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above
 Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
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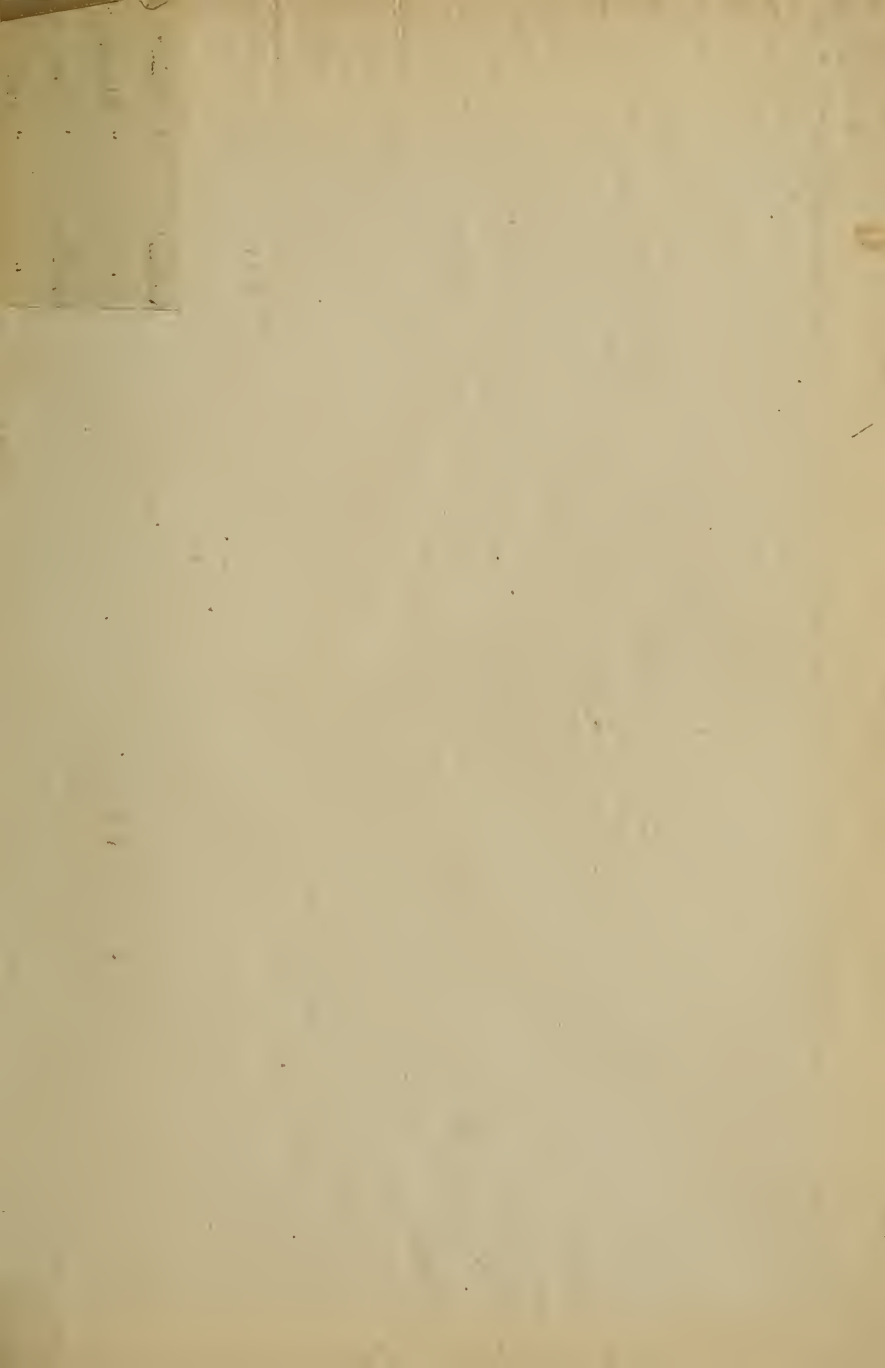
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